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THINKERS AND THINKING.

BY

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TO
DONALD G. MITCHELL,
(IK MARVEL,)

WHOSE KIND PERMISSION CONFERS THE PLEASURE,

THIS VOLUME,

AS A SLIGHT EXPRESSION OF THE REGARD ENTERTAINED BY
THE AUTHOR FOR WRITINGS WHICH ARE AS STRIPS
OF BLUE SKY AMID MURKY CLOUDS,

IS DEDICATED

“‘Give us a guide,’ cry men to the philosopher. ‘We would escape from these miseries in which we are entangled. A better state is ever present to our imaginations, and we yearn after it; but all our efforts to realize it are fruitless. We are weary of perpetual failures; tell us by what rule we may attain our desire.’”—HERBERT SPENCER: *Introduction to Social Statics*.

“We must hear the advice of many people, choose what is good in their counsels, and follow it; see much, and reflect maturely on what one has seen; that is the second step in knowledge.”—KHOUNG-FOU-TSEU: *Lun-yu* (a Chinese Philosophical Dialogue).

THINKERS AND THINKING.

A VACANT corner of the sofa.

It has long been one of the pleasures—indeed, with greater truth may it be said, it has been the chief pleasure—of my odd hours, to converse with and meditate among a little circle of living friends, and a much greater one of those who have passed out of the body, who are wont to make the quiet of my office a centre of their gathering. The sentient friend, as he enters, knocks upon the door and approaches with the greetings of the day. My other friends are the bodiless thoughts of the world; the evolutions from what have gone before; the experiences, the imaginings, the utterances of thinking people of the present and of the bygone ages,—living thoughts, increasing the fullness of being as men engraft from and cultivate them.

Life! we query: what is life? What is it to live? What is it to get the most out of living?

Life!—the that which a man has, and has had,—the past, the living present, the future,—the oneness. Not alone to have come; not alone to breathe; not alone the play of muscles and the twitch of nerves;—but the doing, the evolution, the work performed, the destiny accomplished, pleasure made, evil avoided, the glorious—

ness of creation correlated into ourselves, and given forth by us.

Whence, what, whither?—herein must lie the full text. To-day—this hour—while the grate sends roaring up the chimney its wealth of generous flame, and the quiet of the moment invites to contemplation, let us together meditate on life.

But where may one begin to meditate? Where break that charmed circle, which is without beginning, and has no ending? Ah, so asked the world before Thales; but that world knew not the meaning of a circle.

Speak then, ye thinkers, silent too long to the masses; let again be heard somewhat of the discourse of the market-place, somewhat of the talk of Cynosarges. Shall not our book be a Socratic affinity, drawing to itself and to the world the wisdom of many a Theatetes? Speak, great thinkers, speak in yourselves. Or, if this may not be, let here our own poor language represent you; for still, from very ignorance, blusters and reviles many a Melitus; still, in arrogance and affectation, struts over the life-stage many a gorgeous sophist. Shall not charity refine the one? Will not knowledge show to the other that beauty which is of itself and in itself? Ah, might but the speechless tomes which now surround me step from their quiet resting into a moving life, into thrilling speech!

And yet, philosophers and poets, little were ye heeded, save by the few,—even in the days when from lips of flesh went forth scattered seed, which, received upon good ground, should have grown for the garner that wheat which is itself life-bread. Shall better ground be now found for the sowing? Will revelers

leave the theatre, and plodders the mart, to commune with the thoughts of the academy and the grove? Will exhilaration give way—even for the hour—to contemplation?—and will he who hurries forward pause to see whither he goes?*

And what is to be the nature of our outlook?

We are to seek that which thinkers and thinking yield,—Truth,—the truth of life and of living. And if one shall follow us, and shall mark the growth of this beautiful offspring,—shall catch of its light and of its life,—radiance shall gleam beyond him even to the illumining of the grave that awaits him in the far anticipated future.†

"I must fill up this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying-grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We, sucking, on her natural bosom find;

* "Never," observes Seneca, "is a wise man better employed, never is he more busy, than when, in silence, he contemplates the greatness of God and the beauty of his works; or when he withdraws from society for the purpose of performing some important service to the rest of mankind; for he that is well employed in such studies, though he may seem to do nothing at all, does greater things than any other, in affairs both human and Divine."

† "Every one of my writings," says Goethe, "has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things: the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offerings of their thoughts, their faculties, their experiences; often have they sowed the harvests I have reaped. My work is that of an aggregation of human beings, taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe."

Many for many virtues excellent :
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities ;
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give ;
 Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse ;
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
 And vice sometimes by action 's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power ;
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp there still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker doth eat up that plant."*

But to drift—easier is it to drift than to work. Yes, but one may not always drift,—may not always dream. Many a water that flows in soft murmurs through quiet meadows and by the side of fragrant shores leads to the cataract. Every valley rivulet needs but time to carry its wave-ripples to the sea. Before every man is the ocean of existence,—the infinite. With every man is the done and the doing. Who may pass forward without knowledge of that to which he passes? or who shall

* " If noble Atticus make plenteous feasts,
 And with luxurious chambers please his guests,
 His wealth and quality support the treat ;
 In him it is not luxury, but state.
 But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
 'Tis downright madness ; for what greater jests
 Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts ?"

spread the sail and fearlessly advance, if he carry not with him chart and compass? Drifting—a man may drift safely only when the soundings are made.

But the soundings are deep. Yes, depths and shallows make up the ocean-bed; so, also, do hills and valleys constitute the landscape. Yet have we long lines; and depth sinks not where plummet may not reach—if to reach be a necessity. The deep places we may sound, the shallow spots we can uncover.

Science, logic, philosophy. Our theme is of life, and of man's relation with life. We may look where we will; we may examine wheresoever best suits the purpose of our search,—of our search into ourselves. Let not then him who would know who he is, and where he is, and what he is, draw back from our excursion, even though of it may come weariness to the untrained mind, for in such search may we not but discover much of true wealth.

Let, then, think with us who will.

To know of life is to know of many aspects. In the single word a very world in itself of memories comes crowding upon him who has thought and thinks.

Life, says Spinoza, is but an expression of a common "substance," and this substance is the all,—is God.

There are, says Descartes, three substances,—God, Thought, Matter. In the first have the others their existence. Man is a compound of thought and matter. Man is not God, but is in and of God.

The world, says Thales, is water.

Air is it, says Anaximenes.

Of fire is the world created, says Heraclitus: "All

is, and is not; for though it comes into being, yet it forthwith ceases to be."

"Body," says Empedocles, "is but a mingling, and then a separation of the mingled." "Nature is a clay,—a plastic. To-day it represents a man, to-morrow a stone." "Nothing is there but a perpetual flux of things; the world of phenomena is a flowing river, ever changing, yet the same."

"Who thinks aught can begin to be which formerly was not,
Or, that aught which is, can perish and utterly decay;
Another truth I now unfold; no natural birth
Is there of mortal things, nor death's destruction final;
Nothing is there but a mingling, and then a separation of the
mingled,
Which are called a birth and death by ignorant mortals."

Everything, says Plato, esteemed by us as real, is, in truth, the unreal. The ideal alone is the true, for idea must have preceded representation: thus image is but the expression of idea.

Man, says Socrates, is the measure of all things; yet is he an Ego within an Ego,—a universal. A part may not act in itself, but only in the whole in which it has existence.

Matter is, and always has been, and always will be, affirms Aristotle; yet has it end, but each end is the beginning of a new end; end is form, and the absolute form is spirit.

Air is life, repeats Diogenes; in it exist all things; but arrangement may not exist in a simple, and the world is full of the expression of arrangement. Therefore is the air a compound, and in it resides a soul, for without reason it would be impossible for all to be ar-

ranged duly and proportionably, and whatever object we consider will be found ordered in the best and most beautiful manner.

It must be that in so simple a thing, taught Pythagoras, as the number One, is man to seek the origin of all things; as, start where he will, One is found to precede all other numbers, and before One is there naught, and naught is nothingness; in One, therefore, resides all of life.

To live, is to be afloat upon a boundless ocean.

"It rolls away, and bears along
A mingled mass of right and wrong;
The flowers of love that bloomed beside
The margin of life's sunny tide;
The poisoned weeds of passion, torn
From dripping rocks and headlong borne
Into that unhorizoned sea
Which mortals call eternity."

"Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and on old Thebes; while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-sonorous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveler, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, 'Who builded them?' and she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not."

Know first yourself, says the author of the Cartesian philosophy, for in such knowledge is the world to be read. "Cogito, ergo sum." "I think, therefore I am."

True philosophy, says the French sage, may, and

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must, for that proving of things which may alone satisfy the intelligent mind, start in a premise which accepts nothing but what is self-proving; that alone which is self-proving is consciousness of existence. "I may doubt the existence of the external world, for this may be a phantasm. I may doubt the existence of God, for the idea of God may be a superstition. But in the act of doubting it is impossible for me to doubt that I, who am thinking, am something. I am thinking, therefore I am." In this is a premise so firm and sure that the wildest extravagances of the skeptic cannot overthrow it.

We may not rest our thinking upon a better premise than that of Descartes.

Every object in nature, organic or inorganic, living or termed dead, is recognized and demonstrated by the physicist as having a correlative or circular existence; that is to say, it is transubstantiating. An object has, in itself, no property; it is, as affirmed by Empedocles, but a part of a common whole, being ever in a common flux: to-morrow it is not wherein it is to-day; forever is it changing in a relationship to a circle, which circle comprises the functions of vitalized matter.

We may anticipate a premise. A man is a triad. In his single personality exist three conditions,—Force, Matter, Soul. In the primal—accepting still Descartes—have these conditions that co-relation, which is, and which has been throughout the speculative ages, the confusion of philosophers.

A thought of great signification here intrudes. In the Bible are exposed, after the manner of revelations, the mysteries of life. Will not the truest wisdom accept these teachings and go no farther?

Happy are we to call him who receives the sayings of that book, asking no demonstration: wise is he, in his way, to all wisdom. Children receive in faith; children ask for no demonstration,—happy childhood! But men grow restless; men demand proof underlying assertion. Well is this; for vastly does it increase the interest in living, when learning and energy correspond with doubting, and lead over the long, long way of exploration to the proof,—or, at least, to an appreciation of the existence of proof. Miserable, most miserable, is that man who, leaving the intuitive for the speculative, stops short, or loses himself in the journey undertaken. “Ask no questions,” said a famous archbishop of Canterbury, “or ask all.”* Alas for us, for all of us, for mankind of the age, we have insisted on the apple, the eating of which has necessitated the fig-leaves. What may we now do but press towards that centre of the garden wherein grows the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil,—fruit, real to Adam; the allegory, to the scientist, of learning?† Too often may

* “There are, indeed, those who, in the refinements of false philosophy, proclaim that the order of the universe is owing to nature and chance; but, as Minutius and Seneca well observe, these curious reasoners do not understand the import of their own expressions; for as nature is nothing more than the ordinary means by which the Almighty displays his power, and chance the mere effect of his unrevealed will, they admit, by attributing his works to these sources, the very effect of that power which they affect so anxiously to deny. There may be some eloquence, but there is certainly no truth, in the writings of such men, who, blinded by their love of learning and their fondness for new opinions, exhibit, like Bellerophon, their own condemnation, while they vainly imagine they are conveying intelligence and new light to mankind.”—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

† “The human understanding resembles not a dry light, but admits

not be repeated the wise words of Bacon, "A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to confusion and to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men about to the light and to religion; for while the mind of man looketh on causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

The comprehension of life and of the relations of life, the leadings from nature to nature's God, are embraced fully in the study of the phenomenal. Materialism—only another name for the phenomenal—treats of the material; of what, in the physics of Aristotle, is termed the objective. The objective is all, is everything, which is phenomenal; that is, which is an offspring, a result. Materialism, unfortunately, is a word or term that has come to be so variously employed that disputants, in the discussion of it, commonly find themselves in the condition of the wranglers over the color of the chameleon: "It is black; it is white; it is neither of these; it is both." Protagoras deemed himself possessed of the true definition of virtue; Socrates exhibited to him that his premises were without foundation. Cato felt that in Carneades he had found the

a tincture of the will and passions, which generate their own system accordingly; for man always believes more readily what he prefers. He, therefore, rejects difficulties for want of patience in investigation; sobriety, because it limits his hopes; the depths of nature, from superstition; the light of experience, from arrogance and pride, lest his mind should appear to be occupied with common and varying objects; paradoxes, from a fear of the opinion of the vulgar. In short, his feelings imbue and corrupt his understanding in innumerable and sometimes imperceptible ways."—LORD BACON: *Novum Organum*.

expression of justice; yet the Cyrenian himself knew that the premises of his argument were of less strength than were blocks of sand; even the Stagyrte might not distinguish, in his lack of data, the difference between the spirit of a man and the arterial blood of his circulatory system.

Nature, the world, the objective, the phenomenal,—this is the expression which we will learn of Descartes to know as extension.

Shall we commence with Force? What is Force? There is in nature an intangible something, for which no better name has as yet been found than Force. The expressions of this something differ, but never the principle. It is, as has been happily expressed by Humboldt, “that controlling agent residing in organism, which directs through that which is its law the mysterious and awful phenomena of life,—a vital fluid,—a *materia vitæ diffusæ*,—the *vis vitæ*.”

Observation of what in man is termed life exhibits plainly enough to the physicist the existence of two separate and distinct active principles. The first—a principle common to all life—is that of which we speak,—Force. A something is this which acts and which works independent of any immediate direction or supervision. It is that *subtle influence* by which is developed the stature of the man, the girth of the tree; it is the cohesion of the stone; it is that silent, tireless worker which builds even while that which it builds sleeps. In man, the expressions of this *vita diffusa* are nearest the surface in the processes of his organic habits. Man has not to will or act that he digest, or breathe, or co-ordinate molecular change: these are actions which

are independent of what, in the immortal sense, is the man, being no more peculiar to him than to the leaf which hangs with its friendly shade over his head. Neither is such a condition constant to the individual man. It is forever shifting and drifting from him, and is at the same time forever being correlated into him; he catches of it, and receives of it, and gives out of it, as, in its continuous circle, it relates with him. Never rests the motion of force, never exhausted is it. When, from accident, or in law, the body of a man receives not of this spirit the animating quantum, then commences decomposition, and the form falls back and is lost to us in the oneness of a common dust.

The second condition, known of every man and to every man, is that which is recognized as Self,—the that which is persistent, which changes to the man never; the that which individualizes him as a something separate and distinct from all other expressions of phenomena, which is affected neither by vital change nor by molecular decomposition; the that which uses the body and which perceives it as its instrument; the Ego,—the Soul,—the something which accident may not disturb, nor death incommode. To know the first, is to know phenomena. To know the second, is to know who, where, and what man is; is to know,—if not God,—yet of God, even in his personality.*

* Wherefore, from the argument of looking into things, it necessarily follows that some such opinion as this should be entertained by genuine philosophers, so that they speak among themselves as follows:—“A by-path, as it were, seems to lead us on in our researches undertaken by reason, because, as long as we are encumbered with the body, and our soul is contaminated with such an evil, we can never

Let us understand first of the physical man.

By what is termed vivisectional study it is that the scientist is brought to the recognition of the existence in nature of the force which we have termed excitability. Of this force, as of the blood, he is led to perceive that

fully attain to what we desire ; and this we say in truth. For the body subjects us to innumerable hindrances on account of its necessary support ; and, moreover, if any diseases befall us, they impede us in our search after that which is ; and it fills us with longings, desires, fears, all kind of fancies, and a multitude of absurdities, so that, as it is said in real truth, by reason of the body it is never possible for us to make any advance in wisdom. For nothing else but the body and its desires occasion wars, seditions, and contests ; for all wars amongst us arise on account of our desire to acquire wealth ; and we are compelled to acquire wealth on account of the body being enslaved to its service ; and, consequently, on all these accounts we are hindered in the pursuit of philosophy. But the worst of all is, that if it leaves us any leisure, and we apply ourselves to the consideration of any subject, it constantly obtrudes itself in the midst of our researches, and occasions trouble and disturbance, and confounds us so that we are not able by reason of it to discern the truth. It has then in reality been demonstrated to us that if ever we are to know anything purely, we must be separated from the body, and contemplate the things themselves by the mere soul. And then, as it seems, we shall obtain that which we desire, and which we profess ourselves to be lovers of, wisdom ; when we are dead, as reason shows, but not while we are alive. For if it is not possible to know anything purely in conjunction with the body, one of these two things must follow : either that we can never acquire knowledge, or only after we are dead ; for then the soul will subsist by itself, separate from the body, but not before. And while we live, we shall thus, as it seems, approach nearest to knowledge if we hold no intercourse or communion at all with the body except what absolute necessity requires, nor suffer ourselves to be polluted by its nature, but purify ourselves from it, until God himself shall relieve us. And thus being pure, and freed from the folly of body, we shall in all likelihood be with others like ourselves, and shall of ourselves know the whole real essence, and that probably is truth ; for it is not allowable for the impure to attain to the pure."—PLATO : *Phædo*.

in man there is just so much, and, like unto the blood, that it is harmonious and proportionable in its disposition. This *vis vitæ* is a correlating essence or thing, and is, consequently, allied with matter; it is not, *pure pute*, the man, but, like as the blood, the muscles, the brain, is, *ex jure*, the common property of all things. The correlating of this *vis vitæ* differs in no respect, save in manner, from the principle acting to the conversion of heat into steam, and steam into momentum, and momentum back again into heat. And the life itself differs not in kind from that which is the cohesive force of a weed. We have become too learned not to have discovered the fallacy of the "spirit" of Galen and of Aristotle; and although we recognize no less to-day than was affirmed in the times of these philosophers, and by Thales and Anaximenes and Diogenes, that the something in the right side of the heart is different from that in the left, yet we know what these savants did not,—that the air which arterializes the systemic fluid is not more truly spirit, or life, than are the mushrooms of the dunghill entering into the venous circulation. Life is a phenomenon,—an expression; this, and nothing more. What, then, we term the *vis vitæ* is to have from us no more respect, nor is it less an anatomico-physiological thing than is a bone or muscle or a brain-cell. As physicists, we consider it physiologically, and through the shackles in which we thus hold it may we direct and circumvent, to an extent, its vagaries, as do we influence the blood in its inflammatory perversions.*

* Force, as described by Mr. Tyndall,—see "Fragments of Science,"—appeals to us but as expression of this entity, not the entity itself.

We are to assume, then, and from the self-evidence of the fact, the existence within the human system, as of life at large, of a component, or thing, which we know as excitability. To know what this excitability is, naturally suggests itself as the study underlying all of physical life. But may man, even as the philosopher, essay to seek an origin of this principle or element outside of the one word, God? We are not yet able to reverse the axiom of Spinoza, and to assert that the knowledge of cause is deducible from the knowledge of effect; neither are we at all assisted as physiologists in associating physical life with soul, or in resting on the assertion that it is of God, that God is *natura naturans*. God is life, but life is law; and the law of the *vis vitæ* is, and must be, as plain and comprehensible as the law of the revolutions of the wheel. We are only not yet, however, able to read such law. On its expressions, therefore, are we compelled to depend for all we may yet know of it. We are, with Schelling, to apprehend where we cannot prove. Force is, and has been, the problem of the ages. That, however, it is an entity existing in nature, as does matter, and is a common property, seems placed beyond dispute. Let us consider an illustration which seems irrefutable. As a meal

Magnetism, electricity, crystallization, are phenomena, and are explainable—in a sense—in law; but the “subtle essence” is a something in which the law itself has origin; it is—shall we say?—a noumenon, and law is a phenomenon. The beautiful expressions of law, so beautifully told by Mr. Tyndall, must be seen to deal, not with *the actual* force, but only with that which grows out of it. Molecular change produces not force, but force produces molecular change. Mechanical power is not abstract force,—not the *materia vitæ diffusa*.

of meat has in it the least departure from the moving muscle,—that is, as it is eaten in the state nearest approaching rawness,—so is found in it most of stimulation, *i.e.* excitability. As the same meat is subjected to fire, so is excitability driven from it, until, if burned to a crisp, no life remains, and the meat, however heartily partaken of, yields no restoration of that force which, with the matter, is constantly passing away from living bodies. Putrid meat is that out of which has departed the *vis vitæ*, and putrid meat is not found to nourish. The fowl hung out for the *taint* may be eaten of abundantly, and may be so partaken of because of the much demanded to meet the requirements of the system, and this from the fact of the diminished life that is in it. The same limitation which must find compensation in quantity may be remarked in the use of blubber by the Esquimaux. Adipose tissue is of low organization, *i.e.* of little vitality; therefore must the alimentary viscera be stuffed, that the needed force may be gotten from the fat.

Let another illustration be found in our employment of water. This fluid varies in the vital force found in it, as do all other vehicles of life. A mountain spring, fresh from the influences which have surcharged it, satisfies with limited draught. The water of the ditch, on the contrary, warm and robbed of excitability, may only quench thirst when drunk to engorgement. The first has a fullness of spirit, and quickly yields it to higher affinities; the second possesses little, and, if let alone in the ditch, would shortly have become deprived even of that little, and would have putresced.

Force, then,—spirit, the philosopher calls it,—we are

to accept as the vivifying principle. As such force exists in a man in correlative fullness, he lives; as it diminishes in him, so he proportionably dies. Ample illustration of this, as fact, is found in the matter proper, as we recognize it, of the body. In what we term the physiological state, we find the act of life-renewal a perfect process: the organism is maintained in its integrity. In sickness, correlation is deranged, the circle is broken, and that matter which is constantly passing from the body is not replaced by that which, in the normal life, is continuously coming to it: hence the wasting, the decrease; it is the classic legend of the pelican repeating itself: the bird feeding its offspring with its own body, having in its turn no nourishment.

Excitability—*i.e.* the *vis vitæ*, the vitalizing principle—is not to be confounded with nerve-matter, or nerve-expression, or with the sanguineous system, or with any special relation; it is a something in itself—in *abstracto*: negatively, however, is it easily recognizable in its goings and comings from organic tissue, first in its existence, as seen, say, in the muscular sense of a living bullock; then in its complete absence from flesh we call putrescent. In the meat of the shambles we see that extent, relation, and conjunctive quantity of it which is the mean between that which pertains to moving life and disintegrative death: in other words, we see in the meat the relation between spirit and matter, in that the law of the transformations and transmigrations of the one is the common law of both. The Greeks, in their doctrine of metempsychosis, had caught a symbol of the great law of correlation. They made the mistake, however, of confounding the soul of a man

with the spirit of life, and thus the doctrine found negation in its unrecognized fallacy. If, however, the analogies of physiology be truths, then is it truth to affirm that the spirit of a man lives in an eternal transmigration, passing from man to the polyp, and from the polyp back to man; to-day animating the matter of a king, to-morrow wriggling in the maggot which has its existence in the king's corpse; constant is force to no one thing, true is it to everything. "Nature," as Berkeley has it, "is spirit visible; spirit is Nature invisible."

The matter of the body which we know as man is a simple conjunction of vitalized particles. By vitalized particles we understand—employing that every-day language here most fitting—the dust of the earth conjoined with the principle just spoken of as force, as spirit, *vis vitæ*, excitability. Let us express ourselves in an illustration. Without dust,—earth, grass grows not; in earth grass develops. The passing cow, hungry and lean, eats of this grass, and soon her sides bulge with fatness, and from her before milkless udder runs the lacteal life in streams. The babe, emaciated and dying, drinks of this milk, and suddenly its cheeks grow rosy and its chin dimples. Milk-nourished, it grows to manhood, waxes old, and in turn passes away, and in the earth wherein we lay the body we perceive the form turn to dust: into that, whence it came, has it gone back. This is the history of matter.

That which, by misnomer, we call man—the body—is to be accepted, then, as a simple combination of particles. By analysis the anatomist takes apart this body, and, step by step, stage by stage, resolves it into that

whence it came. Then, taking this dust, his learned brother physicist, the physiologist, through synthesis, step by step, stage by stage, reconverts the crude material into man,—into the body of man. May any one eat, be refreshed, and not understand this? Matter is the common capital of all things, special to no thing; the dust of the earth revolves ever in a common circle, and accident, not law, directs its combination. The same milk, from the same grass, from the same earth, correlates itself with equal facility into a calf or into a child, as to either use the accident of its employment may put it.

To the unreflecting seems here, in science, a denial of the doctrine of resurrection. With such, however, lies a great fallacy. As, in reading these pages, one shall of necessity see that materialism dies and resurrects itself in pantheism, so as well must he come to perceive a distinction between body and the Ego; a distinction which, sooner or later, forces itself upon the most positive of positivists.

To know of the soul of a man is to learn of it through exclusion. Plato, we have remarked, describes the soul as “the ideal,” being represented by the body; and as, in his philosophy, the seeming real is the unreal, that which we view as the unreal, “the idea,” being the true real, it is to be perceived that even in a “heathen thinker” is to be discovered the foolishness of those doubts with which ignorance besets a man.

He who will here turn to that review which has been made of the Platonic doctrine, and, having perused and comprehended it, will lay down the volume and for

himself think, may not but perceive that in the "real and the unreal" of the Hellenian, is to be found a dispersion of the confusion of the doctrine of bodily resurrection.

Another direction of thought may be suggested for another direction of thinking. Marriage of a soul with a body, says Robert of Melun, "is not a union of common parts, but of different natures."

"Form," says Thomas of Aquin, "is not person; the soul is a form, therefore not person. Moreover, a person has the condition of wholeness and completeness. But the soul is a part; therefore the soul has not the condition of a person."

The soul, says Aristotle, is an entelechy; it is that something which has the power to clothe itself with the expressions of life.

Shall we recall to the physician the thoughts which lose him, as he watches in the foetus the efforts of this "entelechy" to cover and to enlarge itself? At three months a quivering, almost jelly-like mass shudders as an abortion touches it with the softest zephyr of a summer night. At forty years the "entelechy" mocks at the mountain-waves of an ocean, and lifts itself, that it may cast Pelion upon Ossa.

When a man dies, says Socrates, we perceive that a something has gone from him, inasmuch as he is not as he was; but the visible part, the body, which is exposed to sight, and which we call a corpse, to which it appertains to be dissolved, to fall asunder and be dispersed, does not immediately undergo any of those affections, but remains for a considerable time, and especially so if any one should happen to die with his

body in full vigor at an age of corresponding vigor ; for when the body has collapsed and been embalmed, as those that are embalmed in Egypt, it remains almost entire for an incredible length of time ; and some parts of the body, even though it does decay, such as the bones and nerves, and everything of that kind, are nevertheless, as one may say, immortal. Can the soul, then, which is invisible, and which goes to another place like itself, excellent, pure, and invisible, and therefore truly called the invisible world, to the presence of a good and wise God,—can this soul of ours, being such, and of such a nature, when separated from the body, be immediately dispersed and destroyed? Rather is the case this. If it is separated in a pure state, taking nothing of the body with it, as not having willingly communicated with it in the present life, but having shunned it, and gathered itself within itself, so must it depart to be with that which it resembles, the invisible, the divine, immortal, and wise. And on its arrival there, is not its lot to be happy, free from error, ignorance, fears, wild passions, and all the other evils to which human nature is subject?

Positivism is that science exhibiting the footprints of creation and leading to the creator. Yet Epicurus, in his way, was a positivist, and in his positivism found not God,—but thus far only got he. “Except a vacuum,” he said, “is there nothing incorporeal ; the world being matter, force is only an expression of molecular change. There may not be, therefore, in itself any one thing superior to any other thing ; there is no God, no moral law. Pleasure is the fullness of living. Virtue is prudent, but only that aside from

its practice is there no happiness. Out of nothing may come nothing ; therefore must the universe always have been."

Undeveloped positivism is the clogging dross even of to-day. Heed for a moment the most modern of its fallacies, as enunciated by an English professor.* Force, is this savant led to say, is not an expression outside of matter, but is a creation of the relation of particles ; force is, as is aquosity, the result of combinations. Put together, under the required circumstances, atoms of oxygen and atoms of hydrogen, and behold a new expression, in water ; for thus is the creation of water. So, life. Put together in proper proportions proper equivalents, and thus must be the birth of the *vis vitæ*. Having got thus far, this scientist, as if suddenly become oblivious to the whole argument of his assertion, correlates his atoms through the presence of a "subtle essence" residing in them.†

"One, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made."

* Huxley's "Physical Basis of Life." Two propositions are presented in this lecture: 1st. That all organisms, animal and vegetable, are alike in all that pertains to force and substance,—a proposition that may not be refuted ; 2d. That force and intellectual functions are the production of molecular disposition,—a fallacy that has in itself its own refutation.

† He who would see the weakness of Mr. Huxley's deductions as developed in his lecture on the "Physical Basis of Life" needs only to read that excellent little book "On Protoplasm," by Dr. Lionel Beale ; and, if his interest shall lead him further, he will consult with great advantage a work of James Hutchinson Sterling, F.R.C.S., LL.D., entitled "As regards Protoplasm in Relation to Professor Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life." "Passing on," says Dr. Sterling, "we see not only that protoplasm has, like water, a chemical and

Another expression of undeveloped positivism is to be seen in what is known as the Darwinian theory of progressive development. Commencing the study of biology with the variations in species, the naturalist Darwin has been led to infer that the account of man's creation as given by Moses is an error, finding for himself inferences which please him better, in a law of progressive development or physical evolution. To find and pursue such a chain of reasoning, this author begins, not with Adam, but with the man of to-day, and, tracing him backward, discovers him to be an emergence from the savage, whom in turn he quickly enough has to find the descendant of the anthropoidal apes. Pursuing the evolutionary mode of analogies, he loses the ape in the lower mammals; these still, in turn, in the reptiles, amphibians, fishes, and so on down through the long geological vista, until in the double-necked bottle of the ascidian he misses the animal link altogether.

Here a first fallacy would seem to be found in an inability on the part of the savant to exhibit in actual specimens types in progressive development. He has failed to show a single specimen of such intermediate forms. Not but what, even in the experience of an

physical structure, but that, unlike water, it has also an organized or organic structure. Now this, on the part of protoplasm, is a possession in excess; and with relation to that excess there can be no grounds for analogy. Living protoplasm is identical with dead protoplasm only so far as its chemistry is concerned; and it is quite evident, consequently, that differences between the two cannot depend on that in which they are not identical,—cannot depend on chemistry. It is thus that, lifted high enough, the light of the analogy between water and protoplasm is found to go out."

individual, breed may be modified. Our author has plainly enough shown this in experiments with birds; the cattle-breeder has acted on such premises for generations beyond the memory of man; but as yet has no pigeon been changed into a gestating animal, or bullock into a bipedal ruminant. Beyond a certain point experimentation has resulted always in sterility. Besides this, the theory implies a continuing progressiveness. As the physical man is concerned, cycles have certainly demonstrated no such advance, and we might as well apply it to the soul life. Man advances in knowledge, but it has failed to be demonstrated that he enlarges in his capacity to receive knowledge. Who shall to-day cast the disk farther than the Roman athlete, or who speak words wiser than Pericles?

A law of construction, too, there is, which conflicts with the theory as it has application to organism. The anatomist demonstrates a fullness of perfection beyond which nature may not go without diverging from the governing principle. For example, correspondence of part with part, and of a part with its requirements. The muscular system offers a simple and easily-comprehended illustration. This system exhibits, mathematically, maximum force with minimum action. Beyond this, then, it is seen that in such direction nature may not go. A new type must be produced, or none: perfection is attained.*

* "Mr. Darwin has perceived various likenesses in dogs and other creatures to what men have described as a conscience or moral sense. The likenesses are indisputable; but if they are likenesses, what is the original? The pattern, by the very hypothesis, must be the higher creature. Mr. Darwin would not only be unable to give that which he

There is a mode of discovering a fallacy, founded on association: let us here apply it. The basal truth, the law of it, "Of the dust of the earth is man's body," has man in this nineteenth century only come fairly to understand. Moses, ages and ages back, told this fact: he who to-day denies it does so only to reap ridicule. Moses, whose prescience tells us this, asserts also the form and principle of the construction. "And God said, Let us make man, and in image let him be like unto ourselves." In the truth of the first fact, "Of the dust of the earth we will make him," science has come to concurrence; it may not prevaricate nor doubt. On what principle shall the proven veracity and foreknowledge of the first assertion not be accepted for the second premise? Then, may the inference be adopted, it is at once seen that this scientist has fallen into false conclusions; for should man be an evolution from life-type, which, in such system, is traced down to the ascidian, then the creative principle—the God—the primal—may not be so much as an atom which was the first in the system of the nebular hypothesis. In other words, Darwinism merges into Huxleyism, or, better expressed, into a "crude, unrefined, unphilosophic, unscientific materialism,"—*ex hypothesi*.

But let us pass on, that we may see what the thoughts of the ages shall teach us.

Reminded, by the mention falling into a former

has detected in a dog a name, he would have no perception or dream of its nature, if he had not first found it in man."—MAURICE: *Introduction to Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*.

page, of Epicurus and the Epicureans, we may find than in this sect no better illustration of error, most honest in itself, as it exists, and would most naturally grow from premises of false signification,—a type, indeed, of the differences too common to-day. Yet see the good in Epicurism.

It is quite common to speak of Epicurus as a sensualist, and of his followers as so many Aristippians, “children of the sun, whose blood is fire.” On the contrary, the principles of this school, as indeed also that of the Cyrenaic, founded by Aristippus, were, in the sense of the age, moral; the only difference, as we find when we come fully to scan the matter, between these philosophers and the Christians who closely follow them, being that the one found its truth in a purely human aspect, the other has it in what it accepts as divine revelation.

“Pleasure,” taught Epicurus, “constitutes happiness. All animals instinctively pursue it, as instinctively all avoid pain. What animals do of instinct, man should do deliberately. Every pleasure is in itself good, but, in comparison with another, it may become an evil. It is the art of the philosopher to enable him to foresee the result of his actions; and, so foreseeing, he is taught to avoid those enjoyments which occasion pain, as well as to endure with resolution and satisfaction discomforts from which grow pleasures. The pleasures of the body are not to be despised, but they are as pains when compared with the pleasures of the soul. Therefore is it the higher pleasure to crucify the passions where they conflict with the aspirations of the loftier life. Simplicity is preferable to luxury; for in

this is found the prevention of ill-fortune. Temperance is better than gluttony ; for thus are preserved the pleasures of the palate. Free will and reason are inseparable, and upon them rests true virtue. Without free will reason would be passive, and without reason free will would be blind. The study of man is man ; not, however, in idle curiosity, that he may see how curiously and wonderfully he is wrought ; but that he may learn the extent of his capacities, in order properly to direct them ; learn of his relation with nature, that he may thus place and keep himself in harmony with that of which he is a part."

Soul and spirit were, in the Epicurean philosophy, one ; were of the common flux. There was a pleasure of the senses,—of the soul ; but all was of the present. For man, in his individuality, no immortality existed ; the now was the all, and in the now was to be comprised every consideration of existence ; that which contributed to the pleasure of the now was the truest and highest expression of philosophy. Had the premises been right, never had there arisen deductions to supplant Epicurus.

Wisely may we stop and cull a page from heathen philosophy.

"Let no one," says Epicurus, in his greeting to Menæceus, "delay to study philosophy while he is young, and when he is old let him not weary of the study ; for no man can ever find the time unsuitable or too late to study the health of his soul. And he who asserts that it is not yet time to philosophize, or that the hour is passed, is like a man who should say that the time is not yet come to be happy, or that it is too

late. So that both young and old should study philosophy,—the one in order that, when he is old, he may be young in good things through the pleasing recollections of the past; and the other in order that he may be at the same time both young and old, in consequence of his absence of fear for the future.

“It is right, then, for a man to consider the things which produce happiness, since, if happiness be present, we have everything; and when it is absent, we do everything with a view to possess it.

“Accustom yourself also to think death a matter with which we are not at all concerned, since all good and all evil is in sensation, and since death is only the privation of sensation. On which account, the correct knowledge of the fact that death is no concern of ours, makes the mortality of life pleasant to us, inasmuch as it sets forth no illimitable time, but relieves us from the longing for immortality. For there is nothing terrible in living to a man who rightly comprehends that there is nothing terrible in ceasing to live: so that he was a silly man who said that he feared death, not because it would grieve him when it was present, but because it did grieve him while it was future. For it is very absurd, that that which does not distress a man when it is present should afflict him when only expected. Therefore the most formidable of evils, death, is nothing to us, since, when we exist, death is not present to us; and when death is present, then we have no existence. It is no concern, then, either of the living or of the dead, since to the one it has no existence, and the other class has no existence in itself. But people in general at times flee from death as the greatest of

evils, and at times wish for it as a rest from the evils in life. Nor is the not living a thing feared, since living is not connected with it; nor does the wise man think not living an evil; but, just as he chooses food, not preferring that which is most abundant, but that which is nicest, so too he enjoys time, not measuring it as to whether it is of the greatest length, but as to whether it is most agreeable. And he who enjoins a young man to live well, and an old man to die well, is a simpleton, not only because of the constantly delightful nature of life, but also because the care to live well is identical with the care to die well."

Again:

"Every pleasure is a good on account of its own nature; but it does not follow that every pleasure is worthy of being chosen; just as every pain is an evil, and yet every pain must not be avoided. It is right to estimate all things by the measurement and view of what is suitable and unsuitable; for at times we may feel the good as an evil, and at times, on the contrary, we may feel the evil as good. And we think contentment a great good, not in order that we may never have but a little, but in order that, if we have not much, we may make use of a little; being genuinely persuaded that those men enjoy luxury most completely who are the best able to do without it, and that everything which is natural is easily provided, and what is useless is not easily procured. And simple flavors give as much pleasure as costly fare, when everything that can give pain, and every feeling of want, is removed."

Again:

"Now, the beginning and the greatest good of many

things is prudence; on which account prudence is something more valuable than even philosophy, inasmuch as all the other virtues spring from it, teaching us that it is not possible to live pleasantly unless one also lives prudently, and honorably, and justly; and one cannot live prudently, and honorably, and justly, without living pleasantly; for the virtues are connate with living agreeably, and living agreeably is inseparable from the virtues. Since, whom can you think better than that man who is utterly fearless with respect to death, and who has properly contemplated the end of nature, and who comprehends that the chief good is easily perfected and easily provided, and the greatest evil lasts but a short period and causes but brief pain?"

We go forward. Positivism, the theme of present thought, is still another of the synonyms for materialism: the doctrine—accepting and holding to the simple definition—"excludes from philosophy everything but the natural phenomena or properties of knowable things, together with their invariable relations of co-existence and succession, as occurring in time and space. Such relations are denominated laws, which are to be discovered by observation, experiment, and comparison." In other words, such a science, founded on the expressions of phenomena, seeks here, and only here, for that noumenon of which phenomena are the expressions.

With the positivists let our thinking carry us.

In pantheism—we will not or need not say, in monotheism—is life, is God, is the primal, is all. Let us see how quickly positivism loses itself in pantheism.

Positivism—the positive philosophy—professes to open, as we understand it, the illustration, from the objective stand-point, of the meaning of life. In its true and proper signification it is that aspect of philosophy which finds the Creator of the world—the Omniscient—the primal—by following the footprints of creation. It seeks the origin of life, as geology, one of its aspects, seeks the age of life; as astronomy fixes the location of the planets and anticipates by centuries the occurrence of an eclipse. It is the religion of the scientist, and may only come in its good time to lift the veil,—that thick film of ignorance,—which is worse than are cataractous eyes for seeing. May effect exist without cause, and may science in better way seek a cause than through effect? Materialism, positivism—recognizing that outside of demonstration must always exist confusion, recognizing that discomfort of doubt forever associated with proofs purely speculative—denies for its purpose—for its scientific purpose—revelation and faith, and passes to the self-proving. No surer does the sea—without for certain time boundaries to be seen—lead him who crosses it safely to the haven, than must positivism lead to a God, a Creator, and a Father.

But through philosophy God may be found, but by the very few: hence the wise advice of the Canterbury archbishop, “Ask no questions, or ask all;” hence the assertion, “We may pass to the comprehension of the possibility of proving, but not to the proof; this latter, however, only because of our ignorance: for a comprehension of the materialistic aspect of man, and of man’s relation with life, implies the knowledge of

all science, and man is but yet a smatterer in the sciences; hence his constant misjudgments and confusions."* "In the present state of things," as suggested by Mr. Lewes, "the domain is composed of two very different things,—general ideas and positive science. The general ideas are powerless because they are not positive; the positive sciences are powerless because they are not general."

Educated men are all, to a greater or less extent, positivists, that is to say, are materialists,—searchers into the secrets of nature. This we may understand in Comtism, as in the suggestions of the French sage dates that which this term embraces in its most modern acceptation, and because it is of what is called his philosophy people commonly speak when discussing positivism.†

* "There was a time," says the learned Faraday,—answering a communication of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, concerning electricity,—“when I thought I knew something about the matter; but the longer I live, and the more carefully I study the subject, the more convinced I am of my total ignorance of the nature of electricity.”

† "Philosophy, in the various phases of its history, has always had one aim, that of furnishing an explanation of the world, of man, and of society; but it has sought that aim by various routes. To solve the problems of existence, and to supply a rule of life, have constituted its purpose, more or less avowed. Steady in this purpose, it has been vacillating in its means; now borrowing, now rejecting, the principles of its rival, theology; now claiming and now violating the methods of science; unwilling to follow either, incapable of advancing alone. We have seen it endeavoring to embrace all inquiry; and seen it despair, restricting itself to psychology, and spite of the manifest incompetence of psychology, even were it perfected, to furnish cosmical and social theories,—an incompetence more or less recognized by metaphysicians, who refused to restrict their wide-sweeping inquiries to the mere investigation of human faculties and the conditions of

Pantheism is "God intoxicated:" to it everything is God, and without him is there nothing. Positivism, if it concerns itself at all about a God, does so "not

thought. With the creation of the positive philosophy this vacillation ceases. A new era has dawned. For the first time in history, an explanation of the world, society, and man, is presented which is thoroughly homogeneous and at the same time thoroughly in accordance with accurate knowledge. Having the reach of an all-embracing system, it condenses human knowledge into a doctrine, and co-ordinates all the methods by which that knowledge has been reached and will in future be extended. Its aim is the renovation of society. Its basis is science,—the positive knowledge we have attained, and may attain, of all phenomena whatever. Its method is the objective method, which has justified its supremacy by its results. Its superstructure is the hierarchy of the sciences, *i.e.* that distribution and co-ordination of general truths which transform the scattered and independent sciences into an organic whole, wherein each part depends on all that precede and determines all that succeed. The cardinal distinctions of this system may be said to arise naturally from the one aim of making all speculation homogeneous. Hitherto theology, while claiming certain topics as exclusively its own, even within the domain of knowledge, left vast fields of thought untraversed. It reserved to itself ethics and history, with occasional excursions into psychology; but it left all cosmical problems to be settled by science, and many psychological and biological problems to be settled by metaphysics. On the other hand, science, claiming absolute dominion over all cosmical and biological problems, left morals and politics to metaphysicians and theologians, with only an occasional and incidental effort to bring these also under its sway. Thus, while it is clear that society needs one faith, one doctrine, which shall satisfy the whole intellectual needs; on the other hand, it is clear that such a doctrine is impossible so long as these antagonistic lines of thought and these antagonistic modes of investigation are adopted. Such is and has long been the condition of the world. A glance suffices to see that there is no one doctrine general enough to embrace all knowledge, and sufficiently warranted by experience to carry irresistible conviction."—GEORGE HENRY LEWES: *History of Philosophy*.

sentimentally," but in an observation of his works. But positivism must lead to pantheism, or else must lead itself out of itself. The positivist, as his learning grows and his experiences pass from the shape of a world to the vitalization of a nucleated nucleolus, perceives that in himself or in his objectives may he find no creative principle; he comes to recognize that his studies embrace phenomena, not causes; and so at length, unconsciously it may be, he finds himself lost in pantheism—or, in the dark.

Positivism, as understood in the sense of Comtism, means more, however, than the purely scientific definition given of it. It means, or attempts to mean, social evolution, and is thus to be described as a "combination of certain doctrines of Fourier, of St. Simon, and of Hegel." The author of the modern positive philosophy is esteemed to be Auguste Comte, a French gentleman, born in 1798, and who died, after a life of unrest and disquiet, in 1857, and who seems to have demonstrated truly and well in his own career that any doctrine that teaches one to rest too exclusively on self and in self may not but end in gloom and in a sense of weary error. But positivism is older than Comte; older than St. Simon, whose friend and student Comte once was; older than Aristotle, even. Thales was a positivist, all the Ionic thinkers were positivists; and Huxley is a positivist, and so are a host of modern people with whose reflections we are every day meeting,—very famous people, many of them,—dwellers in a kind of grand and distant obscurity. Let us know of these, if only to see that when understood they are not so very unlike the people who wonder at them.

Comte was precocious. "At the age of twelve he had absorbed all that the Lycée prescribed in the way of instruction. At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the Ecole Polytechnique, and there he was brought into contact with republican sentiments and scientific tendencies eminently suited to his rebellious and inquiring disposition. By the time he was fourteen he is supposed to have entirely disengaged himself from all royalist and all theological opinions; and he was occupied with the writings which in the eighteenth century discussed the fundamental axioms of social, ethical, and religious systems. Expelled from his college for insubordination, Paris allured him. In vain were the threats and remonstrances of his troubled parents; in vain their refusal to give him a penny if he quitted his native city without an assured position. The desire for freedom and the manifold attractions of the great intellectual centre were all-powerful; and he found himself lonely in the crowded capital, ready to begin that eternal struggle in which year after year so many noble intellects, equipped with nothing but a little knowledge and an immense ambition, fight for bread and distinction, are wounded and worsted, are wounded and conquer.

"Not one of the class who founder on the sunken rocks of Paris, Comte went manfully to work to supply his humble wants; and humble they were; for he required little more than bread. Giving lessons in mathematics, he found pupils through the influence of two illustrious men,—Poinsot, who had been a professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, and De Blainville, who early recognized his philosophical calibre. Among his pupils was the Prince de Carignan. In 1818 Comte went to live with

the celebrated St. Simon, a philosopher who is credited with giving bias to his future life.

“At the age of twenty, familiar with all the inorganic sciences, well read in history, fervent in republicanism, and ambitious of mastering the great laws of social existence, this inheritor of the eighteenth-century spirit, regarding philosophy and science as the instruments for the dissolution of what he deemed theological superstitions and feudal inequalities, came into affectionate and reverential contact with one whom some regard as a turbulent charlatan, and others, as a prophetic thinker ; one who, at any rate, was impressed with what seemed to him the urgent need and possibility of replacing a critical and destructive tendency by a positive and constructive tendency ; and the immediate consequence of this contact was, that Comte learned to look upon the revolutionary work as completed, and saw that the effort of the nineteenth century must be towards the reconstruction of society upon a new basis. ‘The old faith,’ said Comte, and as repeat some of his followers, ‘is destroyed ; a new faith is indispensable.’ ”*

For the purposes of our thinking we may here wisely make a digression.

Impressed is it, on the common mind of to-day, that there exists, and always has existed, antagonism between science and theology. This impression is not without certain foundation ; and, moreover, passing back to

* We give to Comte the advantage of the description of his great admirer, Mr. Lewes, whose “History of Philosophy” seems impressed on every page with Comtism.

what is known as the scholastic age, it would seem to be that such antagonism has arisen, not in science, but in theology. Indeed, it impresses itself upon the understanding that from the lap of the church has grown the so-called infidelity of the world.

The craving of the intellectual man is for truth. To man, as of finite relation, self-demonstrable truth is to be found alone in the direction of positive research,—materialism; but, as was long ago pronounced by Plotinus, in his *Alexandrian Dialectics*, there is of man more than the finite; therefore does he not seem able to confine his thoughts to the positive, but in the purely materialistic is he forever catching glimpses of the pantheistic. The hand of a worker must be in the work. The positivists of the Epicurean, the Comtian, and, let us add,—that we may bring it into closer familiarity,—of the Huxley school, confound the work and the hand, seeing no hand apart from the work, and no work apart from the hand. Positivists of wider outlook, however, see the distinction, and in lost wonder follow to their unfolding the “*dicta probantia*,” the long-hid mysteries of creation.*

* Dr. Georget, author of the well-known “*Physiologie du Système Nerveux*,” presents us, in his own professions, with the misconception and misuse of the word materialism. In his volume he openly professes materialism,—the French sense,—but, pursuing his investigations in the direction of somnambulism, he becomes so impressed with the existence of a something beyond the chemistry and mechanics of matter, that he stops short, and adds to his will a codicil expressing his conviction “of the existence within us, and without us, of an intelligent principle, differing entirely from any material existence.” Dr. Georget had committed the mistake of confounding matter, force, and soul.

“As a man respects himself,” says an axiom, “so does he find respect.” Theology, not seeming to comprehend the dignity it represented, stepped from a pedestal of lofty eminence to destroy wreaths which were in process of growth for its own crown, and which, in fruition, must of necessity have come to it. Do we say theology? Perhaps this may be wrong: we may confound a thing with its representative.

Every worker in the arcana of life is a theologian, and is so necessarily, because the central truth of life is God, and the study of life is the study of the Theos. In such fold must, therefore, of necessity be accepted and embraced all men who recognize and acknowledge a primary entity,—the something which is, in itself, life. That from the various points of outlook God is seen different, makes (as the logic of the fact is concerned) no difference. Positivism, we must see, loses itself in pantheism, and so loses itself because it comes to be exhibited to the learned that matter, without spirit, is incapable of creative transubstantiation; that spirit may not be of its own direction the co-ordinative intelligence; that it is not of itself, but that it has an *ulterior*. With the positive, therefore, has the materialist to do. God is in every molecule. With the *ulterior* has the church deemed itself best acquainted, and, overlooking the aspects of a science which contains all of life, has unwisely or unthinkingly, as it might seem, denounced where it should have co-worked or led. We may easily demonstrate this.

Theology rises from theosophism, as rises from its root the trunk of a tree. Theology is a trunk of many branches. Of these branches might be mentioned,

first, moral theology; second, natural theology; third, revealed theology; fourth, scholastic theology; fifth, speculative theology.

Moral theology is a department which has to do with the relations of man to God. It treats of what it denominates the divine law, *i.e.* of the duties, cares, and responsibilities devolved by the Creator on the created.

Natural theology is a department in which man seeks a knowledge of his Creator through his work. It is materialism. Scientists are all workers in this branch.

Revealed theology is that which is inferred to be the direct revelations to man of God's will. Pulpit theology has heretofore limited itself quite exclusively to this branch.

Scholastic theology is a branch of many branchlets. It refers more particularly to views of various scholastics, and has been accepted as confining itself to the subjective methods. Abelard, whose relations with Heloise, rather than his philosophy, keep green his memory, was a scholastic. Scholasticism is a philosophy which had its relation with that transitional period in which ancient philosophy had yielded in its weakness, and theology had not yet taken its place, a period "the peculiarity of which was the struggle of reason to assert and justify her independence." To scholasticism, says Lewes, who strangely expresses himself, "we owe the emancipation of philosophy; it was the only possible solvent of theology. The work of the schools, however, is done. Their folios are fossils, monstrous and lifeless shapes of a former world. Having little community with the life of our own, they

have for us an interest similar to that yielded by the megatherium and the dinornis. We are no longer perplexed by their problems, but we are interested in the fact that their problems did once perplex the most eminent minds."

Scholastic theology represents a phase in which theology, as anciently understood,—that is, before the time of Johannes Scotus Erigena, the bold and subtle disputant of the court of Charles the Bald, A.D. 850,—having failed to solve the capital problems, attempted the solution by metaphysics. In other words, that progressiveness of evolution, which to-day is looking God-ward through telescope and microscope, dissatisfied with the evident fallacies of traditional teachings, which time and knowledge had come to expose, lacking the leading-strings of the positivism of a still unrecognized biology, sought to find a justification of faith in reason. In this it really opposed the church, for Rome asks no such support, but claims adherence in faith alone. A single passage from Erigena presents the aspect of the scholastic: "The Holy Fathers speak to us in tradition. In them is there no reason, save by accident, for that which they speak is of faith, and not of deduction. Therefore are we not to adduce the opinions of the Fathers save when necessary to strengthen reasoning in the eyes of men, who, unpracticed in reasoning, yield rather to authority than to logic. The safety of faithful souls consists in believing that which there is reason for affirming, and in comprehending that which there is reason for believing."

That reason was the highest guide, higher than faith, is thus affirmed by Erigena: "Thou art not ignorant

that that which is first in nature is of greater dignity than that which is first in time. Reason is the first in nature, and authority in time. For although nature was created together with time, authority did not begin to exist from the beginning of nature and time. But reason has arisen with nature and time from the beginning of things. Reason itself teaches this. For authority no doubt hath proceeded from reason, but reason not by any means from authority. And all authority which is not approved by true reason turns out to be weak. But true reason, seeing that it stands firm and immutable, protected by its own virtues, needs not to be strengthened by any confirmation of authority. True authority, indeed, seems nothing but truth united by the power of reason, and transmitted in letters by the Holy Fathers for the benefit of posterity."

Scholasticism was not, as is seen, an improvement on the faith of the church, for it depended on reason unassisted by experiment; and reason is so fallible that metaphysics, even now, is a byword. But this did scholasticism: it opened the way to doubt and to discussion. "It led, eventually, Galileo to break the bonds of Aristotle, and to appeal to the umpirage of widest experiment, and to dare the publication of his famous *Dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems*. It gave a new impetus to the positive sciences. Scholasticism rose, dimmed the glory of an austere, prejudiced, ignorant church, and then, its work done, gave way to the rising sun of science."

Scholasticism, to be fully understood, must be studied with that which preceded and that which has come after it. It is scarcely to be called a philosophy; at least is

it not more deserving such a title than is its modern successor, positivism. It had its origin in the doubting minds of learned and thinking discoverers. Thus, as an example, Galileo in his declaration "E pur se muove" was scholastic in his expression of a truth not held by the church. Bruno was scholastic when, defying the cry "La messe ou la mort," he maintained the doctrines of his teachers, Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus. Scholasticism began of small and humble stature and pretensions; it was suggestive, not defiant. Thus three stages or phases are recognized: 1. "That which was marked by the absolute subordination of philosophy to theology, that is, to authority;" 2. "That which was marked by the friendly alliance of philosophy with dogmatic theology;" 3. "The commencement of a separation between the two, or the dawn of the entire independence of philosophy."*

Up to what are termed the middle ages, that is, up to the ninth century, the church claimed and maintained spiritual supremacy, aiming at the construction of society on a purely spiritual basis. "Opposed as it was," says Lewes, "to this world, striving to regulate this life with a view to the life to come, *its other-worldliness*, while upholding an ideal before men's eyes, had the disadvantage of discrediting the real. Profane knowledge was, therefore, doubly despised; it was despised because it related to things of this world, and it was despised because it gave no insight into the next. It was dreaded even more than it was despised; dreaded because it claimed a share in the government of men's

* Krauth's Fleming.

minds. The church was dominant ; and theology in all respects opposed the development of the intellect and the enlargement of knowledge." The mind of the world—the outlook—was growing ; it was inevitable that new truths should be discovered and their reality demonstrated ; knowledge might not, could not, be confined or restrained. Men asked themselves of the things they saw, and these things told them new stories.*

But the church denied new truths. Her dominion was the dominion of the Rome she succeeded. "Valuable," as suggests Mr. Lewes, "to discipline, but less valuable to culture." "The church, both by instinct and precept, was opposed to science and to literature. The great benefits, however, which she conferred on humanity can be denied only by a narrow philosophy ; but her benefits were not unalloyed ; and the disastrous influence she exercised on letters and science may be estimated by the simple fact that, during the nine centuries of her undisputed dominion, not a single classic writer, not a

* A true observer sees it somewhat difficult to find over-much fault with such conservatism. Example all-sufficient is found in the persecution of Roger Bacon by his brother Franciscans. There was much that was true and good in what the physics of the friar affirmed ; but there was also much that was untrue and which was not good. The data of the sage may be likened to the data of the phrenologist of to-day, being an intermingling of the real and the unreal. Who, however, but the anatomist may separate this true and false of the phrenologist ? Considering the state of society and the condition of education, we may scarcely see what otherwise the prudent Clement was to do but to enjoy the *Opus Majus* in the secrecy of his library. "No man," said one of the doctors of the Sorbonne, "ought to read the Holy Scriptures before he has learned philosophy and taken his degree in arts."

single discoverer whose genius enlarged the intellectual horizon, not a single leader of modern thought, arose to dignify her reign." However, the church was a power not fearlessly to be resisted. William of Champeaux, and Abelard, might not debate under the shadow of St. Peter, as might Plato and Aristotle in the atmosphere of the academic grove; therefore had the scholastic no resource, no desire perhaps, but to engraft his thoughts with those of his church. Hence scholasticism in its first era,—its absolute subordination to theology. But this alliance with and subordination to theology, which Mr. Lewes unwisely considers the fatal weakness of scholasticism, constitutes, as he finds himself compelled of necessity to admit, its value as an agent in the evolution of thought. "For if," says he, "reason was to exercise its prerogative in a society governed by a church, nothing but such an issue as scholasticism could be permitted it. The dogmas were fixed. The solutions were found. Nothing remained for research except the reconciliation of these dogmas with reason. A new solution would have been a heresy. Philosophers were allowed to seek new routes; but they were not allowed to arrive at new conclusions."

Doubts, however, are as wedges: they split where allowed to find entrance. The dogmas felt the entering and sundering force, and, unable to resist, sought safety in alliance. The first period, commencing with Erigena, closed two hundred years later with the fierce and irresistible reasoning of Abelard.

The second period introduces Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus. These might be termed the great wranglers of the thirteenth century.

They were all monks and in accord with the church. Albertus Magnus, "Albert le Grand," was in young life a friar of the Dominican order, being, in 1254, a provincial of the order. In 1260 he was Bishop of Ratisbon. He is famed for his knowledge, his modesty, and for a noble and disinterested spirit. The extent of his independence of church theology may be understood by a single paragraph. "Whenever," he says, "divine things are touched on, faith must predominate over reason, authority over argument." He disseminated, however, unconsciously, skeptical impressions, by his peculiar manner of stating propositions. His mode was to suggest objections to the dogmas, leaving them, virtually, for the church to answer.

Thomas Aquinas, surnamed from his remarkable amiability and exemplary life "the Angelic Doctor," has been deemed worthy of being pronounced the most eminent of all the scholastics. He became a pupil of Albertus Magnus at the age of sixteen, and so wonderful were his attainments that at an early period of his life he was celebrated over all Europe. Born of noble family, he was insusceptible to the glamour of preferment, and, steadily refusing all advancement, spent his life in philosophical contemplation and investigation. He left behind him, as the expression of his life, a work entitled "*Summa Theologiæ*."*

*A work worthy of all commendation, from the broadness of its outlook, giving the life and thoughts of St. Thomas, and the comparison of this life and these thoughts with the lives and thoughts of other thinkers, is found in "*The Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin*," by the Very Rev. Roger Bede Vaughn, O.S.B. London: Longmans & Co." "A man," says Father Vaughn, "endowed with the characteristic notes of the three great fathers of Greek philosophy, he possessed

Duns Scotus was a fellow of Merton College, and a Franciscan friar. So famous did he become in metaphysics as to be surnamed "the Subtle." He founded a new school, called the Scotists. These were rivals to the Thomists, or disciples of Aquinas, a rivalry kept up for centuries.

The third period may be called the Baconian, succeeded by the nominalistic. It represents the separation of positivism from theology, and is, to an extent, the unhappy condition (as it might not inaptly be termed) of to-day,—mutual co-workers separated and denouncing each other, where both profess to have in view, as a common object, the comprehension of truth; in other words,

the intellectual honesty and precision of Socrates, the analytical keenness of Aristotle, and the yearning after wisdom and light which was the distinguishing mark of 'Plato the divine.'

A beautiful and most true picture does the father thus draw :

"The Stagyrte himself, with his piercing intellect, who is so matchless while dealing with secular philosophy, when he attempts to soar up to the Divinity, staggers as if struck by the hand of God, or proves himself little better than a clumsy charlatan. Something beyond natural keenness and cultivated sagacity is required in one who would deal successfully with the supernatural world of grace and glory. Before rising into this finer atmosphere, the soul must be steeped in supernatural light, and comforted by an element more potent far than the strongest flame of an active intellect; in fact, an angelic man, leading a stainless life, almost as if he had never suffered a taint in nature, alone would be capable of receiving into his spirit and of drawing out before the world the vast and complicated scheme of the Divine economy, and the typical figure of what a man should be." Among other passages from the life of the saint, which exhibit the modesty and humility begotten of great learning, is the famous reply, to Reginald, who insists that he shall do further work : "I cannot, cannot, Reginald; for what I have already written seems but so much rubbish."

it is a conflict between revealed and natural theology, the clashing of the branches of a common stem.

Speculative theology might be expressed as the poetical outlook into nature. All men are more or less speculative. Therefore may it imply no system, because speculation implies drifting. We might call it metaphysical theology; that is, it is the study of God which follows after the materialistic; it is what is called ontology. As natural theology is the study of God through his works,—physics,—so speculative theology is to be described as the searching after God through soul-reflection: it is the ecstasy of Plotinus,—soul studying soul.

Mankind, as is observed of all, will think, will investigate; to restrain the progressiveness of thought is to restrain the whirlwind; as all things are of God, so all study, all investigation, must pertain to God. The church, seeming to overlook that all thought must find itself in a common circle, denounced where, it now appears, it should have supported and encouraged;* it

* This tendency to unwise and unnecessary judgment by the church is happily expressed by Dr. Manning, in his book, "Half Truths and the Truth." "Great harm was done," suggests this writer, "when the church condemned, as of infidel tendency, some of the earlier astronomical discoveries. We stand now amazed that the fathers of the church should make themselves a tribunal to judge the Copernican theory, and that they should proceed to condemn it, declaring it to be a damnable heresy. Not that Copernicus himself was thus condemned. Being one of the devoutest men of his times, living amidst powerful friends, who wisely guarded his reputation, and not publishing his great discovery till just as he died, he escaped ecclesiastical censure. It was reserved for his follower Galileo, in the next century, to bear the Papal condemnation; by which his name has been

seemed, indeed, to lack that faith which should have taught the propriety of a dignified waiting until the new thinker, be he who or what he might, should find himself, willingly or unwillingly, following in the common round,—for if it seemed that one was striding farther and farther away, it was only a little time that each step was to bring him nearer and nearer. Has not the most positive of positivisms shown this? Where is the analysis that has discovered the *vis vitæ*? where the synthesis that has created it?

lifted up as an everlasting warning to theologians not to make their own ignorance a throne of judgment, from which to hurl anathemas at the novelties of science and philosophy. Yet that warning has not been always heeded. The blunder of those Romish doctors was repeated even so late as the present century, when the theories of geologists began to challenge attention. How many students of the new science were thus repelled from what they mistook as the narrowness and bigotry of Christianity, until they became open opposers of the church and its teachings, we shall know only in the day of the revelation of all things. It is not these denunciatory champions, who seem to be born with the scent of religious error in their nostrils, that Christianity needs. They do much harm to the sacred cause. Such men, rather, as Thomas Chalmers, are our examples. When the ministers of Scotland were beginning to raise their hue and cry against geology, he exclaimed, 'This is a false alarm. The writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe. If they fix anything at all, it is only the antiquity of the species.' These words—these very common-sense words, let us add—produced a revolution, and prevented a revolution. They were caught up, and shouted throughout the United Kingdom, till geologists saw they had no cause to rebel against the church, and the church saw she had no occasion for denouncing geology. It was this stand which made Chalmers the champion at once both of the church and the new science. From that time forth, geology was mainly a Christian science in Great Britain; whence, but for that very common-sense utterance and leadership, it would, from all that now appears, have speedily fallen into infidel hands."

Exhibiting that all studies are comprised in one common study, we come back and follow the so-called infidelity of the world ; that is, that which, we may be pardoned in thinking, the church fails to lead the people rightly to look upon and to understand. A church—the church—is infallible, but leaders are not necessarily the same.

Auguste Comte, in his “*Philosophie Positive*,” thus exposes the system: “The first characteristic of the positive philosophy is that it regards all phenomena as subjected to invariable natural laws. Our business is,” he says, “seeing how vain is any research into what are called causes, whether first or final, to pursue an accurate discovery of these laws, with a view of reducing them to the smallest number. Our positive method of connecting phenomena is by one or other of two relations,—that of similitude or that of succession ; the mere fact of such resemblance or succession being all that we can pretend to know, and all that we need to know. For this perception comprehends all knowledge, which consists in elucidating something by something else ; in now explaining and now foreseeing certain phenomena by means of the resemblance or sequence of other phenomena. If we regard these functions [of the mind] under their statical aspect, that is, if we consider the conditions under which they exist, we must determine the organic circumstances of the case, which inquiry involves it with anatomy and physiology. If we look at the dynamic aspect, we have to study simply the exercise and results of the intellectual powers of the human race, which is neither more nor less than the general object of the positive philosophy.”

The history of the thinkers and of the thinking we are to consider will be found the most easily comprehended if divided into three eras,—three eras into which indeed it divides itself,—the thinkers and the thinking of the ancient age, of the mediæval, and of these modern days. “The ancient,” as remarked by Dr. Krauth, the learned professor of philosophy, “moved in the sphere of the senses, and tried to construct by their aid a philosophy of the visible world. The philosophy of the middle ages, full of religious ardor, devoted itself to divine and spiritual things. Interpreting the most heavenly utterances by the most earthly canons, and taking Moses and the prophets, misunderstood through Aristotle (himself misunderstood) as a guide, it developed a system which attempted to harmonize the most absolute faith with a latent but real naturalistic rationalism; a system which had an internal force nevertheless, which has stamped its results ineffaceably on the thinking of mankind. The modern philosophy, taking man as a centre, endeavors to harmonize in him and to him the world we see, with its principles and causes which we do not see.” The ancient philosophy is to be expressed as cosmosophic; that is, we comprehend it by conceiving it as thought directed neither by special revelation nor by science,—the deductions of the natural mind. It exhibits to us most interestingly the intuitional perceptions, the illuminating power of that inner light born into the world in every man. A man may not expect to escape the fallacies of the philosophy of his own day who takes not the trouble to comprehend the character, the nature, and the reasons for the fallacies which have gone before.

We see the explanation and the reasons for the existence of an apple which we hold in our hand, by knowing of the tree from whence it came. We may know of the tree only by comprehending that which has preceded and which has evolved it. So with an ism or a theory; a true sense of judgment and appreciation is found alone in associative relations.

In the middle ages, man, discarding entirely the evidences of the senses, threw himself exclusively into the dogmas of the church,—into a church not infallible, but misinterpreting. Hence, as in the advance of thought fallibility was demonstrated where infallibility was claimed, so it was as impossible for evolution to stand still as for the earth of Ptolemy. Nowhere more than in the period intervening between the second and the third era are the religious characteristics of man exhibited. The church claimed to be strictly and only of God; all and everything outside of the church was antichrist, was anti-God. Man hesitated. God was the Father, and the nature of man made him feel a sonship. The son, from the depths of his yearnings, desired and longed for unison with the Father; but “*E pur se muove.*” The world would move, and the church denounced the moving. Copernicus preferred to have his end in the odor of what he deemed sanctity rather than that his halo should be the truth of the greatest astronomical discovery of the world. Hence the first of the scholastic periods as referred to, a period marked by entire subordination of thought to authority, a period in which evolution was no evolution and was to be discarded if it accorded not with the dominant theology,—this era, crowded with thinkers,

continued for a thousand years, and ended only when Bacon and Descartes, like the first drops of an overfull fountain, fell, from necessity, over the sides. Yet,—omniscient God,—Bacon and Descartes found him on the outside ; and now not only the modern positivist, but the church, sees that God is everywhere ; and to be a philosopher and a physicist is not to-day to be necessarily anti-theological, for philosophy and physics are recognized to be theology. There is, however, to-day, still error ; but it is now, perhaps, more on the side of the scientists. Like men waxed over-fat, pride in their discoveries has turned their heads, and in a *madness* which has come of over-conceit, they are in danger of falling back into the laps of Thales and Anaximenes. It is the greater misfortune, however, that in such weakness they have example in the action of the church which preceded the scholastic period. The church denounced the scholastics. Now the scholastics, at times, deny the church. But as the weakness of the one has been demonstrated, so shall it require but a little more time to make the dissenting scientist hide his head to save his blushes. If like be unto like, how may this but be ?

To appreciate the virtues, and as well the fallacies, of human thought and human investigation, to possess data upon which to rest conclusions,—in one word, to know of life and of man's relation with the entity,—is simply to review the platforms as age after age has laid the one upon the other. Thus indeed may we alone know of the confusion of to-day, for out of conclusions have grown conclusions, and the thoughts of to-day are recognized to be but the modified convictions of yesterday.

The fields of philosophical thought! No barren glebes are these. Sweet-smelling odors, and brightest sunlight, and streams of golden richness, live in them.

"Such streams as issue from a wounded god;
Pure emanation, uncorrupted flood,
Unlike our gross, diseased, terrestrial blood."

"If fav'ring Phœbus had not Plato given
To Grecian lands, how would the learned god
Have e'er instructed mortal minds in learning?
But he did send him, that as Æsculapius,
His son, 's the best physician of the body,
So Plato should be of the immortal soul."*

Philosophical thought is commonly esteemed as having origin in Thales; before him had no one made attempt to found a system, mankind, as remarked by Lewes, contenting themselves with accepting the world as they found it; with believing what they saw, and with adoring what they could not see.

"The more extended our research," says Mr. Grove, in his lectures on "The Correlation of Physical Forces," "the more we find knowledge to be a thing of progression; that the very notions which appear to our-

* "The celebrity of the great classical writers is confined within no limits, except those which separate civilized from savage man. Their works are the common property of every polished nation. They have furnished subjects for the painter and models for the poet. * In the minds of the educated classes throughout Europe their names are indissolubly associated with the endearing recollections of intellectual fruition. So great is the veneration with which they are regarded, that even the editors and commentators who perform the lowest menial offices to their memory are considered like the equerries and chamberlains of sovereign princes, as entitled to a high rank in the table of literary precedence."—MACAULAY.

selves new have arisen, though perhaps in a very indirect manner, from successive modifications of traditional opinions. Each word we utter, each thought we think, has in it the vestiges, is in itself the impress, of antecedent words and thoughts. As each material form, could we rightly read it, is a book, containing in itself the past history of the world, so, different though our philosophy may now appear from that of our progenitors, it is but theirs added to or subtracted from, transmitted drop by drop through the filter of antecedent, as ours will be through that of subsequent ages. The relic is to the past as is the germ to the future."

Thales opened the epoch of inquiry. Before him were none of whom he might learn. He could turn nowhere but towards nature, and here he did turn, seeking to learn of her the mysteries of life. Of God, as suggested by Hegel, as an intelligence, could he have had no conception. God he believed in, but his gods were of growth and generation. A god developed from water as did a tree.

Having, thence, nature alone as a teacher, Thales interrogated her. Whence, he asked, are all these things I see about me? Whence and what is Thales? This was the starting-point of inquiry. Out of it have grown the interrogative evolutions of the twenty-five succeeding centuries.

All things, argued Thales, must have a principle out of which they develop. Something must be, that something is. Looking through nature for this primal something, he remarked that in all bodies was moisture, that moisture was everywhere. Finding thus a some-

thing more constant than any other thing, 'he pronounced as his conviction that water was the life of the world,—the that from which all things came, and in which all things had existence. The gods, he said, had their origin in water, and were, like unto men, passing away to give place to others.*

More, however, than a mere speculative physicist was Thales; ever was he alert, like all thinking people, for the catching and comprehension of every-day truths.

Among the quoted sayings of the Ionian are to be found the following, recorded by Diogenes Laertius: "Between life and death there is no difference." "Why, then," said some one to him, "do you not die?" "Because," said he, "it makes no difference." A man asked him which was made first, night or day, and he replied, "Night was made first, by one day." Another man asked him whether a man who did wrong

* "It can excite no surprise," says Thirlwall, in his *History of Greece*, "that in the period of origin of the Ionic school, when thought and inquiry were stimulated in so many new directions, some active minds should have been attracted by the secrets of nature, and should have been led to grapple with some of the great questions which the contemplation of the universe suggests. There can, therefore, be no need of attempting to trace the impulse by which the Greeks were now carried towards such researches to a foreign origin. But it is an opinion which has found many advocates, that they were indebted to their widening intercourse with other nations, particularly with Egypt, Phœnicia, and the interior of Asia, for several of the views or doctrines which were fundamental or prominent parts of their early philosophical systems. The result, however, of the maturest investigation seems to show that there is no sufficient ground for such conjectures."

Arguments concerning the origin of Greek philosophy are found considered fully by Ritter. See his "*Geschichte der Philosophie*."

could escape the notice of the gods. "No, not even if he think wrong," said he. When he was asked what was very difficult, he said, "To know oneself;" and what was easy, "To advise another." What was most pleasant? "To be successful." When asked what hard thing he had seen, he said, "An old man a tyrant." When the question was put to him how a man might most easily endure misfortune, he said, "If he saw his enemies more unfortunate still." When asked how men might live most justly and most virtuously, he said, "If we never do ourselves what we blame in others." To the question, Who is happy? he made answer, "He who is healthy in his body, easy in his circumstances, and well instructed as to his mind." He said that men ought to remember those friends who were absent as well as those who were present, and not to care about adorning their faces, but to be beautified by their studies. "Do not," said he, "get rich by evil actions, and let not any one ever be able to reproach you for speaking against those who partake of your friendship." "All the assistance that you give to your parents," said he, "the same have you a right to expect of your children."

Succeeding Thales is Anaximenes. Of this philosopher little is known. Diogenes describes him as a Milesian, a pupil of Anaximander and Parmenides. The principle of everything this sage affirmed to be air and the infinite. The stars, he said, moved not under, but around, the earth; the air is the breath of the world, which animates all the beings that live in it. Air encompasses and sustains all bodies; in it the heavenly bodies float. Pursuing, suggests a biogra-

pher, the method of Thales, he could not satisfy himself of the truth of his doctrine. Water was not to him the most significant element. He felt within him a something which moved him he knew not how, he knew not why; something higher than himself; invisible, but ever present. This he called life. This life he believed to be air. Was there not also without him, no less than within him, an ever-moving, ever-present, invisible air? The air which was within him, and which he called his life, was it not a part of the air which was without him? and if so, was not this air the beginning of things? He looked around him, and thought his conjecture was confirmed. The air seemed universal. The earth was as a broad leaf resting upon it. All things were produced from it; all things resolved into it. When he breathed he drew in a part of this universal life. All things were nourished by air, as he was nourished by it. Air was the stream of life; in it were held together all heterogeneous substances of which the body was composed. It gave them not only unity, but force and vitality.

Diogenes of Apollonia, following Anaximenes, exhibits a step in advancing thought. The date of birth of this philosopher is given as 460 before Christ. The air, as announced by his predecessor, he accepted as the principle of life, but he widened the outlook by pointing out an analogy with the soul. The air, he said, may be only the principle of life as resides in it a vital force. The air is, therefore, a soul; it is a living and intelligent being. It is life, as it is the means of expression of the intelligence and force which use it as a vehicle. The *force* of the air is prior in point of

time to air itself. Air is life through that which is its soul.*

There are in this conception two remarkable points, as noticed by a biographer of the philosopher, indicative of very great progress in speculation. The first is the attribute of intelligence with which this primal is endowed. Anaximenes considered the primary substance to be an animated substance. Air, in his system, was life, but the life did not necessarily imply intelligence. Diogenes saw that life was not only force, but intelligence; the air which stirred within not only prompted, but instructed. The air, as the origin of all things, is necessarily an eternal, imperishable substance; but as soul it is also, necessarily, endowed with consciousness. It knows much, and this knowledge is another proof of its being the primary substance; for without reason, says Diogenes, it would be impossible for all to be arranged duly and proportionately; and whatever object we consider will be found to be arranged and ordered in the best and most beautiful manner. Order can only result from intelligence; the soul is therefore the primal.†

* The following are given as the doctrines of this philosopher by Diogenes Laertius: "The air, he said, was an element, that the worlds were infinite, and that the vacuum was infinite; that the air, as it was condensed, and as it was rarefied, was the productive cause of the worlds; that nothing can be produced out of nothing: *nam nihil e nihilo, in nihilum nil posse reverti*, and that nothing can be destroyed so as to become nothing; that the earth is round, firmly planted in the middle of the universe, having acquired its situation from the circumvolutions of the hot principle around it, and its consistency from the cold."

† Lewes.

From speculations as just alluded to, Diogenes fell into what science would be disposed to term most childish fallacies. As an individual, he said, has his vital force in the whole, so must it be with the world at large, which in itself is a living unit. "All life respire: the stars are the respiratory organs of the world: the attraction of moisture by the sun, of iron by the magnet, are processes of respiration. Man has his superiority to brutes in breathing a purer air, he being erect, while the latter bow their heads to the ground."

Yet, withal, the confidence of Diogenes in what he wrote was very great,—quite as great as that of many modern philosophers, who are to be quite as severely criticised by succeeding ages. The first words of his treatise are, "It appears to me that he who begins any treatise ought to lay down principles about which there can be no dispute, and that his exposition of them be simple and dignified."*

* What may so impress as the all, and yet the nothingness, of human comprehension? "All advance in knowledge is a deliverance of man from himself. Slowly and painfully we learn that he is not the measure of truth, that the fact may be very different from the appearance to him. The lesson is hard, but the reward is great. So he escapes from illusion and error, from ignorance and failure. Directing his thoughts and energies no longer according to his own impressions, but according to the truth of things, he finds himself in possession of an unimaginable power alike of understanding and of acting.

"But the conditions of this lordship are inexorable. They are the surrender of prepossessions, the abandonment of assumption, the confession of ignorance; the open eye and the humble heart. Hence in all passing from error to truth we learn something respecting ourselves, as well as something respecting the object of our study. Simultaneously with our better knowledge we recognize the reason of our ignorance, and perceive what defect on our part has caused us to think wrongly.

"Either the world is such as it appears to us, or it is not. There must

The mode and manner of speculation alluded to embraces what is known as the introductory or physical method. It is plainly enough to be understood that in such direction would the first inquiries of men naturally turn. The world about them they could see. That seen by them would they the most naturally question. But from the objective it is to be perceived that an advancing intelligence must necessarily carry speculation to things themselves, outside of conditions. Moisture or air came to be recognized as expressions, that is, things subject in themselves to a law of direction. It must therefore be that that which directs is higher than that which is directed. From the physical method, speculation passed to what is called the mathematical.

As the next thinker making his impression on mankind and the thoughts of his time, may be instanced Pythagoras. This is he who, being asked by Leon, king of Achaia, the meaning of the word philosopher, —a designation said to have been first employed by this sage,—replied, “That as at public games some were contending for glory, and others were buying and selling for the sake of gain, but that there was one class who came simply as spectators ; so in human life there were those who, regarding as unworthy of a wise man the desire of gain or fame, sought above all to

be some condition affecting ourselves which modifies the impression we receive from it ; and this condition must be operative upon all mankind : it must relate to man as a whole, rather than to individual men.”—BUCKLE.

become wise ; these were philosophers, or lovers of wisdom."

Pythagoras, with an appreciation of personal power, labored to attain influence over the minds of his fellow-men ; and so wonderful was his success, that when his disciples were questioned as to their reasons for what they believed and practiced, they deemed it all-sufficient to give the answer, "He himself said so." "The certain fact," says Lytton-Bulwer, "of the mighty effect that in his single person he wrought in Italy, proves him to have possessed that nameless art of making a personal impression upon mankind and creating individual enthusiasm, which is necessary to those who obtain a moral command and are the founders of sects and institutions. According to the testimony of Cicero and of Aulus Gellius, Pythagoras arrived in Italy during the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, and fixed his residence in Crotona, a city in the bay of Tarentum, colonized by the Greeks of the Achæan tribe. If we may lend a partial credit to the extravagant fables of later disciples, endeavoring to extract from florid superadditions some original germ of simple truth, it would seem that he first appeared in the character of a teacher of youth, and, as was not unusual in those times, soon rose from the preceptor to the legislator. Dissensions in the city favored his objects. The senate (consisting of a thousand members, doubtless of a different race from the body of the people : the first the posterity of the settlers, the last the native population) availed itself of the arrival and influence of an eloquent and renowned philosopher. He lent himself to the consolidation of aristocracies, and was equally inimical to democracy and

tyranny. But his policy was that of no vulgar ambition. He refused, at least for considerable time, ostensible power and office, and was contented with instituting an organized and formidable society not wholly dissimilar to that mighty order founded by Loyola in times comparatively recent. The disciples admitted into this society underwent examination and probation. It was through degrees that they passed into its higher honors and were admitted into deeper secrets. Religion made the basis of the fraternity, but religion connected with human advancement and power. He selected three hundred—who at Crotona formed his order—from the noblest families; and they were professedly reared to know themselves, that so they might be fitted to command the world. It was not long before the society of which Pythagoras was the head appears to have supplanted the ancient senate and obtained the legislative administration. In this institution Pythagoras stands alone; no other founder of Greek philosophy resembles him. By all accounts he differed from the other sages in his estimation of the importance of women. He is said to have lectured to and taught them. His wife was herself a philosopher, and fifteen disciples of the softer sex rank among the prominent ornaments of his school. Had Pythagoras possessed a more coarse and personal ambition, he might perhaps have founded a mighty dynasty. But his was the ambition, not of a hero, but of a sage. He wished rather to establish a system than to exalt himself. His immediate followers saw not all the consequences that might be derived from the fraternity he founded; and the political designs of his gorgeous and august philosophy, only for a while

successful, left behind but the mummeries of an impotent freemasonry and the enthusiastic ceremonies of half-witted ascetics."

Pythagoras is credited with being the inventor of stringed instruments, and of several important geometrical theorems; among them, that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, and that in any right-angled triangle the square formed on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the two sides. The death of Pythagoras is said to have occurred in an insurrection at Crotona, where, with a number of his disciples, he perished in a building which was set on fire during one of their meetings, by opponents who had become embittered by the extraordinary success and arrogance of a creed to which they were not admitted.

Understanding thus something of the founder, we may pass to his philosophy. In examining this, we are quickly enough led to perceive a non-accordance with what, in modern idea, is esteemed the mathematical.

Pythagoras, perceiving that ulterior to all phenomena must reside a directing force,—an invariable something,—needing a definite name for this something, called it number. Thus the ἀρχή, the primal, the cause of causes, must reside in the number One; as, start where you will, One precedes all other numbers, and beyond One is there naught, and in naught is nothing; therefore, in One resides all of life. We pause to ask ourselves what is meant by this One. Has it the same meaning as that which is called the Monadology of Leibnitz? The latter is certainly the easier to understand. "The elementary particles of matter," says

this speculator, "are vital forces, not acting mechanically, but from internal principle. They are incorporeal or spiritual atoms, inaccessible to all change from without, but subject to internal movement. Leibnitz conceived the whole universe, bodies as well as minds, to be made up of monads; that is, simple substances, each of which is, by its creator, in the beginning of its existence, endowed with certain active and perceptive powers. A monad is, therefore, an active substance, simple, without parts or figure, which has within itself the power to produce all the changes it undergoes from the beginning of its existence to eternity. The changes of the monad, of what kind soever, though they may seem to us the effect of causes operating from without, are only the gradual and successive evolutions of its own internal powers, which would have produced all the same changes and motions although there had been no other being in the universe. A monad is not a material, but a formal atom, it being impossible for a thing to be at once material and possessed of a real unity and indivisibility."

"Monadology rests upon this axiom. Every substance is at the same time a cause, and every substance, being a cause, has therefore in itself the principle of its own development. Such is the monad; it is a simple force. Each monad has relation to all others; it corresponds with the plan of the universe; it is the universe abridged; a living mirror, which reflects the entire universe under its own point of view. But, every monad being simple, there is no immediate action of one monad upon another. There is, however, a natural relation of their respective development, which

makes their apparent communication. This harmony, which has its reason in the wisdom of the supreme director, is pre-established harmony.”*

Is the force of the Unit of Leibnitz and the One of Pythagoras the same? We think we may answer no, seeing that the life of the unit has direction in a pre-established harmony. An atom of oxygen, says Faraday, is an atom of oxygen forever; but oxygen is not a primal, even though it may be in truth an element.

“The principia,” says Sextus Empiricus, “are invisible, intangible, and incorporeal. All phenomena must originate in the simplest elements.” Is the simplest of simplest elements “One,” and is “One” what to-day is termed God? Does the vitality, asks Mr. Huxley, which is seen to appear on the coming together of certain molecules differ from the aquosity which is seen to appear on the coming together of certain other molecules? or, to make other expression of the subject, did Pythagoras deal with numbers as symbols merely, or as entities? Ritter affirms the former; Aristotle the latter. Pythagoras, says the German author, is to be taken alone symbolically; in symbol does he speak, and in symbol has he his meaning. Dealing with physical things, says Aristotle, the Pythagoreans arose not to that to which their causes and principles should have led them. The finite, the infinite, and the “One,” they maintained to be not separate existences, such as are fire, water, etc.; but the abstract infinite and the abstract “One” are respectively the substances of the things of which they are predicated; and hence, too,

* Lewes: History of Philosophy.

Heraclitus it is who is known in history as the weeping philosopher, not, as was a common notion, that he was in constant tears, but that, horror-stricken at the vices and follies of his fellows, he grew unsocial, and at length, in the solitude of a mountain, sought peace in quiet, and simplicity in nature. The character of Heraclitus is epitomized in a reply made by him to Darius, King of Persia, who invited him to his court. "All men," replied Heraclitus, "depart from the paths of truth and justice. They have no attachment of any kind but avarice; they only aspire to a vain glory with the obstinacy of folly. As for me, I know not malice; I am the enemy of no one. I utterly despise the vanity of courts, and never will place my foot upon Persian ground. Content with little, I live as I please."

"Life," said Heraclitus, "is a universal. Within me is a something I may not call my own, yet which is, in the highest sense, myself. This universal is that which makes me of union with my fellow-men and with the life of the world; from the fountain of all existence does it flow to me, and from me back to the fountain,—and so back and forth forever." But this something was pronounced by Heraclitus "The Universal Ether." "Inhaling," he said, "through the breath," the universal ether, which is divine reason, we become conscious.* In sleep we are unconscious, but on waking we again become intelligent; for in sleep, when the organs of sense are closed, the mind within is shut out

* "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

from all sympathy with the surrounding ether, the universal reason ; and the only connecting medium is the breath, as it were a root, and by this separation the mind loses the power of recollection it before possessed. Nevertheless, on awakening, the mind repairs its memory through the senses,—as it were, through inlets,—and thus, coming into contact with surrounding ether, it resumes its intelligence. As fuel, when brought near the fire, is altered and becomes fiery, but on being removed again becomes quickly extinguished, so too the portion of the all-embracing which sojourns in our body becomes more irrational when separated from it ; but on the restoration of this connection, through its many pores or inlets, it again becomes similar to the whole.

“The world,” affirmed Heraclitus, “is neither by the gods nor by man: it was, and is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, in due measure self-enkindled, and in due measure self-extinguished.” By the expression “fire,” as used by Heraclitus, we cannot, with various of his biographers, esteem him as having other than a symbolical meaning. We cannot see that he had the idea merely of a warm, dry ether, for thus might we not but place him exclusively in the physical school of thinkers. The expression “fire,” as illustrative of a principle, is verified by his famous simile of the river : “No one has ever been twice upon the same stream, for different waters are constantly flowing down. It dissipates its waters and gathers them again ; it approaches and it recedes, it overflows and falls.”

Preceding Heraclitus, and succeeding Pythagoras, was a school founded by Xenophanes and continued by

Parmenides, called the Eleatic, after Elea, a coast-town of Lower Italy. This school was to an extent mathematical, accepting alone as truth that which accorded with reason. In consequence, its disciples were mostly skeptical concerning all things, because it must be seen that, reason differing according to the cultivation of the reasoner, few might come to a like conclusion on any one point. "All things," said Xenophanes, "are incomprehensible." By and through reason are they, answered Heraclitus. Reason, ruled by sensation, may have in it no fullness. Man has no certain knowledge, but God has, and vain man learns from God, just as the boy from the man. Individual reason is a fallacy; reason belongs not to individuality. Truth is the universal reason, and the universal reason is sense,—the intuitional. Individual knowledge he maintained to be a truth to the individual, yet only truth as far as it went. Thus he said, "The ass prefers thistles to gold. The ass is right and wrong. In affirmation man is equally right and wrong. All is, and is not, for though in truth it does come into being, yet it forthwith ceases to be."

But Heraclitus, like his predecessors, groped in the fog, "for barbarian souls," he said, "have no guide in the senses, for these deceive the ill-educated." Heraclitus had not gotten far beyond the Eleatics.

That we may avoid the risk of losing the interest of the reader, we will allow the example of these few thinkers to stand as the illustration of the first steps in philosophy; enough is there perhaps to exhibit departure from traditionary theories, and as well the

attempt to find an explanation of things in themselves.

A second epoch introduces the period of sophism. We are to understand this period by looking upon it as one of baffled thought; it denied most things, yet produced nothing. The Sophists were disputants; they wrangled with the cosmogonists, and also among themselves; their assertion was that the proof of a thing is in the prover, and that a Sophist could at any time make the worse appear the better reason. A Sophist—because with sophistry he could deny and confound the wisdom of the mathematicians and physicists—believed in no truth and no principle. “The Sophysters were called ‘counterfeit wise men.’ For lykewyse as though a Sophyster woulde with a fonde argumente prove unto a symple soule that two egges were three, because that there is one, and that ther be twayne, and one and twayne make three; yt symple unlearned man, though he lacke learnyng to soyle hys fonde argument, hath yet wit ynough to laugh thereat, and to eat the two egges himself, and bid the Sophyster take and eat the thynde.”*

The relation of the Sophist to the classes of his period who rested in an indifferent and tideless skepticism seems to have been “that, while both were convinced of the insufficiency of all knowledge, the Skeptic contented himself with the conviction; while the Sophist, satisfied with the vanity of all endeavor to penetrate the mysteries

* The position of sophism seems expressed in a single line from Carneades: “The human mind,” said the African disputant, “cannot attain to truth.”

of the universe, began to consider his relation to other men, to devote himself to politics and rhetoric. If there was no possibility of truth, there only remained the possibility of persuasion. If one opinion was as true as another,—that is, if neither was true,—it was nevertheless desirable, for the sake of society, that certain opinions should prevail; and if logic was powerless, rhetoric was efficient. Hence, says the Sophist, the wise man is the physician of the soul: he cannot, indeed, induce truer thoughts into the mind, since all thoughts are equally true, but he can induce healthier and more profitable thoughts. He can in the same way heal society, since by his oratory he can introduce good, useful sentiments in place of those that are base and hurtful.”

Sophism, as a period, seems to have had alone the meaning of man in mid-ocean without chart or compass. The Sophists of to-day are multifold, and are much like unto their ancient brethren; they are found now, as then, representatives of all kinds of thoughts: “rich, powerful, rhetorical, dazzling,—not profound,—philosophical, metaphysical, quizzical,” — rudderless logs rolling upon life’s ocean.

But periods of negation may not continue long. Man is a positive being. Sophism may be compared, in a way, to the rest of a tired, disheartened man, who lays him down that strength for the rebound may come to him. From Protagoras and his negations sprang Socrates with his dialectics.*

* Aristotle affords a simple and true conception of sophism in pronouncing it a “*syllogismus contentiosus*,” a proposition not framed

Socrates!—Who but shall press and crowd to hear and see Socrates,—grand thinker, true philosopher, mightiest of the mighty? Before the remains of this man, who but, like Antisthenes, shall leave the seat of the teacher to become a pupil? Let Athens be

for proving, but for disputation. To understand the Sophists, it is necessary to beware of confounding too closely the men who bore this name. The Sophists made a profession both of philosophy and rhetoric, and communicated their knowledge and exhibited their art to all who were willing to pay for the lessons. Some of them are said to have reduced themselves to poverty, none to have enriched themselves by their philosophical pursuit. At Athens especially, where the value of eloquence, as a weapon or a shield, was felt every day more and more, the youths who flocked round the Sophists were, in general, much less curious about any truths which they had to deliver than desirous of acquiring the art which would enable them to shine in the assembly, to prevail in the courts of justice, and to argue on any subject and on any side, so as to perplex their adversary and to impose upon the hearer. It is probable, indeed, that each Sophist had some favorite topics on which he discoursed more readily than others. But still it seems all were ambitious of the reputation of being able to discuss any subject that might be proposed to them.* Protagoras, the most prominent of the Sophists, commences a book, which, after its publication, was burned publicly in the market-place, as follows: "I can know nothing concerning the gods, whether they exist or not; for we are prevented from gaining such knowledge not only by the obscurity of the thing itself, but by the shortness of human life." "Man," taught Protagoras, "is the measure of all things. To the external world his relation is merely that of sensuous apprehension."

Plato, in the dialogue of "*Theætetus*,"—further reference to which is made a few pages on,—shows the weakness of sophistic premises in the arguments of Socrates.

The Sophists held the position of public teachers. Gorgias taught rhetoric and politics; Prodicus, grammar; Hippias, astronomy, mathematics, and mnemonics; Dionysidorus, military tactics, etc.

* History of Greece.

likened to the centre of the earth. In this centre God planted the seed Socrates ; and the tree has grown to be a mighty banyan, embracing within its arms all of civilization. What thought but belongs to Socrates? What speech but is the idiom of the son of Sophroniscus? “If I was not afraid,” says Alcibiades, “I would confirm to you by oath the strange effects I have suffered from the words of Socrates, and do still suffer. For when I hear him my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries ; my tears are poured out as he talks. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses ; but I suffered nothing of this kind, nor was my soul ever on those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach,—as it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life I lead seems hardly worth living. He forces me to confess that, while I myself am still in want of many things, I neglect my own necessities and attend to those of the Athenians. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him and grow old in listening to his talk ; for this man has reduced me to feel the sentiments of shame ; he alone inspires me with remorse and awe, for I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says, or of refusing to do that which he directs ; but when I depart from him, the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape, therefore, and hide myself from him. And when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him

ought to be done, and often and often have I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But, if that were to happen, I well know that I should suffer far greater pain : so that where I can turn, or what I shall do with this man, I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr."

Socratism, as a subtle essence, exists in all thought ; for, though, as further remarked by the ward of Pericles, "this man talks forever about brass-founders, and leather-cutters, and skin-dressers, so that any dull and unobservant person might easily laugh at his discourse, yet if any one saw it opened, as it were, and got within the sense of his words, he would then find that they alone of all that enters into the mind of man to utter had a profound and persuasive meaning, and that they were most divine, and that they presented to the mind innumerable images of every excellence, and that they tended towards objects of the highest moment, or rather towards all that he who seeks the possession of what is supremely good and beautiful need regard as essential to the accomplishment of his ambition."

Dialectics is a species of sophism : hence Socrates is oftentimes mentioned as a Sophist. But the sophism of Socrates was the logic of taking counsel together, the logic of seeking truth for truth's sake,—for the gathering of inductions which should fit man truly for his life-relations. Dialectics, the dialectics of Socratic invention or expression, admitted no sophism in premises : hence, with stable data, must there be reliable induction. The Socratic philosophy is the logic of inductive reasoning. "The declared questioner is

Socrates," says Plato, "of all men renowned for wisdom or any intellectual eminence. Who is he? Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus the stone-cutter and of Phænarete the midwife. What does he? Converse. For what purpose? To expose error. Simply that? That, and no more. Has he no truth to put in the place of error? He says, 'None, except the truth that man is ignorant and fancies himself wise.'"

"In their flowing robes, and followed by crowds of eager listeners," says a biographer of the philosopher,* "would the Sophists follow Socrates, treating with ineffable contempt the poor and humbly-clad man. Rude was he and ungainly in movement, unlike all citizens in his habits. Barefoot, he wandered about the streets of Athens, absorbed in thought. Sometimes he stood still for hours, fixed in meditation. Every day he strolled into the market-place and disputed with all who were willing. In appearance he resembled a Silenus. His flattened nose, with wide and upturned nostrils, his projecting eyeballs, his thick and sensual lips, his squab figure and unwieldy belly, were all points upon which ridicule might fasten. Yet, when this Silenus spoke, there was a witchery in his tongue which fascinated those whom his manner had disgusted, and which awed and baffled his opponents into quiet and wonder."

Out of Socrates have grown, as stems twining about a common trunk, Plato, Aristotle, and Xenophon.†

* Lewes.

† "They say that Socrates met Xenophon in a narrow lane, and put his stick across it and prevented him from passing by, asking him where all kinds of necessary things were sold. And, when he had

Socrates, according to Demetrius, was born at Athens about B.C. 468, and as a boy learned and labored at the trade of his father, a stone-cutter of the finer order, or a sculptor, as he is variously described. "A stone-scraper was Socrates," sneeringly says Timon. Everything about him, is the common affirmation, was remarkable,—personal appearance, moral physiognomy, position, object, method, life, and death. As a boy, marked characteristics designated him. "Give thy son no teacher," is the oracle reported as having spoken to Sophroniscus, "for within him is a voice better than a thousand instructors." His father, poor, and not overfull of the necessities of life, seems to have trusted in the words of the oracle, although it is on record that he did what he was able to do for the advancement of the son. At a later period, however, Crito, a wealthy and generous citizen of Athens, being impressed with the genius displayed by Socrates, bought him books, and furnished money to pay teachers in the various arts and sciences. Let the debtors to Socrates not forget the generosity of Crito.

From the ordinary pupilage of an Athenian student, Socrates passed to the teachings of Anaxagoras, that once rich but self-beggared Ionian, who, deeming the only object worthy a noble life to be the contemplation of the heavens, could declare, when beggary came upon him, "that if to philosophy he owed his worldly ruin, he was indebted to her for his soul's prosperity."

answered him, he asked him where men were made good and virtuous. And, as he did not know, he said, 'Follow me, then, and learn.' And from this time forth Xenophon became a follower of Socrates."—DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

But Socrates was not to be the continuous disciple of any teacher or school; was not to consume a life in seeking with the physicists an explanation of the existence of things: his philosophy was to take things as they are found, and to make the most of them. In other words, as Maurice expresses it, "he was ever craving a light to guide his footsteps along the pathway in which he found himself."

As a searcher into the mysteries of life, Socrates was not without the experience of every-day living. In the Peloponnesian war he is said to have served several campaigns, and with such distinction that in his very first battle the prize of bravery was awarded him, which, however, according to Alcibiades, he resigned to that hero, that "his quality might not be offended in being excelled by one of meaner birth." In one of these campaigns occurred the famous incident of his being observed standing a day and a night so lost in meditation as to be oblivious to everything around him.

The relations of Socrates with his wife Xantippe make a page in history, and a page which has done the wife great injustice, in making her name a synonym with shrew. It is to be regretted that so many of his biographers perpetuate this injustice. By Xantippe had Socrates three children; and until philosophy and contemplation absorbed him to the exclusion even of parental obligations, were his home relations not unlike those of scholars in general. Of the domestic virtue of his wife, Socrates certainly possessed a sense of appreciation, and so expresses himself; and the oft-told story that he spoke of having married purposely a notorious

termagant, because, "as his wish was to live and converse with men, he took her, convinced that in case he should be enabled to endure her he should be able to endure all others," is no doubt one of the many fictions associated with his career. The tarnish here is, without doubt, upon the escutcheon of the sage. It was the repetition of the indifference to all ordinary personal comforts as exhibited by the master Anaxagoras. Modern instances furnish quite enough of similar examples, *mutuus consensus*; let his weaknesses follow his body!

As a politician Socrates figured conspicuously on the Athenian stage, exhibiting in the troublous times of his period a judgment, firmness, and severity of purpose more courageous and manly than that heroism which carried Xenophon from the field of Delium. On one occasion, during the reign of the Thirty Tyrants, being ordered to assist in bringing to Athens Leon, who, to escape their power, had fled to Kolouri, an island in the Gulf of Ægina, he, at the risk of life, refused. On another occasion, a battle having been fought at Arginusæ, at which circumstances seemed to render it impossible for the admirals to bury the dead, and the multitude clamoring for the death of those of whom they asked impossible things, Socrates, being for the day president of the Prytanes, refused to put the question of condemnation, and continued to refuse even when the populace, growing furious, demanded that those who opposed their will should also die, and when, in bodily fear, all the other Prytanes had yielded. But principally was Socrates a politician in the aspect of a teacher of politics. To teach, he felt to be his mission. Within him

he affirmed to exist a voice,—his “*dæmon*,” his guide,—and this *dæmon* warned him against the strife of political contention, teaching him to keep trimmed his light for the direction of others.*

Socrates, at about the middle period of existence (although by some authorities the period is made much later), commenced the work of his mission. Trusting nothing to paper, because, as he said, “books may not teach, inasmuch as they have no power to speak to the correction of misinterpretations that may be put on them,” he confined himself to oral instruction. Rising early in the morning, it was his habit to seek the market-place, the public walks, and gymnasia,—wherever, indeed, people young or old congregated; and to such as

* “And he was a man to look down upon any one who mocked him. And he prided himself upon the simplicity of his way of life; and never exacted any pay from his pupils. And he used to say that the man who ate with the greatest appetite had the least need of delicacies; and that he who drank with the greatest appetite was the least inclined to look for a draught which is not at hand.

“And very often, while arguing and discussing points that arose, he was treated with great violence, and beaten, and pulled about, and laughed at, and ridiculed by the multitude. But he bore all with great equanimity. So that once, when he had been kicked and buffeted about, and had borne it all patiently, and some one expressed his surprise, he said, ‘Suppose an ass had kicked me, would you have had me bring an action against him?’

“And it was a saying of his that there was only one good, namely, knowledge; and only one evil, namely, ignorance.

“When a person said to him, ‘Such an one speaks ill of you,’ ‘To be sure,’ said he, ‘for he has never learned to speak well.’ When Antisthenes turned the ragged side of his cloak to the light, he said, ‘I see your silly vanity through the holes in your cloak.’ When some one said to him, ‘Does not that man abuse you?’ ‘No,’ said he, ‘for that does not apply to me.’”—*DIOGENES LAERTIUS*.

he might engage in conversation, rich or needy, learned or ignorant, polite or rude, would he talk the daylight away; and to all alike would he talk on the same general subjects. "He was," writes a biographer, "a knight-errant of philosophy, ever on the alert to rescue some forlorn truth from the dungeons of prejudice, and therefore was not scrupulous as to who or what his adversary might be. Yet his especial enemies were the Sophists. He never neglected an opportunity of refuting them. He combated them with their own weapons and on their own ground. He knew all their tactics. He knew their strength and their weakness. Like them he had studied physics in the speculations of the early thinkers, and like them had seen that these speculations led to no certainty. But he had not, like them, made skepticism a refuge. He had not proclaimed truth to be a phantom because he could not embrace her. Defeated in his endeavors to penetrate the mysteries of the world without, he turned his attention to the world within. For physics he substituted morals. The certitude which he failed to gain respecting the operations of nature had not shaken his conviction of the certitude of the moral truths which his conscience irresistibly impressed upon his attention. The world of sense might be fleeting and deceptive; the voice of conscience could not deceive. Turning his attention inwards, he discovered certain truths which admitted of no question. They were eternal, immutable, evident. These he opposed to the skepticism of the Sophists. Moral certitude was the rock upon which his soul could rest. From its heights he could survey the world and his relation to it."

“Only the wise,” said Socrates, “are fit to govern, and these are few. Government is a science, and a difficult science. It is infinitely more difficult to govern a state than to govern the helm of a ship. Yet the same people who would not trust themselves in a ship without an experienced pilot, not only trust themselves in a state with an inexperienced ruler, but also endeavor to become rulers themselves.” One like Socrates might not but make enemies; indeed, he would be very unlike to have many friends; and such certainly was the condition of the philosopher. “For how can I,” he was wont to say, “applaud where I alone see to condemn, and how can I call that wisdom which is but ignorance?”*

Socrates was a man of the people. “For what,” he asks, “may one learn in fields and woods?” It is indeed said of him that, with the exception of his expeditions to Potidæa, Delium, and Amphipolis, and a holiday trip, he was never out of Athens. “Man,” said he, “is the study of man.” Democratic in the

* That Socrates was not without enemies is shown not only by the manner of his death, but in the lampoons of his day. Thus, in the comedy of *The Clouds*, written by Aristophanes, he is described as the arch-sophist, the master of the free-thinking school, the corrupter of youth. The story is of a youth—Alcibiades is supposed to be represented—who, being a spendthrift, has involved his father in losses and debts by his passion for the vices of the day. Placed under the instruction of Socrates, he has been taught to defraud his creditors, and, more than this, to mock at filial obedience and respect and veneration for the gods, as ideas antiquated and groundless.

Let him who would misjudge Socrates, through this comedy, study the relation of the master and pupil as it will be found closely and clearly given by Thirlwall. See *History of Greece*, vol. i., page 396.

purest sense, Socrates yet condemned a common rule. With him the highest title commending a man to his fellows was attainment to the greatest goodness. To be noble was to be good, to be good was to be noble. Higher than such a nobility was there no order. Socrates was too intelligent and far-seeing to uphold the varying humor of the masses, or to be the friend of the Athenian democracy as it was.

“Socrates,” says Xenophon, “was a man so pious that he did nothing without the sanction of the gods ; so just that he never wronged any one, even in the least degree ; so much master of himself that he never preferred the agreeable to the good ; so wise that in deciding on the better and the worse he never failed : in short, he was the best and happiest man that could possibly exist.”

Socrates was a talker, not a writer. To know of him is to learn through his cotemporaries and successors. A man and his works are necessarily presented variously, as the media which reflect them differ. We may, in such manner, arrive at proper acquaintance with the sage, by catching his expressions as we find them in Xenophon, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle, and in his modern biographers.

Imprimis, it is not to be said that Socrates originated a philosophy. He presents himself simply as a man of true and solid judgment ; one who, educated and informed in all things of his age, elects to himself the duty of a deducer and expounder. “Reasoning,” says Locke, “is nothing but the faculty of deducing unknown truths from principles already known.” Socrates was a reasoner,—the reasoner of his age, if

not, indeed, of succeeding ages. It was because thus he covered all grounds that his position has been so variously apportioned.

Let us here go back a step. The philosophers preceding the Sophists found their knowledge in objectivity; that is, they assumed the subordination of subjective consciousness to objective actuality. The Sophists, denying the power of reason or sense, seeing that in words might be found a proof or disproof of assertions either of reason or sense, affirmed that any universal truth exists not, and that things are as they seem; that any and every individual is a perfect law unto himself and for himself, independent of state laws or all associations; that at his own discretion he determines justly and truthfully when he decides what is justice and goodness.

For a moment observe the fruits grown of such a philosophy. Athens was a city of egotists. Moral sentiment was blunted and stifled to such extent that the individual good had come to be considered the highest good. So unreliable was the virtue of the politician, that the principle existed of setting thieves to catch thieves. "Man," said the Athenian, repeating Protagoras, "is himself the measure of all things;" and by the measure of this apophthegm were all things measured. Law, where possible, was avoided, for law had to the Athenian no sense but that of a coercion, to escape which involved no moral sin. Spiritual rules had to him no meaning but that of crafty fable invented for the easy government of the weak-minded.

That such a state would arise as the result of a prevalent sophism exhibits itself to every mind as a matter

of common consequence. The age of sophism is represented in the conduct of the Peloponnesian war, and may only be reviewed with interest by him who will turn to the history of Greece.

Into such an arena stepped Socrates. His mission and work were to destroy,—through the exhibition of a new expression in the philosophy of objective thought,—the sophism of his age ; that the true standard of all things is not in the Ego, but in the relation of each individual Ego to a whole. In other words, Socrates had caught the ever-living truth, “that the true experience is the common experience,” or, as Schwegler expresses it, “the true standard of all things is not my, this single person’s, opinion, pleasure, and will ; that it does not depend on my or any other empirical subject’s good-will and election what is to be true, right, and good ; but that what is to decide here is certainly my thought,—that which is rational in me. My thought, my reason, however, is not something specially appertaining to me, but something common to all rational beings, something universal ; and so far as I comport myself as a rational, thinking being, my subjectivity is a universal subjectivity. But every thinking being has the consciousness that what he holds for right, duty, good, is not merely so to him, but that it is so also for every rational being, and that consequently his thought has the character of universality, a universal validity,—in a word, objectivity.”

“Man,” said Socrates, agreeing with the Sophists, and, to such extent, repeating them,—“man is the measure of all things,”—but man is an Ego within an Ego, a universal. A part may not act of itself, but only in the

whole in which it has its existence. Here is the Socratic text, the foundation upon which rest his teachings.

Socrates, as a first step, attacked the premises of the Sophists, and annihilated the school in showing that rhetoric was not logic. "Upon solid premises," he said, "are solid arguments to be alone founded;" and demonstrating, *seriatim*, the falsity of position after position, he deprived sophism of that upon which it rested. The Sophists grouped things; Socrates individualized and defined them. "It requires," says Mr. Grote, "some mental effort to see anything important in the invention of notions so familiar as those of Genus, Definition, Individual Things as comprehended in a genus, what each thing is, and to what genus it belongs: nevertheless, four centuries before Christ, these terms denoted mental processes which few, if any but Socrates, had a distinct recognition of, in the form of analytical consciousness."

"To be good is to be happy," is an aphorism which might very well have originated with Socrates. Indeed, simple, insignificant, and common as may be deemed the expression, it seems to cover the Socratic ground. Virtue is knowledge, wisdom is intellectual discernment. Good is that on which depends unconditionally the well-being of the individual and of the race. To discern good and to practice it was the highest study of man; and it was the highest study because of being the road to happiness; and happiness was the aim of life. To know the right and not to practice it seemed to Socrates indicative of an absence of intellectuality which he could scarce conceive in any man worthy of being called sane.

What was the method of Socrates? The sage taught his truths by what is called the maieutic or obstetric art, and in negation. Truth he affirmed to exist in all men; but men, he declared, seemed to require an accoucheur to bring forth this truth, no less than the enceinte demanded the midwife. Socrates likened himself to his mother Phænarete; "for, if not able to bear thoughts myself," said he, "I am quite able to help others to bear them." The nature of such a spiritual midwifery will be distinctly seen, suggests Schwegler, "if we consider that the philosopher, by means of his incessant questionings and the resultant disentanglement of ideas, possessed the art of eliciting from him with whom he conversed a new and previously unknown thought, and so of helping to a birth his intellectual throes." Asking, for example, a question, Socrates would catch the thread of an idea, and, little by little, would draw out the full force of the expression, and, to the wonderment of the questioned, would show him what good, great, or beautiful thing he had produced. The means through which he accomplished such end seemed to be that of exclusion, of isolating and casting aside irrelevant associations.

Let us make an example. What is justice? would ask Socrates. It is law, might answer the questioned. Thus then might discourse the sage: Justice is virtue, because that in virtue resides right, and in the sense of right is love, and love does unto others as it would be done by. I define then justice in discovering the logical unity of things. Good or right is not an arbitrary law, but the law of relation,—that relation in which is found the greatest good of the greatest num-

ber : good may be only seeming good ; nothing is good which has not breath ; that which seems to bless the individual in his individuality, and is not of good to mankind at large, is not a blessing ; so neither can that be justice which treats of aggression without consideration of aggression in the breadth of its meaning. It is not injustice, might Socrates have said, to destroy, at whatever cost of individual grievance, him who lives through the misfortunes of others. It is not injustice to quarantine the pest-ridden ship, even though thereby much suffering prevail, because only thus is greater ill to be avoided. The meaning of justice lies in the notion ; the notion of justice is the breadth of its expression ; the expression is that which constitutes a circle of relation.

Let us take the Socratic tenet of virtue. “Virtue is an act that proceeds from a clearly understood recognition of the notion of whatever any particular action contemplates, of the ends, means, and conditions that belong to this action, and not, therefore, any merely innate or mechanically acquired power and ability. Action, without perception, is a contradiction, and destroys itself ; action, with perception, carries straight to the mark ; consequently, there can be nothing bad that happens with perception, and nothing good that happens without perception. Defect of perception it is that leads men into vicious acts. There follows from this the further proposition, nobody is willingly wicked : the wicked are wicked against their own wills ; nay, more, whoever knowingly does wrong is better than he who does so unknowingly ; for in the latter case, as knowledge is wanting, virtue in general must also be

wanting, while in the former case, were it supposed possible, virtue would be only temporarily injured.”*

Another method had Socrates,—the Socratic irony; pretending ignorance, he would draw out the pert opinions of men in questions all too readily answered without reflection. He would ask, for example, says Mr. Grote, “What is democracy? What is law? Every man fancied that he could give a confident opinion, and even wondered that any person should feel a difficulty. When Socrates, professing ignorance, put any such question, he found no difficulty in obtaining an answer, given off-hand and with very little reflection. The answer purported to be the explanation or definition of a term, familiar, indeed, but of wide and comprehensive import,—given by one who had never before tried to render to himself an account of what it meant. Having got this answer, Socrates put fresh questions, applying it to specific cases, to which the respondent was compelled to give answers inconsistent with the first; showing that the definition was either too narrow, or too wide, or defective in some essential condition. The respondent then amended his answer; but this was a prelude to other questions, which could only be answered in ways inconsistent with the amendment; and the respondent, after many attempts to disentangle himself, was obliged to plead guilty to inconsistencies, with an admission that he could make no satisfactory answer to the original query which at first had appeared so easy and familiar. . . . The discussion first raised by Socrates turns upon

* Schwegler.

the meaning of some large generic term. The queries whereby he follows it up bring the answer given into collision with various particulars which it ought not to comprehend, or with others which it ought to comprehend but does not. The inconsistencies into which the hearer is betrayed in his various answers proclaim to him the fact that he has not yet acquired anything like a clear and full conception of the common attribute which binds together the various particulars embraced under some term which is ever upon his lips. He is thus put upon the train of thought which leads to a correction of the generalization, and lights him on that which Plato calls 'seeing the one in the many, and the many in the one.' "

It is to be perceived, in this ability of Socrates to show the fallacies of the expressions of his times, that necessarily must he have been gifted with higher perceptions than the Sophists he confounded and succeeded, differing from them in possessing the rhetoric of their logic combined with data of which they knew little. From physics he passed to ethics, and was the first to give proper expression to the sense of philosophy. To know a thing, said Socrates, is to know its essence, is to consider it as distinct from all other things,—is to define, to demarcate it.

In no way may one better comprehend the power and character of Socrates than in a study of his discourses. We append certain of his words to Euthydemus:*

"Even among all those deities who so liberally bestow on us good things, not one maketh himself an

* Xenophon's *Memorabilia*.

object of our sight. And he who raised this whole universe, and still upholds the mighty frame, who perfected every part of it in beauty and in goodness, suffering none of these parts to decay through age, but renewing them daily with unfading vigor, whereby they are able to execute whatever he ordains with that readiness and precision which surpass man's imagination; even he, the supreme God, who performeth all these wonders, still holds himself invisible, and it is only in his works that we are capable of admiring him. For consider, my Euthydemus, the sun, which seemeth, as it were, set forth to the view of all men, yet suffereth not itself to be too curiously examined; punishing those with blindness who too rashly venture to do so; and those ministers of the gods, whom they employ to execute their bidding, remain to us invisible; for though the thunderbolt is shot from on high, and breaketh in pieces whatever it findeth in its way; yet no one seeth it when it falls, when it strikes, or when it retires: neither are the winds discoverable to our sight, though we plainly behold the ravages they everywhere make, and with ease perceive what time they are rising. And if there be anything in man, my Euthydemus, partaking of the divine nature, it must surely be the soul which governs and directs him, yet no one considers this an object of sight. Learn, therefore, not to despise those things which you cannot see; judge of the greatness of the power by the effects which are produced, and reverence the Deity."

But we must leave Socrates, and pass to that which comes after him. Upon the death of the sage, which

occurred in the year B.C. 399, from poison which he was condemned to drink by those he sought to benefit,* his companions, who it appeared had drawn different

* In the dialogue of "Crito," by Plato, may one enjoy the influence of a great mind.

Crito, a wealthy disciple of Socrates, has been with the sage through his trial, and has insisted on his intention to pay any fine that may be imposed. The unexpected sentence of death rendering vain this intention, Crito, who has obtained admission to the cell of the philosopher, entreats him to use means which he shall devise for his escape. Here ensues the famous dialogue; so concentrated, so forcible, so full of meaning in every line, that to epitomize it would be indeed difficult. One passage may be given:

"If, Crito, while we are preparing to run away, or by whatever name we should call it, the laws and commonwealth should come, and, presenting themselves before us, should say, 'Tell me, Socrates, what do you purpose doing? Do you design anything else by this proceeding in which you are engaged, than to destroy us, the laws, and the whole city, as far as possible? Or do you think it possible for that city any longer to subsist and not be subverted, in which judgments that are passed have no force, but are set aside by private persons?' what should we say, Crito, to these and similar remonstrances? Shall we say to them that the city has done us an injustice and not passed a right sentence? Shall we say this, or what else?"

"CRITO.—This, by Jupiter, Socrates."

"SOCRATES.—What, then, if the laws should say, 'Socrates, was it not agreed between us that you should abide by the judgment which the city should pronounce?' and if we should wonder at their speaking thus, perhaps they would say, 'Wonder not, Socrates, at what we say, but answer, since you are accustomed to make use of questions and answers. For come, what charge have you against us and the city, that you attempt to destroy us? Did we not first give you being, and did not your father, through us, take your mother to wife, and beget you? Say, then, do you find fault with those laws amongst us that relate to marriage, as being bad?' I should say, 'I do not find fault with them.' 'Do you with those that relate to your nurture when born, and the education with which you are instructed?

results from his teachings, separated themselves, expounding views and doctrines which brought to them the title of "incomplete Socratists." Of the schools so founded there were three,—the Cynic, by Antisthenes; the Cyrenaic, by Aristippus; and the Megaric, by Euclid. These schools express not, however, the progressiveness of human thought, but rather the absence

Or did not the laws, ordained on this point, enjoin rightly in requiring your father to instruct you in music and gymnastic exercises?' I should say, rightly. 'Well, then, since you were born, nurtured, and educated through our means, can you say, first of all, that you are not both our offspring and our slave, as well you as your ancestors? And if this be so, do you think that there are equal rights between us, and whatever we attempt to do to you, do you think you may justly do to us in return? Or had you not equal rights with your father, or master, if you happened to have one, so as to return what you suffered, neither to retort when found fault with, nor when stricken to strike again, nor many other things of the kind; but that with your country and the laws you may do so; so that if we attempt to destroy you, thinking it to be just, you also should endeavor, as far as you are able, in return to destroy us, the laws, and your country? and in doing this will you say that you act justly,—you who in reality make virtue your chief object? Or are you so wise as not to know that one's country is more honorable, venerable, and sacred, and more highly prized both by gods and men possessed of understanding, than mother and father and all other progenitors, and that one ought to reverence, submit to, and appease one's country when angry, rather than one's father, and either persuade it or do what it orders; and to suffer quietly if it bids one suffer, whether to be beaten or put in bonds; or if it sends one out to battle, there to be wounded or slain, this must be done, for justice so requires. And one must not give way, or retreat, or leave one's post; but that both in war, and in a court of justice, and everywhere, one must do what one's duty and country enjoin, or persuade it in such manner as justice allows; but that to offer violence either to one's mother or father is not holy, much less to one's country.' "

of a master whose place there is none to take ; and so indeed does it continue to be until the appearance of Christ, who, viewed in a strictly philosophical sense, is the true successor of Socrates.

Antisthenes, who, before his relation with Socrates, was a disciple of Gorgias and a sophistic teacher, founded a school in Cynosarges, and seemed to fall back into the Epicurean signification. With Socrates, he taught that virtue was the highest happiness, and that morality was the ultimate aim of the life of a man. The ideal of virtue, "as it was before him in the person of Socrates, consisted for him only in freedom from desires (in his very exterior he imitated the beggar, carrying staff and wallet), and consequently in the neglect of all other spiritual interests. Virtue to him only directed to the avoidance of evil ; that is to say, of those desires and greeds which bind us to engagements. The wise man is to him sufficient for himself, independent of all, indifferent to marriage, family, and state, to riches, honor, and enjoyment." The Cynics sought a short cut to happiness, and thought they found it "in a life according to nature ; that is, in seclusion to self, in complete independency and freedom from desire, in renunciation of art and science, and of every definite end in general." The wise man, they said, is master over all his desires and wants ; without weakness ; free from the fetters of societary law and societary custom ; the peer of the gods. An easy life, Diogenes averred, is assigned by the gods to him who restricts himself to what is necessary, and this true philosophy is attainable by every one through endurance and the power of renunciation. Antisthenes it was, it is remembered, to

whom Socrates said, "I can see thy pride through the holes of thy robe."*

Antisthenes might not, in his capacity of Cynic, overcome the Socratic leaven within him; indeed, according to Diogenes Laertius, he came nearer the Socratic mind than perhaps any of the successors of the philosopher. His nature may best be shown in some of his expressions. Being once told that Plato spoke ill of him, he replied, "It is a royal privilege to do well and to be spoken evil of." Being once reproached as not being the son of two free citizens, he said, "And I am not the son of two people skilled in wrestling; nevertheless, I am a skillful wrestler." When he was asked why he reproved his pupils with bitter language, he said, "Physicians, too, use severe remedies for their patients." "Better is it," he was wont to say, "to fall among crows than among flatterers; for that they only devour the dead, but the other devour the living." He once said to a youth from Pontus, who was on the point of coming to him to be his pupil, and was asking him what things he wanted, "You want a new book, and a new pen, and a new tablet," meaning a new mind. A favorite saying of his was, "That envious people were devoured by their own dispositions, just as iron is by rust." Another was, "That those who wish to be immortal ought to live piously and justly." "Cities," he was wont to say, "are ruined when they are unable to distinguish worthless citizens from virtuous ones." He used to advise the Athenians to pass a vote that asses were horses; and as they thought that

* Schwegler.

irrational, he said, "Why, those whom you make generals have never learnt to be really generals."

To the school of the Cynics Diogenes of Sinope—the witty philosopher, as he is called—attached himself. This is the Cynic who lived in the tub, and who, in his ninetieth year, was found by his friends lying dead under a portico, choked to death, as some say, in greedily devouring a neat's-foot raw. "Our philosophy," says Diogenes, "differs from that of Socrates, inasmuch as we practice, while he alone taught." But Diogenes, as well as his master Antisthenes, was a fanatic. He might not, from his very nature, live in the virtue of Socrates. For all, however, is there a lesson in the practice of the Cynics. Antisthenes, according to his biographers, differed markedly from Socrates in conceiving he practiced virtue in subjecting himself to the vicissitudes of life. Socrates accepted and endured them. Antisthenes thought he could only preserve his virtue by becoming a savage. He wore no garment except a coarse cloak, renounced all diet but the simplest, and made his manners correspond with his appearance; being stern, reproachful, bitter in language, careless and indecent in his gestures. His contempt for sensual enjoyment was so great that Ritter expresses him as saying, "He had rather go mad than experience pleasure;" an expression modified by Lewes, who translates him as asserting that he would rather be mad than sensual.

Diogenes, the pupil, and the only friend who remained with the master through a weary struggle with death, was the son of an affluent banker accused of debasing coin. From the height of splendor Eubu-

lides describes him as being suddenly reduced to squalid poverty. Antisthenes proclaiming the magnificence of poverty, Diogenes was attracted. "Poor, he was ready to embrace the philosophy of poverty; an outcast, he was ready to isolate himself from society; branded with disgrace, he was ready to shelter himself under a philosophy which branded all society." Having in his own person experienced how little wealth and luxury can do for the happiness of man, he was the more inclined to try the converse. Having experienced how wealth prompts to vice, and how desires generate desires, he was willing to try the effect of poverty and virtue. He went to Antisthenes—was refused. He continued to offer himself to the Cynic as a scholar. The Cynic raised his knotty staff, and threatened to strike him if he did not depart. "Strike," replied Diogenes: "you will not find a stick hard enough to conquer my perseverance." Antisthenes, overcome, accepted him as a pupil.*

In the Megaric philosophy we are told that Diogenes found first the remedy for his poverty in seeing a mouse running about, having care neither for bed, nor to avoid the light, neither seeking any of those things which are supposed to be enjoyable to such an animal. He was, according to the account of some people, the first to double up his cloak out of necessity, and who slept in it; and who carried a wallet, in which he kept his food; and who used whatever place was near for all sorts of purposes,—eating, and sleeping, and conversing in it. In reference to which habits he used to say, pointing to

* Diogenes Laertius.

the Colonnade of Jupiter and to the Public Magazine, "that the Athenians had built him places to live in."

Diogenes is interesting and instructive to the moderns not more from the austerity of his life than in the pith and force of the numberless sayings with which he is accredited.

In virtue, he affirmed, lies the source of happiness ; but the virtue of Diogenes impresses as being of the negative rather than of the positive character. His body he regarded as the "sink of all iniquity ;" he therefore felt that virtue was practiced in mortifying it. He ate little, and that little of the coarsest ; raw meat and uncooked vegetables constituted his most frequent diet.

Learning of Diogenes of Sinope through him of Laertes, we have before us a witty and eccentric rhapsodist, found continuously upon the streets, whose chief business is seen to lie in exposing and deriding what he deems to be follies. That he was of wonderful persuasive power is instanced, among other ways, by the following anecdote. An Æginetan, having two sons, sent one of them, Androthenes, that he might follow after and pick up the words of wisdom as uttered by Diogenes ; so impressed was this youth that the brother was sent for ; and after him followed the father ;—all remaining to study philosophy at the feet of the sage.

Whether or not Diogenes ever wrote books, seems a matter of much dispute, as many as twenty-one being credited to him by some authors, others denying his authorship of even a single volume.

In the simplicity of the expressions of the money-changer's son lies that which most commends his truths.

“Two kinds of exercise there were, he was wont to teach: that of the mind and that of the body; and that the latter of these created in the mind such quick and agile phantasies at the time of its performance as very much facilitated the practice of virtue, but that one was imperfect without the other, since the health and vigor necessary for the practice of what is good depend equally on both mind and body. And he used to allege as proofs of this, and of the ease which practice imparts to acts of virtue, that people could see that, in the case of mere common working trades and other employments of that kind, the artisans arrived at no inconsiderable accuracy by constant practice; and that any one may see how much one flute-player, or one wrestler, is superior to another, by his own continued practice. And that if these men transferred the same training to their minds, they would not labor in a profitless or imperfect manner. He used to say, also, that there was nothing whatever in life which could be brought to perfection without practice, and that that alone was able to overcome obstacles; that therefore, as we ought to repudiate all useless toils, and to apply ourselves to useful labors, and to live happily, we are only unhappy in consequence of most exceeding folly. For the very contempt of pleasure, if we only inure ourselves to it, is very pleasant. And just as they who are accustomed to live luxuriously are brought very unwillingly to adopt the contrary system, so they who have been originally inured to that opposite system feel a sort of pleasure in the contempt of pleasure.”

He used to say “that when in the course of his life he beheld pilots, and physicians, and philosophers, he

thought man the wisest of animals; but when again he beheld interpreters of dreams, and soothsayers, and those who listened to them, and men puffed up with glory or riches, then he thought that there was not a more foolish animal than man."

"The mathematicians," said he, "keep their eyes fixed on the sun and moon, and overlook what is under their feet."

"Men contend with one another in punching and kicking, but no one shows emulation in the pursuit of virtue."

"Wonder is to be expressed at the grammarians who are so desirous to learn everything about the misfortunes of Ulysses, yet are ignorant of their own."

"Men are wrong in complaining of fortune; for they ask of the gods what appear to be good things, not what are really so."

The doctrine of the Cynics is very well represented in the answer of Diogenes to one who was arguing in support of the notion of Zeno of Elea respecting the impossibility of movement. After patient listening, the philosopher rose and walked. "Facts," he said, "are more convincing than words."*

PLATO.—From this limited epitome of the incomplete Socratisms we may pass to one of not less common fame, Plato, the completed Socratist, as he is called; he who objectivized the system of his master, conciliating and

* Not less impressive is the reply of the Cynic to Plato's definition of a man. "Man," said Plato, addressing his scholars, "is a two-legged thing without feathers." "Behold," interrupted Diogenes, holding up a fowl which he had plucked,—"behold Plato's man."

fusing all previous philosophy,—forming with Socrates, as Mr. Emerson says, “the double star which the most powerful instruments will not entirely separate.” To all men is known the name of Plato. That he, like Socrates, was a great and worthy thinker and guide, to whom his age,—as have after-ages,—turned for instruction, guidance, and comfort, is evident enough in the persistence of a reputation scarcely less bright to-day than two thousand years back.

Who, and what, was Plato?

“Among books,” says Mr. Emerson, commencing his most admirable essay, “The Philosopher,” “Plato only is entitled to Omar’s fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, ‘Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book.’ These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals, or practical wisdom. There never was such a range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift boulders have been detached. The Bible of the learned for twenty-two hundred years, every brisk young man, who says in succession fine things to each reluctant generation,—Boethius, Rabelais, Erasmus, Bruno, Locke, Rousseau, Alfieri, Coleridge,—is some reader of Plato, translating into the vernacular, wittily, his good things. Even the men of grander proportion suffer some deduction from the misfortune, shall I say, of coming after this exhausting generalizer.

St. Augustine, Copernicus, Newton, Behmen, Swedenborg, Goethe, are likewise his debtors, and must say after him."

To Plato, says Cato, when surrounded by the wrecks made in the contentions of Pompey and Cæsar, I turn for the consolation which lives only in the Phædo.

"Writings," says Dr. Thomas, which have "inspired the souls of so many thousands with loftier aspirations and with a more earnest love of virtue, may be truly said to have borne fruit of the most precious kind, compared with which the boasted products of the Baconian philosophy are little better than the apples of the Dead Sea."

Plato, who is variously named Aristocles, after his grandfather, and Plato, from broadness of forehead (*πλατύς*, broad), was born, according to some writers in Athens, to others in the island of Ægina, about the year B.C. 429. This family seems to have been of the highest distinction; Aristo, his father, being a descendant of Codrus, the last king of Athens, and his mother, Perictione, related to Solon the lawgiver.

Commingled in the history of his early life seems to be quite as much of fiction as of fact, and it is not until his twentieth year, at which period his fame associates with that of Socrates, that we come reliably to trace his history. Among many curious anecdotes connected with the early life of Plato, it is related that "while an infant, as he was one day sleeping in a bower on Mount Hymettus, a number of bees, dropping honey, settled upon his lips, thus foreshadowing the extraordinary sweetness of his eloquence." In another story, his

future greatness was foreshown by a dream of Socrates, who saw in his sleep a young swan coming from the grove of Academus; after nestling in his bosom, it soared aloft, singing sweetly as it rose. The next morning, just as Socrates had finished relating his dream, Aristo presented himself, leading by the hand young Plato, whom he wished to place under the instruction of that distinguished sage.

Authorities seem very universally to agree that Plato was a remarkable example of "that universal culture which characterized the best period of ancient Greece,"—what in these modern days would be termed a read man, in contradistinction to the sciolist. And when it is recollected that his early life is contemporaneous with the period of the Peloponnesian war, a period representing the most brilliant epoch of Grecian thought and action, it is understood what these attainments must have been. "Skilled was he," says one biographer, "not only to write epic poems, tragedies, dithyrambics, lyrics, and epigrams, but sufficiently skilled in gymnastics to contend at the Pythian and Isthmian games. An epigram preserved of Platon reads thus,—

"'Thou gazest on the stars. Ah, would I were the skies,
That I might gaze on thee with all my thousand eyes!'"

An Athenian soldier was Plato, "necessarily made so," says Mr. Grote,* "as much by his own disposition as by the exigencies of his times. The years 409-403 B.C. were years of extraordinary character.

* History of Greece.

They included the most strenuous public efforts, the severest suffering, and the gravest political revolution that has ever occurred in Athens. Every Athenian citizen was of necessity put upon constant (almost daily) military duty, either abroad or in Attica against the Lacedæmonian garrison established in the permanent fortified post of Dekelea, within sight of the Athenian Acropolis. Following the crushing defeat of the Athenians at Ægospotamos, came the terrible apprehension at Athens; then the long blockade and famine of the city, wherein many died of hunger; next the tyranny of the Thirty, who, among their other oppressions, made war upon all free speech, and silenced even the voice of Socrates; then the gallant resistance of Thrasybulus, followed by the intervention of the Lacedæmonians,—contingencies full of uncertainty and terror, but ending in the restoration of the democracy.

“From all this danger, fatigue, and suffering of such an historical decade no Athenian citizen could escape, whatever might be his feeling towards the existing democracy, or however averse he might be to public employment by natural temper. But Plato was not thus averse during the earlier years of his adult life. On the contrary, he felt strongly the impulse of political ambition usual with Athenians of good family.”

Plato, however, was soon to be disenchanted of the glamour of position sought to be thrown about him through the influence of powerful relatives and friends connected with the new oligarchy. Opposed, as he had affirmed himself, to the democracy, he had entered

the new scheme of government with the full hope, as Grote expresses it, “of seeing justice and wisdom predominant ;” but an injustice which sought to identify a Socrates with murder, and an absence of judgment which hushed the colloquial discourses with young men which were such an educational influence in Athens, might not but disgust as well as “mortify and disappoint” one so allied with the sense of right and intelligence.

In his twentieth year Plato commenced to attend the teachings of Socrates, and continued among the most fervent of disciples until the death of the master, which occurred B.C. 399. Leaving at this period Athens, the philosopher is found first in Megara, visiting Euclid. From here he passes to Egypt, “where, while studious youth were crowding to Athens from every quarter in search of Plato for a master, this meditative man is found wandering along the banks of the Nile, or the vast plains of a barbaric country, himself a disciple to the old men of Egypt.”

Returning from his travels (B.C. 386), Plato, who had come into possession of a small house about a mile from Athens, on the road to Eleusis, opened here that school of philosophy which has contributed more to the fame of his city than have all its hard-fought battles,—“a school,” says Mr. Lewes, “around which have often hovered the longing thoughts of posterity as the centre of myriad associations. Poets have sung of it, philosophers have sighed for it,—

“The olive grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.”

Unheeding now the inscription over the door of the little academy, "*Let none but geometricians enter here,*" let us pass in together, that we may know of Plato.

From his master Socrates did Plato much differ in his manner of teaching. The one sought the excitement of the streets, there holding discourse; the other, in studious retirement, held direct communion alone in most formal manner with those who were his immediate disciples. Plato wrote much, and, recognizing, with Socrates, that books might not answer interrogations, sought, in his writings, to anticipate interrogations: hence the apparent repetitions of his sentiments and endless variety of his significations.

To comprehend Plato, it is to be recognized that his philosophy is evolutionary from that which had gone before, "historical development," as Schwegler terms it; a broad thinker, made familiar with logic by his master Socrates, learned in the mysteries of the schools, and practical by the usages of travel. The philosopher sat him down in academic shades, and thought away life, leaving, however, for those who were to come after, the wisdom of what had gone before. Plato, in the example of his own life, leaves to posterity the lesson of a course which makes man in his fullness. Thus we find in him represented the seasons of preparation, development, fructuation,—"*the Lehrjahre, Wanderjahre, Meisterjahre,*" as one of his biographers expresses him.

The first period represents with Plato, as with all men, the perceptions of practical wisdom. As a physicist he was of the Ionic school. He beheld things as they existed to the senses, and sought in the senses the

explanation of being. As a polemic, he discusses not the mysteries of sophism, but writes a "Charmides," which considers temperance; a "Lysis," which treats of friendship; a "Laches," presenting fortitude.

Passing from the first to the second period, the reader becomes struck with the expression of development,—the conjoining of ethics with physics, the merging of what may be called common knowledge into the philosophical. This is expressed in the "Progressive Dialogues"—the *Gorgias*, *Theætetus*, *Sophistes*, *Phædo*, the *Hippias Major*, *Clitophon*, and other works. This second period represents passage from practice to theory. Thus, accepting the "*Theætetus*," a polemic against the Protagorean idea of cognition, or relativity of all knowledge, etc., we find Plato seeking to discover an absolute principle underlying logical ideas, to "establish the objectivity of truth;" seeking a oneness.

The "*Phædrus*," terminating with the *Republic* and the *Timæus*, exhibits that third period in which the philosopher, learned of all schools and instructed of all travel, stretches the wide-grown wings, seeking to read the mysteries of the infinite, losing himself, in a sense, to himself and to his fellow-men, in that ether which mocks the gaze of the finite; failing not in himself, but in the inability of his fellow-men to reach that goal of self-abnegation which might alone render his republic a possibility.

Thus it is, at least, that Plato classifies himself to the mind of the writer, for thus he steps not aside from what seems the beaten track of the progressive thinker. Van Heusden, however, seems to transpose these con-

ceptions of the philosopher. Thus he alike expresses the three periods, yet renders of them the following expression: 1. Epistles wherein the subject-matter treats of the beautiful. 2. Those wherein it relates to the true. 3. Those wherein it relates to the practical. "Of the first are those concerning love, beauty, and the soul. Of the second, those concerning dialectics, ideas, method, in which truth and the means of attaining it are sought. Of the third, those concerning justice, *i.e.* morals and politics. These three classes represent the three phases of the philosophical mind,—the desire for truth, the appreciation of truth, and the realization of it in an application to human life."*

Of what are called practical philosophers, such a division of their distinctions would naturally be made, but of the philosophers of the Platonic type it may not be at all affirmed. Such men do truly grow into the practical, but such practicality consists not in confining knowledge to the ways of common men, which ways are the ways of the world, but rather in conforming learning to that true conception which sees deeper than the gloss of the tinsel; advancing, not from the beautiful to the practical, but from the practical to the beautiful.

A philosopher grows into self-abnegation. The consciousness of a material importance, or of a material individuality, may not possibly remain to a true and full thinker. So, passing to the "Republic" of Plato, we find a state derided by men as Utopian, and as his

* Van Heusden: *Initia Philosophiæ Platoniciæ*. As quoted by Mr. G. H. Lewes.

times existed and the present times exist, really so ; not, however, from the reality of facts, but from the reality of conditions. "Such as are fit to govern, into their composition has the informing Deity mingled gold ; into the military silver ; iron and brass for husbandmen and artificers." Yet in culture found Plato the hand which distributed. Is this the truth, or is the truth with Socrates? "Theages, it will be with thee as God wills. If some have grown wise by associating with me, no thanks are due to me, but all is with God. If it is his will, then shall you make great and rapid proficiency. You will not if it does not please him."

Plato, affirmed the ancients, gathered to himself all philosophy which had preceded him, and from the possession of such knowledge founded the superstructure upon which to rear his own deductions. Thus understanding the sophistical notion of the identification "of virtue and of pleasure, of the good and the agreeable," or, what Schwegeler calls the same thing, against the affirmation of an absolute moral relativity, he writes his "Gorgias," a dialogue designed to show that virtue is a something in itself, "not owing its origin to the rights of the stronger or the caprice of the subject, but a standard of good, to which, when conflict exists, the standard of pleasure is to give way."

"Plato," says Mr. Emerson, "like every great man, consumed his own times. What is a great man but one of great affinities, who takes up into himself all arts, sciences, all knowables, as his food? He can spare nothing ; he can dispose of everything. What is not good for virtue is good for knowledge. Hence his cotemporaries tax him with plagiarism. But the

inventor only knows how to borrow ; and society is glad to forget the innumerable laborers who ministered to this architect, and reserves all its gratitude for him. When we are praising Plato, it seems we are praising quotations from Solon, and Sophron, and Philolaus. Be it so. Every book is a quotation ; and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone-quarries ; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors. And this grasping inventor puts all nations under contribution. Plato absorbed the learning of his times,—Philolaus, Heraclitus, Parmenides, and what else ; then his master, Socrates ; and, finding himself still capable of a larger synthesis, beyond all examples then or since, he traveled into Italy, to gain what Pythagoras had for him ; then into Egypt, and perhaps still farther east, to import the other element, which Europe wanted, into the European mind. This breadth entitles him to stand as the representative of philosophy.”

Plato, being, as it were, an encyclopedia of what was and what had gone before, brought to the comprehension of things the principles of analysis and synthesis, —understanding a thing by the taking of it apart, and proving an inference by the putting of the thing together. Thus, if virtue is the subject, the many things which constitute virtue are to be considered ; in the man is to be seen the oneness ; in the oneness are to be appreciated the many. To detect the one in the many is the constant aim of Plato. “ He was always interrogating the meaning of general terms and abstractions embraced in popular language ; in all his dialogues, no matter how various their object and opinion, he is always found insisting on the relation of universals to particulars.”

In examining the expressions of Plato, one does not seem to be able to find any special system. A mind which had so long recognized the fallacies of thinkers might not perhaps but doubt its own accuracy. "Plato," says Cicero, "affirms nothing; but, after producing many arguments, and examining a question on every side, leaves it undetermined." Cicero, however, Hegel would say, could not comprehend Plato, because of not knowing what constitutes philosophy.

"After having read every one of Plato's Dialogues," says Mr. George Henry Lewes,* "an excessively wearisome labor, and done my best to arrive at a distinct understanding of their purpose, I come to the conclusion that he never systematized his thoughts, but allowed free play to skepticism, taking opposite sides in every debate, because he had no steady conviction to guide him; unsaying to-day what he said yesterday, satisfied to show the weakness of an opponent. Mr. Grote, who accepts the Epistles as genuine, relies on their declaration that the highest principles of philosophy could not be set forth in writing so as to be intelligible to ordinary minds; only a few could apprehend them, and they only through an illumination kindled by multiplied debate and much mental effort. I have never written anything on these subjects; there neither is, nor shall there ever be, any treatise of Plato." The opinions called by the name of Plato are those of Socrates in his days of youthful vigor and glory. The opinions called by the name of Plato are opinions dramatically put forth as dialectical displays. Certain it

* History of Philosophy.

is that nowhere, in his own name, does he express opinions, nor did he ever compose a treatise.

“Was this reserve,” queries Mr. Lewes, “owing to philosophical incompetence? Did he withhold a system because in truth he had no system to produce? It seems to me that he taught nothing decisively, because, like many other active skeptical intellects, he was afraid of committing himself. And, like many others, he concealed his own vacillation by assuming a native incompetence in the public. Plato was not wanting in dogmatic impulse, but he was unable patiently to think out a system; and the vacillating lights which shifted constantly before him, the very skepticism which gave such a dramatic flexibility to his genius, made him aware that any affirmation he could make was liable to be perplexed by cross-lights or would admit of unanswerable objections. It is not, however, to be affirmed of this that it was intellectual weakness; perhaps rather was it intellectual strength which determined his reserve. At any rate, it was philosophical incompetence. Partly owing to his acuteness, and partly to his skepticism, he could nowhere find firm ground and solid material. The guesses of to-day were likely to be rejected for the guesses of to-morrow; and, in the absence of any positive criterion, philosophy could only proceed upon guesses. A man of narrower or more impassioned intellect would have resolutely seized on some of the cardinal notions with which Plato dallied, and, like Plotinus, would have built a system of them. An intellect of greater organizing power—like Aristotle—would have settled a few premises once for all, and from them deduced a scheme

of the universe. But Plato was essentially a dialectician. His intellect delighted in the play of ideas. At a time when schemes of the universe were so easy, and when proof was rarely demanded, he could content himself with no scheme, because he felt clearly that proof was needed and saw that he had none to furnish. Add to this the native dramatic disposition of his mind, and a certain emotional susceptibility which made him peculiarly liable to what may be called the mythic mirage, and we may understand how he was indisposed to scientific clearness. Tradition, theology, and poetry were always struggling in his mind with dialectics."

Plato, then, we are to view as an evolutionist. Let us see how he thought ; for, having from him no system, we are only thus to know him.

Everything, says Plato, esteemed by us as real is, in truth, the unreal ; that which is deemed the unreal is alone the real. The real, as man calls it, is phenomenal ; but the true real is idea. Matter is the copy of the idea. Thus also thought the philosophers who preceded Plato ; that is, all believed that in all things were combined matter and form. But the evolution of Plato consisted in recognizing the entity entirely independent of the matter.

"According to the Platonic sense, adopted by Kant and Cousin, ideas are as it were the essence and matter of our intelligence. They are not, as such, a product or result of intelligence. They are its primitive elements, and at the same time the immediate object of its activity. They are the primary anticipations which the mind brings to all its cognitions, the principles and laws by which it conceives of beings and things. The

mind does not create ideas, it creates by means of ideas.”

“Suppose,” says Plato, “a man in a dark cave, entirely ignorant of the external world, having a bright light shining behind him, while between him and the light there continually passes a procession of men, animals, trees, etc. The moving shadows of these things would be projected on the wall of the cavern, and the man would suppose that the shadows were realities.”*

* Another illustration we may take from the “Republic.”

“Idea is the essence or reality of a thing. For instance, there is a multiplicity of beds and tables.

“Certainly.

“But these two kinds are comprised, one under the idea of a bed, and the other under the idea of a table?

“Without doubt.

“And we say that the carpenter who makes one of these articles makes the bed or the table according to the idea he has of each. For he does not make the idea itself. That is impossible.

“Truly, that is impossible.

“Well, now, what name shall we bestow on the workman whom I am now going to name?

“What workman?

“Him who makes what all the other workmen make separately.

“You speak of a powerful man.

“Patience! You will admire him still more. This workman has not only the talent of making all the works of art, but also all the works of nature, plants, animals, everything else,—in a word, himself. He makes the heaven, the earth, the gods, everything in heaven, earth, or hell.

“You speak of a wonderful workman, truly.

“You seem to doubt me. But tell me, do you think there is no such workman? or do you think that in one sense any one could do all this, but in another no one could? Could you not yourself succeed in a certain way?

“In what way?

“It is not difficult; it is often done, and in a short time. Take a

Passing to the "Timæus," we find types—ideas—made pre-existent to this great workman, God creating the world from types, as from types are created by man the things of this world.

With Mr. Lewes, the author has also read the Dialogues of Plato; but not with Mr. Lewes is it to be agreed that the reading is a wearisome labor. Quite the reverse. It is as the exhilaration of mountain air; it is being raised out of the littleness and meanness of every-day living into the atmosphere of the higher something. Yet, for all, is there ever present the conviction that it is Socrates we associate with, and not Plato; not because that in character Socrates is made the oracle, but the rather because of what, by some inexpressible internal knowledge, we seem to know of Socrates. In other words, what is Plato seems to be

mirror and turn it round on all sides. In an instant you will have made the sun and stars, the earth, yourself, the animals and plants, works of art, and all we mentioned.

"Yes, the images, the appearances, but not the real things.

"Very well; you comprehend my opinion. The painter is a workman of this class, is he not?

"Certainly.

"You will tell me that he makes nothing real, although he makes a bed in a certain way?"

"Yes; but it is only an appearance, an image.

"And the carpenter: did you not allow that the bed which he made was not the idea which we call the essence of the bed, the real bed, but only a certain bed?"

"I said so, indeed.

"If, then, he does not make the idea of the bed, he makes nothing real, but only something which represents that which really exists. And, if any one maintains that the carpenter's work has a real existence, he will be in error."

Socrates confused,—Plato (shall we say?) put into the place of Protagoras.

As an expression of an outlook of certain of the pre-Christian philosophers, mention may be made particularly of the “*Phædo*,” one of the dialogues of Plato, *i.e.* the conversation of Socrates with Cebes and Simmias on the immortality of the soul, which conversation occurs on the day of the death of the philosopher. Neither to the reader nor to Plato would it, however, be just to garble so grand a work by offering it in extracts. It is only to be received in the whole, not one word being taken from, neither one added to, it. “Philosophy,” the work begins by asserting, “is nothing else than a preparation for and meditation on death. Death and philosophy have this in common: death separates the soul from the body, philosophy draws off the mind from bodily things to the contemplation of truth and virtue; for he is not a true philosopher who is led away by bodily pleasures, since the senses are the sources of ignorance and all evil. The mind, therefore, is entirely occupied in meditating on death and in freeing itself as much as possible from the body. How, then, can such a man be afraid of death? He who grieves at the approach of death cannot be a true lover of wisdom, but is a lover of his body. And, indeed, most men are temperate through intemperance; that is to say, they abstain from some pleasures that they may the more easily and permanently enjoy others. They embrace a shadow of virtue, not virtue itself, since they estimate the value of all things by the pleasure they afford; whereas the philosopher purifies his mind from all such

things, and pursues virtue and wisdom for their own sakes."*

He who would see the views of Plato epitomized will find no better author than Diogenes Laertius. We epitomize this epitome. Plato affirmed that the soul was immortal, and clothed successively in many bodies, and he defined it as an abstract idea of spirit diffused in every direction. He said also that it was threefold and self-moving; for that that part of it which was capable of reasoning was situated in the head, that portion which was affected by passion was seated around the heart, and that which was appetitive was placed around the navel and the liver; and that it is placed in the middle of the body, and embraces it at the same time in all its parts; and that it consists of elements.

Two primary causes or principles of things are there, God and matter, which are to be esteemed the mind and cause. Matter is something without shape and without limitation; from it all concretions arise; it moved about at random until it was brought by God into one settled place. Nature is divided into four elements, fire, water, air, and earth.

Moreover, the world is one, and has been produced, since it has been made by God in such manner as to be an object of sensation; it is illimitable, because the model after which it was made was one; and it is spherical, because its creator was of that form; for it also contains all other animals, and God who made it comprises all forms. The world is imperishable, because it cannot be resolved into God; and God is the cause

* Introduction to the "Phædo," Cary's translation.

of universal production, because it is the nature of the good to be productive of good ; and the best is the cause of the production of heaven ; for the best of all productions can have no other cause than the best of all intelligible existences. And since God is of that character, and since heaven resembles the best, inasmuch as it is at least the most beautiful of all things, it cannot be like anything else that is produced, except God.

Of fire, water, air, and earth, is the world composed : of fire, in order that it may be visible ; of earth, in order that it may be firm ; of water and air, that it may not be destitute of proportion. In short, the world is formed of all the elements together, in order that it may be perfect and imperishable.

Time is the image of eternity ; eternity subsists forever ; but the motion of the heaven is time ; for day and night, and the months, and all such divisions, are parts of time, on which account there could be no such thing as time apart from the nature of the world ; for time existed contemporaneously and simultaneously with the world.

On the subject of good and evil, these were his sentiments : that the end was to become like God ; and that virtue was sufficient of herself for happiness, but, nevertheless, required the advantages of the body as instruments to work with ; such as health, strength, the integrity of the senses, and things of that kind.

Justice is a kind of a law of God, and is of influence sufficient to excite men to act justly, in order to avoid suffering punishment as malefactors after death.

Of goods, some have their place in the mind, some

in the body, and some are wholly external. As, for instance, justice, and prudence, and manly courage, and temperance, and qualities of that sort, exist in the soul. Beauty, and a good constitution, and health, and strength, exist in the body. But friends, and the prosperity of one's country, and wealth, are external goods.

There are three species of friendship. One kind is natural; another is that which arises from companionship; and the third is that which is produced by ties of hospitality.

Of justice, there are three species. For there is one kind which is conversant with the gods; a second which has reference to men; and a third which concerns the dead. For they who sacrifice according to the laws, and who pay due respect to the temples, are manifestly pious to the gods. And those who repay what has been lent to them, and restore what has been deposited with them, act justly as to men. And those who pay due respect to the tombs clearly are pious to the dead.

In the same way there are three kinds of knowledge. There is one kind which is practical, a second which is productive, a third which is theoretical.

Of law there are two divisions. For there is a written and an unwritten law. As, for instance, for a man to come naked into the market-place, or to wear women's clothes, are actions which are not prohibited by any law; and yet we never do them, because they are forbidden by the unwritten law.

Happiness is divided into five parts. For one part is wisdom in council; another is a healthy condition of the sensations and general health of body; a third is good fortune in one's affairs; a fourth kind is good

reputation among men ; a fifth is abundance of riches and of all those things which are useful in life. Now, wisdom in council arises from good instruction, and from a person having experience of many things. A healthy condition of the sensations depends on the limbs of the body ; as, for instance, when one sees with one's eyes, and hears with one's ears, and smells with one's nose, and feels with one's body, just what one ought to see, and hear, and smell, and feel. Such a condition as this is a healthy condition. And good fortune is when a man does rightly and successfully what a good and energetic man ought to do. And good reputation is when a man is well spoken of. And abundance of riches is when a man has such a sufficiency of everything to the uses of life that he is able to benefit his friends, and to discharge all public obligations in a splendid and liberal manner. And the man who has all these different parts of happiness is a perfectly happy man. So that happiness is made up of wisdom in council, a good condition of the sensations and health of body, good fortune, reputation, riches.

Passing from the conclusions of Plato, we come naturally to think of him in calling whom the Stagyrte the Thracians honored their country.

“ There, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat, fixed in thought, the mighty Stagyrte.”

No dramatist is Aristotle. “ No Prodicus, Protagoras, and Hippias are found lounging upon their couches amidst groups of admiring pupils. We have no walks along the walls of the city, no readings beside the Ilis-

sus, no lively symposia giving occasion to high discourses about love, no Critias recalling the stories he had heard in the days of his youth, before he became a tyrant, of ancient and glorious republics,—above all, no Socrates forming a centre to those various groups. In their place, however, have we precision, philosophical dignity, and richness and variety of dialogue.”* “Compensation,” says Hegel, “in that we read a philosopher who has penetrated into the whole universe of things and subjected its scattered wealth to intelligence; to him—Vorarbeiter—the greater number of the philosophical sciences owe their origin and distinction.” “A philosopher,” affirms Dr. Thomas, “who, if considered with respect to the intellect alone, may be considered, perhaps, the most remarkable man that ever lived.”

Aristotle, son of Nicomachus, physician to Amyntas, King of Thrace, was born in Greece, B.C. 384, and, although being a physicist in contradistinction to the metaphysicist, is to be esteemed as the successor of Plato, whose pupil he was. Philosophy with Plato lacked, to an extent, universal application; it was Hellenic. With Aristotle it was encyclopedic: therefore has he come to be recognized and acknowledged as the father of many sciences, which, from bud and blossom, to-day exist in fruition. To logic indeed, of which he was the founder, it is commonly considered that the most astute succeeding him have been able to add little or nothing.

Losing his father at the dangerous age of seventeen,

* Maurice.

and withal coming into possession of much means, it might be inferred that his great desire to pass from Stagira to Athens lay not in the desire for mental but rather for bodily enjoyment. That this, however, was not the case seems to be the almost united conviction of his biographers ; albeit hints enough to the contrary abound.

Arriving at Athens, Aristotle was to endure the disappointment of finding Plato a wanderer in foreign lands, and thus for the time was blasted his great hope of being admitted to the charms of the Academy. Not despondent, however, a course of preliminary studies was arranged and most enthusiastically followed, and here was commenced the collection of that great library of authors by which he shows in his own writings familiarity with all work done by his predecessors, and by which, indeed, through the many quotations and references, is preserved very much that would else have been lost.

As the pupil of Plato, Aristotle first grows into public knowledge : a student so indefatigable is he in the labor and zest for information that the master names him "Teacher," and, in comparing him with a fellow-pupil of note, Xenocrates, speaks of them as a span of horses differing in the requirements of management, that whereas the latter demands the spur, the former makes the bit necessary.

First a pupil, Aristotle soon passes to the closer communion of friendship with Plato, and this relation continues for the long period of twenty years ; these years, as we understand, being spent in the friendly discussion of differences in views ; such differences being a natural

result of the—in many respects—dissimilar mental natures of the two masters ; the one, as has been remarked, being much of a physicist, the other having little inclination in such direction,—a misfortune which, in debate, allowing most plainly to be seen and felt the mastery of Aristotle, has given rise undoubtedly to many stories adverse, to say the least of it, to that exhibition of deference and gratitude which is ever to be shown by the taught to the teacher. “A friend,” says Aristotle, “is one soul in two bodies. A friend is one’s self. How may one then treat a friend but as himself, seeing that he is himself?” Advancing development it was, suggests Lewes, not less than the decidedly scientific basis impressed upon his studies, which caused Aristotle to take up independent position with respect to Plato. One matter is certainly to be received and recognized : the logician who inducts from a knowledge of physics must always exhibit mastery over him who uses alone the means of the metaphysician. This power is felt more markedly in the present age than ever before, seeing that the advanced education of the mass of the people enables them to understand and appreciate data and premises. “It is our duty,” says Aristotle, in his “Ethics,” “to slay our own flesh and blood where the cause of truth is at stake, especially as we are philosophers ; loving both, it is our sacred duty to give the preference to truth.”

Quitting Athens upon the death of Plato, we find Aristotle removed, in company with Xenocrates, to Atarneus, whither he had gone, on invitation of Hermias the ruler,—a former pupil,—to frame a political constitution : a purpose defeated by the death of the

tyrant, which results in his fleeing to Mitylene, carrying with him the daughter of Hermias, whom he afterwards marries. At Mitylene he receives from Philip of Macedon offers for the education of Alexander, an office which he accepts and fills with such satisfaction as to elicit in after-years from the great conqueror the expression "that no less than his own father did he honor Aristotle, for if to the one he owed his life, to the other he owed that which made life valuable." As a contribution to the cause of science it is said that Alexander presented to his teacher the sum of eight hundred talents,—nearly one million of dollars,—an amount, however, which has undoubtedly been overstated, as, on the showing of Schneider, the whole taxes of the empire would not have supplied the sum.

After again teaching in Athens, in the shady walks of the peripatos of the Lyceum, gaining thus for his students the name of Peripatetics, we find him, on the death of Alexander, a fugitive in Eubœa, accused of disloyalty to the state, of blasphemy, and of paying divine honors to mortals. Here, in Chalcis, he publishes a defense; but, mortified and depressed, his health, always delicate, gives way, and in a short time we find him sinking before his anxieties. He died in the sixty-third year of his age, B.C. 322.

What did Aristotle think of the world in which he lived?—of himself?—and of the origin of things?

Physics comprise the greater portion of the writings of the philosopher. Of the beginning—the origin—he makes no difficulty. "Matter," said he, "is,

always has been, and will be. Vitalized matter has an end, yet is the end but the beginning of a new end; end is form, and the absolute form is spirit." If here we rightly comprehend Aristotle, then we are to pronounce Mr. Darwin an Aristotelian. Man is a development, the highest expression of nature's efforts. "Nature, in a strict sense,—the scene of elemental working,—represents to us a constant and progressive transition of the elementary to the vegetative, and of the vegetative to the animal world. The lowest step is occupied by the inanimate bodies of nature, which are simple products of the elements mingling themselves together, and have their entelechy only in the determinate combinations of those elements, but whose energy consists only in striving after a fitting place in the universe, and in resting there, so far as they reach it unhindered. But now such a mere external entelechy is not possessed by the living bodies; within them dwells—as organizing principles—a motion by which they attain to actuality, and which, as a preserving activity, develops in them towards a perfected organization. In a word, they have a soul, for a soul is the entelechy of an organic body. In plants we find the soul working only as persevering and nourishing energy; the plant has no other function than to nourish itself and to propagate its kind. Among animals—where we find a progress according to the mode of their reproduction—the soul appears as sensitive. Animals have sense, and are capable of locomotion. Lastly, the human soul is, at the same time, nutritive, sensitive, and cognitive. Man, as the end of all nature, embraces in himself the different steps of development

in which the life of nature is exhibited. The division of the faculties of the soul must therefore be necessarily regulated according to the division of living creatures. As the nutritive faculty is alone the property of vegetables, and sensation of animals, while to the more perfect animals locomotion also belongs, so are these three activities also development steps of the human soul, the antecedent being the necessary condition of, and presupposed in time by, the subsequent ; while the soul itself is nothing other than the union of these different activities of an organic body in one common end, as the entelechy of the organic body. The fourth step, thought, or reason, which, added to the three others, constitutes the peculiarity of the human soul, forms alone an exception from the general law. It is not a simple product of the lower faculties of the soul ; it does not stand related to them simply as a higher stage of development, nor simply as the soul to the body, as the end to the instrument, as actuality to possibility, as form to matter. But as pure intellectual activity, it completes itself without any mediation of a bodily organ ; as the reason comes into the body from without, so is it separable from the body, and therefore has it no inner connection with the bodily functions, but is something wholly foreign in nature. True, there exists a connection between thought and sensation, for while the sensations are outwardly divided, according to the different objects of sense, yet internally they meet in one centre, as a common sense. Here they become changed into images and representations, which again become transmuted into thoughts, and so it might seem as if thought were only the result of

the sensation, as if intelligence were passively determined.”*

In reading this epitome of Aristotelian thought, one may not fail to recognize that here begins what has been termed modern philosophy, here lie the germs of Cabanis, of Maudsley, of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and Darwin; and here is it seen that the moderns ring changes only on the suggestions of the ancient master.

Markedly inductive—evolutional—is Aristotle. Denying and discarding the *Idea* of Plato, he derives his first premise of a thing, or matter, from a number—deemed sufficient—of corresponding experiences. “Science,” he affirmed, “began when from a great number of experiences one general conception might be formed which is embrative of all similar cases.” If, he says, you know that a certain remedy has cured Callias of a certain disease, and that the same remedy has produced the same effect on Socrates, and on several persons, that is experience; but to know that a certain remedy will cure all persons attacked with that disease is art; for experience is the knowledge of individual things, art is that of universals. “Experience furnishes the principles of every science. Thus astronomy is grounded on observation; for if we were properly to observe the celestial phenomena, we might demonstrate the laws which regulate them. The same applies to other sciences. If we omit nothing that observation can afford us respecting phenomena, we could easily furnish the demonstration of all that admits of being demonstrated,

*Schwegler.

and illustrate that which is not susceptible of demonstration."

Aristotle caught the life, and the truth, of nature : that is, if the life and truth as known to this century are the true expressions. Scientists of to-day are all Aristotelians, and verily would it seem that present investigations are alone left to be made through the too often faulty premises of the Stagyrice : a view of Aristotle which fully indorses the wide commendation of the learned Dr. Thomas as to his being the greatest mind of the world.

With a novel and profound conception of scientific method, this philosopher could not effectually carry out his own schemes, because, as has been remarked, "his age would not provide him sufficiently with experiences and generalizations. With Aristotle, experience was the basis of all science ; with Plato, reason was the basis. Hence the latter, having as his foundation the '*Idea*,' interrogated nature from a single premise. The former—after the manner of a physicist—might only seek to recognize and prove such *Idea* as an induction arrived at from self-evident facts."

Premise is, however, a necessity of the inductionist. Without a datum, solid and irrefutable, he may not justly induce : only may he guess. Thus in false premises alone do we find weakness in Aristotle ; possessed of the data of the present time, no one would, perhaps, have been his peer. That Aristotle himself understood how, on many points, he must be incomplete, no one so well as himself detected ; thus ever was he found maintaining that "completeness of knowledge is only obtainable through completeness of experience,"

and if he deduced in syllogisms, the weaknesses of his propositions were not always unfelt by him.

In his relation to theology, Aristotle is thus briefly and happily epitomized by Professor Hodge, of Princeton :—"He believed the world to be eternal both in matter and form. It is, and there is no reason to doubt that it always has been and will be. He admitted the existence of mind in man, and, therefore, assumed that there is an infinite intelligence, of which reason in man is a manifestation. But this infinite intelligence, which he calls God, was pure intelligence, destitute of power and of will ; neither the creator nor the framer of the world ; unconscious, indeed, that the world exists, as it is occupied exclusively in thought of which it is itself the object. The world and God are co-eternal ; and yet, in a certain sense, God is the cause of the world. As a magnet acts on matter, or as the mere presence of a friend stirs the mind, so God unconsciously operates on matter, and awakens its dormant powers. As the universe is a cosmos, an ordered system, and as innumerable organized beings, vegetable and animal, exist in the world, Aristotle assumed that there are 'forms' inherent in matter, which determine the nature of all such organizations. This is very much what, in modern language, would be called 'vital force,' vitality, 'vis formativa,' 'Bildungs-trieb,' or Agassiz's 'immaterial principle,' which is different in every distinct species, and which constitutes the difference between one species and another. The soul is the 'forma' of the man. It is the principle that gives form, motion, and development to the body, the entelecheia of it ; *i.e.*, that substance which

only manifests itself in the body which is formed and penetrated by it, and continues energizing in it as the principle of life, determining and mastering matter. Thus the body is nothing of itself; it is what it is only through the soul, the nature and being of which it expresses; to which it stands in the relation of a medium in which the object, the soul, is realized; and so it cannot be imagined without the body, nor the body without it; one must be produced contemporaneously with the other. Of course there can be no immortality of the soul. As no plant is immortal; as the vital principle does not exist separately from the plant, so the soul has no existence separate from the body. The two begin and end together. The really human in the soul, that which has come into being, must also pass away, the understanding even; only the divine reason is immortal; but, as the memory belongs to the sensitive soul, and individual thought depends on the understanding or passive nous only, all self-consciousness must cease with death. Thus, then, Aristotle's doctrine of the soul shows that his defect, as well as that of Plato, and indeed of all antiquity, was his imperfect acquaintance with the idea of personality. His God is not a really personal one, or is only an imperfect personality. The nous, or reason, allows souls, with their bodies, to sink back into nothingness, from which they severally issued. It alone exists on, ever the same and unalterable; for it is no other than the divine nous in individual existence, the divine intelligence enlightening the night of human understanding, and must be conceived just as much the prime mover of human discursive thought and knowledge, as of his will."

In the conclusions of Aristotle are to be found influences felt by all succeeding ages; here is the fountain from which drank Epicurus and the Epicureans; here had origin the oft-quoted French saying, "Death is an eternal sleep;" here gleaned also Spinoza, "the soul of a man is the breath given the race by God; being itself the life, the essence of God. Man is in God, God is in man. Man is a common instrument, an expression." Water is ever destroyed, ever revived; yet water is forever the self-same water. Matter is always the same, yet but for a moment of one form. Spirit, "the vital force," is common to all organisms, changing with every molecular movement from one to another,—immortal, yet in every correlation mortal. The Ego is a common *I am*—the expression is nothing;—let water be a fresh creation to every new form, and water would overflow space; let spirit be a continuous evolution, and the world would shake to pieces from the surcharge. What immensity might contain souls forever in process of formation?

Most imposing and impressive are the Aristotelian deductions; and by legions are to be counted the followers of the sage. Yet, may we not,—from insufficiency of learning,—find ourselves able to refute the deductions, we are at least able to satisfy ourselves that in the Thracian we may not rest.

Syllogistic verification was the manner of Aristotle; and where premises are irrefutable, syllogistic reasoning is to be accepted; but where data are deficient or absent, syllogism amounts to nothing. We offer an Aristotelian demonstration that a black bird is a crow:

" All crows are black birds ;
This bird is black :
Ergo, this bird is a crow."

A fallacy of the philosopher in physics, based on insufficient knowledge, we may point out. Through the vessels of the body, taught the Stagyrte, flow two agents, blood and spirit,—the one being the nutritional element, the other the "life." Air, or rather the universal ether, it was, we recall, which Heraclitus pronounced to be the universal life; in a sense, this was what Aristotle accepted as the spirit. Let us see here the germ of a truth—a thing true, yet false—deceptive, yet, when understood in its fullness, fully reliable; and let us further see how even so great a teacher unwittingly deceives both himself and his followers.

Through the sanguineous vessels of the animal body flow, not two fluids, but two expressions of a common fluid. These we call, and know, as the venous and the arterial blood: the first is that condition of the fluid in which, having parted with its oxygen, and accepted, in return, effete carbonaceous material, it is thus rendered incapable of supporting combustion, and consequently life; the second is arterial or oxygenated blood, and is that which Aristotle pronounced spirit. The difference then between the spirit and the blood, as inferred by the sage, is plainly exhibited and demonstrated by the observations of modern physiologists. Two features of circulation exist: these are known as the systemic and the pulmonic. Commencing at the periphery, we trace a system of vessels, which, carrying the blood heartward, is found to contain a fluid, dark, sluggish, and

lacking, as has been suggested, in all the elements of nutrition and combustion. With such an expression of the blood alone in the body, life might not be maintained. Commencing with the left auricle of the heart, we discover a series of vessels, known as arteries, which dissection exhibits as ramifying throughout every portion of the animal frame, terminating in what are known as capillaries, the other extremity of which capillaries designates the commencement of the veins,—the system which we have just viewed. In the arteries is found a fluid scarlet in color, leaping with pulsatile energy, stimulating nutritional life, and supplying the demand. Such a difference in this fluid, Aristotle, like the modern physiologist, observed; but, unlike the physiologist, he lacked data for comprehending it. The true distinction is, however, an easily understood matter. Venous blood is blood which has parted with the oxygen gas carried by it, and with much of what nutritional material it conveyed; in place of these, it has become impregnated with the effete débris of the capillaries, and with a destructive gas, the production of that decomposition which is the sequence of animal reconstruction. Blood in this state carries, as is seen, the elements, not of life, but of death. Venous blood, when, in the round of its circulation, it comes to the lungs, gives out to the air circulating in these organs the carbonic acid gas carried, thus becoming relieved of the offensive material. This same fluid it is, however, which in a moment more we are to recognize as arterial blood,—as the “*spirit*” of Aristotle. How and wherefore the change? This we are to understand by appreciating the requirements. Protoplasm is demanded;

for plasma is the nutritional principle. Oxygen is a necessity; for this gas is the element of combustion.

Food, eaten, passes to the stomach; this organ is to be described as a muscular bag, possessing the automatic power to keep in a state of constant motion the pabulum received, and also, through the agency of a secreted solvent, to liquefy it, to convert it into a bland smooth fluid, known as chyme. Thus digested, chyme passes to a second stomach,—the duodenum, as it is termed; here, again subjected to the vito-chemical influences of the secretions of the liver and pancreas, it is made into chyle, or, as we might more expressively term it, into protoplasm, into the element of nutrition, into that which is to replace the used-up and thrown-out,—that which, in the form of carbonic acid gas, was given by the venous blood to the atmosphere. But how does this protoplasm, which is in the alimentary canal, get into the blood? If one should take hold of a portion of the tube of this canal,—for, as is known now to every school-boy, it is a coiled tube, some six times the length of the body,—and should drag this tube from its place, he would perceive that it had myriad attachments in the shape of delicate secondary tubes running from it, to centre finally in a common tube, which, as the tracing led upward, would be found to associate with the venous system of the neck. If now, with physiological intent, he should incise any of these tubes, he would find the contents agreeing closely with those of the alimentary canal, thus having irrefutably demonstrated the nature and the origin of protoplasm. But whence the second element,—the oxygen? If, continuing the examination,

the protoplasm which has been poured among and mingled with the venous blood be followed, it will be seen,—with this blood,—to be dropped immediately into the right auricle of the heart; this cavity, contracting, throws the fluid into the right ventricle, while in turn this sac, resistive of its presence, ejects it into the vessels of the lungs. Here occurs the entrance of the “*æther*” of Heraclitus, the “*spirit*” of Aristotle. The carbonic acid gas of the blood now in contact with the air, having greater affinity for this substance than for the blood with which it is mingled, leaves the one to pass to the other; while the oxygen of the atmosphere, on the contrary, having stronger affinity for the elements of the blood, separates itself from the nitrogen with which, as respirable air, it is in combination, and passes to its new office. The blood has now become what is known as the *arterial* fluid, and passing, in the continuous round of the circulation, to the left auricle, which we found to be the commencement of the arterial distribution, it is, through the contraction of this sac and its neighboring ventricle, cast with its fresh *spirit* to every thirsting, hungry capillary of the system.

Does it here suggest itself that life, after all, is but a series of natural phenomena, and that oxygen gas is—criticise Aristotle as we may—in truth the spirit of life?

Truly is life nothing but a series of phenomena explainable in the laws of nature; and oxygen gas may not be denied to be, in a sense, the spirit. But oxygen gas is to the animal what it is to the coal lying inert in the furnace of the engine. We do not deem the flame to be the wonderful strength brought into existence; for, should we maintain this, we are shown that such

strength is powerless without the steam, and that this in turn is helpless without agents for its direction.

Yet may some Quæstor still here find himself in confusion. "The soul," he might cry,—“what of the soul? What might not Aristotle deduce of the Ego?” Spirit and matter, will he have to recognize, are without individuality,—as man views the individual. "Body and spirit," must he say, "I may not claim; mine is not mine! And, alas! growing knowledge brings with it doubt if even I may call this soul my own!"

But here might some Cosmos answer, and say, "You are committing, Quæstor, the error of drawing deductions from premises not applicable; repeating,—as wider outlook must show,—an Aristotelian fallacy. Yet arguing from the premises of physical science, and the data possessed, you would undeniably and irrefutably—as it would seem—be not censurable in doubting your soul to be your own, rather than a thing of common property,—as are common matter and spirit; but a refutation is found in a higher premise, namely, in that voice of truth which has never yet been belied, and which is beyond science and logic, being a possession of the unlearned, as well as of the learned; of the veriest heathen, as of the most enlightened Christian,—the prepossessions, as philosophically we would describe and call such knowledge; instinct, as we speak of such wisdom when referring to brutes."

All animals, wherever they are, and whatever they may be, are born with certain instincts, which are necessities of existence; instincts so highly developed in directions which knowledge may not strengthen, as to be all-sufficient for the direction of life. As an

illustration, view the bird avoiding the poisoned berry, albeit it is the brightest and the most odorous; the duck, unfledged and scarcely freed from its shell, seeking that water so carefully avoided by the chicken hatched under the same down; the poisoned dog, passing to the antidote with an instinct more reliable to save than the skill of the pharmacist. Such instinct it is which teaches man of his soul, and advises every human tongue to utter prayer in a time of trouble. Who but asks for succor in his need? and who to crave such help needs teaching? The infant in its first cry tells its dependence; the old man with his last gasp begs a support and assistance which he finds not in himself. Wherefore this instinct? wherefore this unity in dependence? It differs not from that which directs the brute and the bird; and who but recognizes that it is here truth? As, then, it does not here deceive, how can it be doubted by that knowledge which it so infinitely transcends?

QUÆSTOR.—You open to me escape from doubt. Instinct I must see to be a high and true guide; and yet I may not but as well recognize that certain of the instincts (let us example the animal passions of man) require much the guidance of reason, that they may not run entirely away with, and destroy, the possessor.

COSMOS.—You say indeed right, and in this it is seen that nature pays deference to the soul, and acknowledges its residence in the human body, and infers it to have more or less influence in the management. Truly were it sad should this not be the case, for herein is the single, simple difference between man and the brute: the man possesses a double guide,—the necessity of his

complicated relations ; the brute, having but a single line of associations, finds in the one his sufficiency. Overlook not that it is of instinct alone we speak. Does the brute debase itself, or does the bird seek to use its wings in the water, the fish to fly, or the seal to run a race ? Make not further mistake in considering what might be termed confused instinct ; instinct modified by education. The brute knoweth the laws of its nature ; the natural man moves alone that lid of his eye which directs his vision and his thoughts upward.

QUÆSTOR.—I must yet contend that instinct seems not the highest instruction, for I may not but perceive its leadings to be various.

COSMOS.—Various, but always right.

QUÆSTOR.—It seems the instinct of the savage to be a cannibal : is this to be esteemed true guidance ?

COSMOS.—Quite as true as that which leads the carnivora to flesh. Who of us but shall shudder at the fate of the lamb borne in the talons of the vulture ? or who but finds his eyes fill with pitying tears as he watches the frightened crouching rabbit which seeks to drag its form through the bars caging a hungry lion ? It seems horrible ; it looks merciless. Yet can it only be so to one who has decided that in himself is greater fullness of conception than lies in that which evolves the higher from the lower. Death is not death,—death is life ; and the lamb, converted into a bird, soars where the monarch of the forest might not venture. Of the pang of the change—no trace remains. In lightning, the savage sees but the wrath of his God ; in electricity, learning recognizes a God's good gift purifying a poisoned atmosphere to man's salvation.

QUÆSTOR.—What is, then, is right.

COSMOS.—So I accept and most religiously believe. The true experience is the common experience ; and what the generations find—and have found—is the light in which men do best to walk.

QUÆSTOR.—But we advance.

COSMOS.—Yes. This is the wonderful law of evolution,—the law of growing ; a law which shall compel some future generation to look back at this present one as gropers in darkness, pitying not less us than in our turn have we pity for him who eats the flesh of his brother.

QUÆSTOR.—Ah, we are specks in immensity.

COSMOS.—Truly, truly ; and we may set up no special law for ourselves. Man's highest attainment lies in appreciating and conforming to the common law.

QUÆSTOR.—I feel like one thrust out into a cold, bleak space.

COSMOS.—That is to say, that, because you surmise you cannot be the central something of nature's care, you would creep away, feeling yourself deserted,—a helpless prey to the vulture,—a toothsome morsel to the hungry lion.

QUÆSTOR.—Something very like this is my feeling.

COSMOS.—Let us then hasten forward ; for in this same law of evolution, and in this law alone, may we find consolation.

After Aristotle, Christ,—not in direct descent, but in influence on the world, accepted by that intelligence which is law, by that experience and judgment in which alone we safely walk.

The scholar, passing in review the thinkers and

thinking which precede Christ, finds the universal search to be after a primal,—the “One” (shall we say?) of Pythagoras, in which exist all numbers; the “Universal” of Heraclitus; the “Æther” of Anaximenes; the “Moisture” of Thales; the “Idea” of Plato. In the universal consciousness of mankind existed, as to-day exists, the conviction, the “Instinct,” of an underlying foundational something; of a “Noumenon;” of that of which the phenomena of the world are the expressions. To comprehend and to ungarb this noumenon, to expose and to bring to sight this something, have men ever thought and toiled, advanced and fallen back; each worker, however, drawing the veil somewhat more from before the light, giving to the pathway of his fellows increase of brightness.

Man, teaches Christ, is a phenomenon,—an expression of the noumenon. This, in principle, taught also other philosophers; but, teaches Christ, the expression is the state of sonship. The noumenon is God; God is the Father, Creator, and equally the Preserver.

Imprimis, the doctrine taught by Christ meets fully the wants of man. This is so promptly responded to by the common experience, that the doctrine gathers force with every day, and has the response of an almost universal acceptance.

Our review of the world's thoughts began with the Ionic philosopher Thales. This was before Christ 636 years. Ancient philosophy we ended with Aristotle, before Christ 384 years. This includes a period of just 252 years. This period we will enlarge by referring, for a second time, to the thinkers intervening between

Aristotle and Christ. Concerning these periods we have already somewhat informed ourselves. We have witnessed absence of fixedness, universal unrest, common and persistent doubt, and deductions confused and dispelled by growing light.

In the immediately post-Aristotelian period we find the expression of exhaustion,—the exhaustion of the energy of investigation. Men, even in the immediate time of the philosopher, outgrew his conclusions, yet felt themselves powerless for loftier or truer flight. Thus baffled and confused, indifference grew apace, and soon the age rested in the void of skepticism,—or, to speak more philosophically, in the conclusions of Pyrrhonism.

Pyrrho, a native of Elis, born B.C. 380, a cotemporary of Aristotle,—cotemporaneous certainly with the immediate influences of his writings,—a student of the philosophy of Democritus, by which he had been led to doubt, is represented as a man full himself of knowledge, of guilelessness, and of gentleness. Standing in the period of philosophical influence, he might not better be expressed than in the language of Hume. “The writings of the authors, being full and solid, tempt and carry me which way almost they will. He that I am reading seems always to have the most force; and I find that every one in turn has reason, though they contradict one another.” In such a frame of mind Pyrrho may justly be imagined to have been when the excitement of the occasion and an indifference to the ordinary pursuits of life prompted him to join the expedition of Alexander in the invasion of India. And here, away in a strange land, surrounded by new

thoughts and new influences, finding faith, fixedness, and a happy contentment in philosophy aside from that of Greece, he might not longer believe in a peculiar truthfulness in his own, but the rather perceive and accept of a "*universal*," which existed apart from creeds and from professions. Timon the Greek poet, Epicurus, and Zeno represent phases of Pyrrhonism; these, with their followers, being skeptics.

Philosophy, suggested Pyrrho, may be of consequence to mankind only as it is able to add to his happiness in living. Whatever, therefore, shall increase such happiness is to be accepted as philosophy. But neither in our senses nor in learning can exist true philosophy, for in neither of these may we find either verification of truth or refutation of falsehood. All objective knowledge is impossible: therefore, philosophy consists in having no opinion either of noumenon or of phenomenon, and in withholding, on every occasion and on every matter, positive assertion. Let your language be, "*It may be so;*" "*Perhaps;*" "*Such as it is possible;*" "*I assert nothing, not even that I assert nothing.*" In such negation the skeptics thought to attain to indifference, this being with them a synonym of happiness. Death, says the skeptic, is nothing different from life; health and sickness are the same: ergo, it is the same to be sick as to be well, to be dead as to be alive. He, therefore, who attains to skepticism, lives ever in tranquillity and happiness, for, recognizing that what man has inferred amounts to nothing, and judging that nothing of truer wisdom is to come of the future, it is for him to rest in peace and in quiet, making the best of that which he finds surrounding him.

In no writer do we find a more satisfactory epitome of skepticism than in Sextus Empiricus :

“There is no criterion of truth. Plato had propounded his ‘ideal’ theory. Aristotle refuted it by proving it to be purely subjective. But then the theory of demonstration, which Aristotle placed in its stead, was not that equally subjective? What was this boasted logic but the systematic arrangement of ideas obtained originally through sense? According to Aristotle, knowledge could only be a knowledge of phenomena; although he too wished to make out a science of causes. And what are phenomena? Phenomena are the appearances of things. But where exists the criterion of the truth of these appearances? How are we to ascertain the exactitude of the accordance of these appearances with the things of which they are appearances? We know full well that things appear to us differently at different times; appear differently to different individuals; appear differently to different animals. Are any of these appearances true? if so, which are? and how do we know which are true? Moreover, reflect on this: we have five senses, each of which reveals to us a different quality in the object: thus, an apple is presented to us; we see it, smell it, feel it, taste it, hear it bitten; and the sight, smell, taste, feeling, and sound, are five different appearances,—five different appearances under which we perceive the thing; if we had three senses more, the thing would have three qualities more, it would present three more appearances; if we had three senses less, the thing would have three qualities less. Are these qualities wholly and entirely dependent on our

senses, or do they really appertain to the thing? and do they all appertain to it, or only some of them? The differences of the impressions made on different people seem to prove that the qualities of things are dependent on the senses: these differences at any rate show that things do not present one uniform series of appearances. All we can say with truth is, that things appear to us in such and such manner. That we have sensation is true; but we cannot say that our sensations are true images of the things; that the apple we have is brilliant, round, odorous, and sweet, may be very true, if we mean that it appears such to our senses; but to keener or duller vision, scent, tact, and taste, it may be dull, rugged, offensive, and insipid.”*

“Amidst this confusion of sensuous impressions, philosophers pretend to distinguish the true from the false: they assert that reason is the criterion; reason distinguishes. Plato and Aristotle are herein agreed. Very well, reply the skeptics, reason is your criterion. But what proof have you that this criterion itself distinguishes truly? You must not return to sense; that has already been given up; you must rely upon reason; and we ask you what proof have you that your reason never errs? What proof have you that it is ever correct? A criterion is wanted for your criterion; and so on *ad infinitum*.”

Associated with the school of Pyrrho, to the extent of remaining skeptics, arose a sect calling themselves, in contradistinction to the old, the New Academicians. This school, established by Arcesiláus, a pupil of Aris-

* Lewes: History of Philosophy.

tote, possessed at least one positive over the universal negation of the Pyrrhonists, inasmuch as they held to the declaration that "all things are incomprehensible." Carneades, one prominent in this school, being thought a fit ambassador to represent Athens at Rome, so attracted the inhabitants of the Stoic city as constantly to be surrounded by crowds fascinated with his subtlety and eloquence. Before Galba, before Cato the Censor, "he harangued with marvelous unction in praise of justice; and the hard brow of the grim Stoic softened, an approving smile played over those thin firm lips. But the next day the brilliant orator undertook to exhibit the uncertainty of all human knowledge; and, as a proof, he refuted all the arguments with which the day before he had supported justice. He spoke against justice as convincingly as he had spoken for it. The brow of Cato darkened again, and, with a keen instinct of the dangers of such ingenuity operating upon the Roman youth, he persuaded the Senate to send back the philosopher to his country."*

All things, affirmed Arcesilaus, are incomprehensible. On the contrary, declared the Stoics, there is an assent of the mind which recognizes the true and rejects the false,—the common-sense perceptions of things. "Wherein, then," queries Arcesilaus, "is the difference between the assent of a wise man and the assent of a madman?"

Well put, may we think, and doubt may arise as to the acceptance of that Philosopher's Stone which affirms "the true experience to be in the common

* Thirlwall.

experience.”* But Arcesilaus overlooked the important fact that individual experience is not the common experience—though of it. In a dry season, he who gathers hay prays for continuance of the dryness; he, on the contrary, who mows not, craves rain: in the need of neither lies the common want, for what is an expression of good to the one is deemed of evil by the other. Law, to the infringer, is an avenger, inasmuch as it circumvents and baffles ill designs; to the good man, —living in peace and in the desire of peace,—it is the ægis of his liberty and well-being. The law of the common experience is the law of a universal recognition of a good; it is a thing of growth, although its announcement may be of a speed that attends the planting of an acorn which yet only after many years comes to be seen as the oak-tree.

The question of the post-Aristotelian period seemed to resolve itself into the “truthfulness of man’s knowledge,” Zeno and his followers contending, as has been suggested, for the existence of a criterion for such knowledge, the New Academicians denying that such a criterion might exist. In what, asked the new school, may a criterion exist? It cannot reside in reason, for reason is but the resultant of perception and conception; effect may not be deemed correspondent with, and explanative of, cause, for effects come to be recognized simply as illustrations made by the senses, and these are influenced, not by fixed laws, but by individual peculiarities. In the noise of thunder and in

* Referring to “The Philosopher’s Stone” in the author’s “Odd Hours of a Physician.”

the glare of the lightning does the man of full natural senses perceive the existence of electrical disturbances; he who is deficient in the sense of hearing knows the noumenon alone in the glare; he who is sightless perceives only the sound. A seventh sense—did man possess it—might readily be conceived as compelling some entirely different impression. Reason and sense, then, are in themselves capable of explaining nothing: consequently man, possessing alone such criterion, knows nothing, and is, from the very nature of his construction, incapable of knowing anything. Things are to us as our senses recognize them, and such perceptions are, perhaps, enough for man's wants; but, what things are in reality, man has no means of comprehending.

Here, in few phrases, are to be comprehended the doctrines of the New Academy. Such a school might amount to nothing; for from nothing may not *something* come. Man might not, however, rest; for although every ground upon which, for the moment, he had placed the foundation of his hopes and of his faith, had in time, quagmire-like, sunk under him, yet went there out the common anticipation of a something more solid and fast yet to be found. It might but be, however, that under the influence of such well-founded skepticism Greek philosophy should die. Man followed, or thought he followed, a false light, and in loathing turned from that which excited now but his contempt: hence do we come to understand the dim obscurity into which, for a thousand years, fell the writings of even an Aristotle: indeed, even might these years be called two thousand, for in modern objectivism

—materialism—is alone to be found—in truth—the resurrection of the Stagyrte.

Grecian philosophy dead, we are to find the thinking world alone in casting widely for the thinkers. From Athens, observation may lead us to Alexandria: here flourished, coexistent with the rise of Christianity, a number of world-impressing thinkers, who, discarding philosophy in an outlook for a something more satisfactory, yet termed themselves, or were termed, Neo-platonists. Among the eminent and yet remembered of this school may be mentioned Philo, Plotinus, Porphyry, and Proclus.

To think otherwise than empirically, is, perhaps, impossible; for howsoever new any one thing or idea may seem, yet scrutiny seldom shall fail to exhibit the new impression as an evolution; so the Neo-platonists are seen to have origin—unconscious origin, may it be termed—in Plato and in Aristotle. There is, said the Neo-platonist, a world; the world is an emanation. Human souls are an emanation, all that is felt and seen and known are emanations,—emanations from that which is the sum of the all,—the abstract Ego: in this All are all things, to this All go all things.*

The Neo-platonists were what is to be termed mystics. Mysticism is happily defined by Fleming† “as that which despairs of the regular progress of science; it believes that we may attain directly, without the aid of the senses or reason, and by an immediate intuition, the real and absolute principle of all truth, God. It finds God either in nature, and hence a physical and

* Compare with Spinozism.

† See Vocabulary of Philosophy.

naturalistic mysticism; or in the soul, and hence a moral and metaphysical mysticism. It has also its historical views, and in history it considers especially that which represents mysticism in full and under its most regular form,—that is, religions; and it is not to the letter of religions, but to their spirit, that it clings.”

Philo, a Jew who lived in Alexandria at the time of the birth of Christ, may be advanced as the type of the Neoplatonists proper; Proclus, rather as the pure Alexandrian,—the man of faith,—the undoubting pantheist.

Philo, Oriental in his nature, Greek in his education, might not but find the bent of his inclination influenced to great extent by the thoughts of the Athenians which he had come to know. Upon what is called reason he recognized he might not depend; for Carneades had shown not only Cato and Rome, but Alexandria also, that reason was not truth. With Plato, he felt that a pre-existent ideal must exist, but yet might not, with Socrates, grasp the separability of objective existence. “God,” said Philo, “is ineffable, is incomprehensible: his existence may be known; his nature can never be known. To know that God exists is in itself the knowledge of his being one, perfect, simple, and without attribute. This knowledge is implied in the simple knowledge of his existence: he cannot be otherwise if he exist at all. But to know this is not to know in what consists his perfection. We cannot penetrate with our glance the mystery of his essence. We can only believe.”*

* “About the beginning of the Christian era, a Jew was teaching in Alexandria, who, while he retained the profoundest reverence for the divine oracles of his country, acknowledged the Indian gymnosophist,

God being thus, in himself, according to Philo, incomprehensible, it becomes necessary, that man may

the Greek philosopher, the Egyptian symbolizer, as having received wisdom from the Source of Wisdom, as having been led, so far as they were led, out of the pursuit of visible and sensible things, by one who is seeking to bring man's spirit into communion with himself. . . . He speaks of the lover and pursuer of wisdom as the spiritual or divine man, who has quitted the downward path and is seeking his proper object. But the seeker of wisdom is also the seeker of God. Wisdom is not an aggregate of conclusions; it is not the human soul, it is not a something diffused through all things: it is the I AM who spoke to Moses in the bush,—the INSTRUCTOR and INSPIRER of all the prophets,—He who gave the law on Sinai. Philo confessed, as any Jew must, an Absolute Being; one dwelling in light which no man hath seen or can see. How such a Being should converse with man, how there could be sympathy between him and a creature, was the wonder of the Hebrew psalmist and prophet. But he believed while he wondered. Philo saw that such an intercourse was as much implied in all the Hebrew records, as much implied in the nature of God himself, as his self-existence and self-concentration. The two truths could not be reconciled in a theory. A Divine Word, a Logos, speaking to the mind and spirit which was opened to hear the voice, Philo thought, the reconciliation. Such a speaker he traced in all the most obvious and minute expressions of the divine book, in all the steps of the Hebrew philosophy. It is this principle worked out through all the Scripture narratives, which constitutes the peculiarity of Philo's writings. This is his philosophy or theosophy. On this ground he can contemplate with interest the Brahminical aspirations after absorption in the Divine essence; the struggles of men to know the divine, the beautiful, the good; their eagerness to escape from sensual defilements and *the prison-house of the body; their sense of moral obligations; their mythological or natural allegories. The path of sensuality and darkness is that which most men tread; a few have been led along the upward path; a few in all countries and in all generations have been wisdom-seekers, or seekers of God; they have been so because the divine word or wisdom has looked upon them, choosing them for the knowledge and service of himself."—*Maurice's Reading of Philo*. See his Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.

know him, that an interpreter exist. This interpreter lies in the "word." This "word" expressing the thought of God, and existing in the double signification of idea (the "ideal" of Plato), and, as expressed by Lewes, of "thought," becomes the world. Thus, with Philo, is there first, God,—the God, God in the ideal,—the Son; then the son of the son, the result of the ideal,—the world.

Philo, understood, seems to be another John the Baptist crying in the wilderness.

Plotinus and Proclus differ from Philo alone in being men of simpler natures, possessing more of faith and less of speculative habit: this would seem to be a common opinion.

"Plotinus," says Hallam, "had he come a century later, would, instead of a heathen philosopher, have been one of the first names among the saints of the church." That, however, either this sage or Proclus is to be esteemed of less learning than Philo is not to be admitted. Longinus esteemed Plotinus over all the philosophers of his day; while Proclus seemed to have possessed himself of that knowledge which allowed him to succeed Syrianus as the head of the Neoplatonists. "All philosophical rays," says M. Cousin, "which emanated from Pythagoras, from Plato, and from Aristotle, found concentration in Proclus. But both Plotinus and Proclus were eminently religious; inborn in them was a faith in a common father and in a common religion. 'Faith,' says Proclus, 'is above all science.' Mercury, the messenger of Jove, reveals to us Jove's paternal will, and thus teaches us science, and, as the author of all investigation, transmits to us,

his disciples, the genius of invention. The science which descends into the soul from above is more perfect than any science obtained by investigation; that which is excited in us by other men is far less perfect. Invention is the energy of the soul. The science which descends from above fills the soul with the influence of higher causes. The gods announce it to us by their presence and by illuminations, and discover to us the order of the universe. The mind, might Proclus have said, is the Claude Lorrain glass in which is to be seen the world."

A likeness between Proclus and Socrates is oftentimes noticed: the difference, however, is happily presented in the rendition of the Delphian inscription, "Know thyself." "Socrates interpreted this inscription as an exhortation to psychological and ethical study. He looked inward, and there discovered certain truths which skepticism could not darken; and he discoursed on justice and on injustice, on things holy and on things unholy. Know thyself, says Proclus, that you may know the essence from whose source you are derived. Know the divinity that is within you, that you may know the divine one of which your soul is but a ray. Know your own mind, and you will have the key to all knowledge."

The character of the stand-point of Plotinus, Proclus, and their followers is recognized in their relation to Platonism, mysticism, and pantheism. With Plato they acknowledged a science of universals: no one thing was, in itself, persistent; the sensible world was but an expression of the ideal, and this, in turn, was but an expression, or mode of existence, of God.

In their character of mystics, however, do we find the most to attract and interest us in the Alexandrian school, science falling into the arms of faith. The mystics affirmed the identity of subject and object: to know a thing, they said, one must be of that thing. Man may know of objects, therefore is he himself objective; he may know of the ideal, therefore is he a part of the ideal. If, said Plotinus, knowledge is the same as the thing known, the finite as finite can never know the infinite, because it can never be the infinite. To attempt, therefore, to know the infinite by reason, is futile: it can only be known in immediate presence. Soul is of the body, though not the body; the infinite resides in the finite. In ecstasy the infinite may divest itself of its personality, and thus mingle with and know the infinite in its personality as well as in its extension. In ecstasy the soul contemplates existence, and perceives itself to be of that which it contemplates: to be able then to know God, and to know ourselves of God, is to take advantage of transitory glimpses, to be caught alone in the state of ecstasy. Ecstasy comes of music, of beauty, of prayer, and of meditation. "Everything which purifies the soul and makes it resemble its primal simplicity is capable of conducting it to ecstasy. Some souls are ravished with beauty, and these belong to the muses; others are ravished with unity and proportion, and these are philosophers; others are more struck with moral perfection, and these are the pious and ardent souls who live only in religion."

The doctrine of ecstasy is seen not to have confined itself to the direct period of the Neo-platonists; it has lived to be, in a modified sense, a doctrine of to-day;

it has proved its truthfulness in an acceptation by the indorsement of the common experience, for even the present intelligence recognizes not less than did the Alexandrians that the abnegation of the sensual and the cultivation of the sensuous lead out of the finite towards the infinite.

But Neo-platonism had origin almost coincident with the birth of Christ: as developed the new teachers, so developed Christianity; the law of the lower was to come in combat with the doctrines of the higher. To-day the student of ancient lore knows alone of Philo and of Plotinus; but to-day all civilization knows of and accepts Christ. Christ and Christianity are, then, of truer import to the wants of mankind than was all which had preceded. From Thales to Neo-platonism was a period of six hundred years, and in this interim we have seen in the continuous changes the universal unrest attendant on the absence of that which man might recognize as truth suited to his requirements. He accepted, for the time, each truer and higher development as it came, but in none did he find the needs of his life supplied; he saw, and felt, and lived in the good, as he received it, yet craved ever more satisfying good; the seed as yet given developed not into that fruit which might satisfy fully the hunger felt. From Christ are all the generations of the succeeding centuries: what a wonderful philosophy, that man, after eighteen hundred years, should continue to find every requirement, both of body and of soul, supplied, and that the craving for higher truth has passed from him! In the true experience of an acceptance by the common experience, Christ and Christianity may only be accepted

as the brightest light shining to-day on earth for the guidance of man; and he who walks not in this light is a fool, by the provings of all that has gone before. We will not call Christianity religion, as that term is ordinarily employed. We have just here nothing to do with the doctrines but as a system for man's guidance.

The world to-day is thinking; all mankind are as seeds of thought; but every seed finds its pabulum in the aphorisms of Christ: in what ether may man soar higher, in what soil may he delve deeper, in what expanse find greater latitude? In Christ do the learned rest; in him the man of simple faith finds refuge; here is the light of to-day, a light which has eclipsed all other lights; a light increasing year by year and age by age, as men grow into perception of its brightness.

What is this wonderful philosophy? It is a philosophy which deals with the every-day and with the all-time wants of man, whether these be natural, moral, or spiritual. Speculation it explains in the widest sense, yet spares details, that thus forever may be reserved to man interest in inquiry.

And here, with true ability to comprehend, we come back to materialism, to modern positivism.

To say, however, modern positivism, is a misnomer. Positive thought is certainly traceable to Ionic philosophy,—traceable, may it be said with wider truth, to man in his origin; for to all men has come the question of the meaning of things, and in inquiring into such meaning has man found never-cloying entertainment.

Let us, however, that we may understand modern thought,—with which, unfortunately, as the result of man's ignorance, so much skepticism has come to be interwoven,—begin a very limited review with the thirteenth century.

Standing here prominently forth, himself a barrier to the common tide, arose Roger Bacon, “a man strangely compounded of almost prophetic gleams of the future course of science and the best principles of an inductive philosophy,” and yet possessed, as Hallam terms it, “with more than usual credulity in the superstitions of his time.” No, not possessed with credulity was this great thinker: possessed rather of larger acumen than many who have succeeded him, he recognized much of the oneness of truth as it was to be seen in its many guises, and even more did he recognize of the fallibility of human knowledge. “What man knows,” exclaims this sage, “is little and worthless in respect to that which he may believe without knowing, and still less in respect of that which he does not know. Mad is he who thinks much of his wisdom; maddest he who exhibits it as something marvelous.”

Standing forth in opposition to that scholasticism to which reference has been made, Roger Bacon affirmed the weakness of the age—as reference was had to advance in knowledge—to lie in four obstructions. “1st, the influence of fragile and unworthy authority; 2d, custom; 3d, the imperfection of the undisciplined senses; 4th, the concealment of our ignorance by ostentation of our seeming wisdom.” “All wisdom,” he affirmed, “is to be found in the Scriptures; but it is *philosophy alone* that may bring forth this truth.”

A science, affirmed this savant, which shall be a *prima philosophia* must consist of and embrace all the laws of nature which are fixed and universal: questions in physics are not to be solved by reason, but in the law of the thing discussed. In every science we must follow the best method; and that is to study each part in its due order, placing that first which is properly at the commencement, the easy before the difficult, the general before the particular, the simple before the complex. And the exposition must be demonstration. This is impossible without experiment. We have three means of knowledge,—authority, reasoning, and experiment. Authority has no value unless its reason be shown; it does not teach, it only calls for assent. In reasoning we commonly distinguish a sophism from a demonstration by verifying the conclusion through experiment. Experimental science is the mistress of the speculative sciences, and has three great prerogatives. First, she tests and verifies the conclusions of other sciences; secondly, she discovers, in the notions which other sciences deal with, magnificent results to which these sciences are incompetent; thirdly, she investigates the secrets of nature by her own powers.

Bacon revives the treasures of Aristotle: the *ideal* invited him only through the *real*. He recognized the objective, and felt that through this went the pathway leading to the subjective.* Grammar and mathematics

* "If there are beings," said Aristotle, "who live in the depths of the earth, in dwellings adorned with sculpture and paintings, with everything that we call beautiful, and could these beings, never having heard of the existence of the gods, rise through the open fissures of the land, and could they gaze upon the sun giving forth light and

went farther with him than did texts and sentences. His nature sought demonstration, and his learning was sufficient to satisfy him that nothing demanded special revelation, for faith was inimical to demonstration ; and so greatly esteemed was this erudition that through it came to be applied to him the title of the "Admirable Doctor."

If evolution be in any way allied with inspiration, surely might we deem this man selected as an instrument. Living in an age when the Pope and the church were the accepted infallible guides, himself a mendicant Franciscan friar, denied not only the right to express independent opinions, but even more, the right to hold any, surrounded by ignorant and intolerant bigots ever on the watch for heresy, it is not strange that we find his writings condemned by his brother churchmen and himself immured ten weary years in the confinement of a prison, and not strange that his immediate influence upon his age should be so little comprehended by the periods intervening between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, his works preserved in manuscript finding no publisher until 1773, and not, indeed, to any extent until even so short a time as twenty-five years back.

But, if Bacon did not in himself much for the upspringing of science and the relieving of the human mind from the shackles of too cumbrous traditions, he struck heavily the wedge that now so widely sepa-

life, upon the moon casting over earth streams of silvery mellowness upon the stars holding the endless course marked out for them from the beginning, surely they would exclaim, 'There are gods, and these great things are the works of their hands.' "

rates bigotry from true religion; he has in his way allied physics with theology, the things made with the maker.

“Bacon,” says one of his biographers,* “impresses me as being above all men surprised, perhaps overwhelmed, with the mysteries of nature. To dispose of them under heads, as a learned Dominican would have done, could not satisfy him. There was a teeming inexhaustible life in nature and natural things, a productive power, which he must come directly in contact with, which he could not be content to learn at second hand from Aristotle or from any one else.”

In Bacon do we also see well demonstrated that conflict with prejudices which seems to come to all pioneers. That which to-day is the commendation of experimenters brought to Bacon little but opprobrium: that a man should expend two thousand pounds—considering the value of money in his day—in experiments in the laboratory, seemed to his fellows incredible, unless with an object not allied with moral or proper things. “What could it be for? Most astonishing processes of nature he spoke of,—processes which laughed the doings of the ordinary conjurer to scorn. But he spoke not only of processes in nature. He declared and proved that, having a knowledge of these, he could exercise the strangest power over nature. He seemed not to be able to measure the range of human power. He told of arts which might be tremendous to mankind if there was not the greatest care and self-restraint in the use of them. Who could tell that he had these? Was he not

* Maurice.

wandering into a new, untried region, the reports of which, if they might be trusted, showed that it was full of perils to the first explorer and to those who should venture to follow in his footsteps,—perhaps to the vast majority who could not follow him at all? What if he said he hated the magicians? Does not every one hate the rival whom he hopes to supersede? Might not this be a much more alarming kind of magic than any which had yet been practiced,—all the more dangerous because it assumed another name and put on the air of a religious investigation?”

Philosophy, asserts Roger Bacon, is a revelation from God, and is designed for the exposition of the Scripture; and, while the authority of the fathers is to be accepted, such acceptance is to rest not on tradition, but on the fact of truth. Revelation and reason are always to be found in harmony. “That which is false in philosophy cannot be true elsewhere.”

To epitomize Roger Bacon, it may be said that a review of his thoughts and of his works affords solid impressions that he was gifted to recognize, in the aspect of all that surrounded him, the footprints of the Creator, and that his wisdom led him to perceive that the secrets of the law, and of the Lawgiver himself, were to be exposed in the study of the material. Let us, however, see the Franciscan continued in the English lord chancellor.

Few things, in a review of thinkers, will tend to strike one more markedly than an affinity, extending not unfrequently to the use of terms, which exists between Roger and Francis Bacon, even although so many as three hundred and forty-seven years separate the periods

of their birth, and that it would seem improbable that the latter could have had access to the works of the former. That the Baron Verulam is esteemed infidel to the faith of the church, and has oftentimes had his heresy freely commented on, does not alter the likeness, or alter what further we may judge of the monk by the reading of the lord.* Indeed, the reading of these two men may not but force the impression that there is here a historical division of a common individual. Or, if one might so express himself, the friar is felt to be the "prodromus," the lord—in a sense—the "olla ferveat." And, further, such an impression, unwarrantable and ungenerous as it may seem, is but strengthened by a study of the manners and natures of the two individuals,—the one a begging Dominican, regardless of the world's honor and of man's applause, lost in the boundless fields of nature, and lost to himself, finding God no less in the crucibles of his laboratory than in that ether in which float myriad worlds, than in that law which directs the motions of these worlds; the other, aspiring, ambitious of honors which philosophy may only show as worthless; venal, and truckling to men of higher place than himself. Himself, however, a man of the world, we yield credit to Francis Bacon in affording to philosophy

* "Why," asked the king, James I., "have you excluded theology from your system?"

"If," replied Bacon, "I proceed to treat of it, I shall step out of the bark of human reason, and enter into the ship of the church, which is only able by the divine compass to rightly direct its course. Neither will the stars of philosophy, which have hitherto so nobly shone upon us, any longer supply their light: so that on this subject it will be well to keep silence."

its practical expression, in applying it to the every-day things of every-day life. "Ancient philosophy," as justly observed by Lord Macaulay, "rather disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than mere theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unnatural frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools regarded that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. Once, indeed, Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forgot himself as to enumerate among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an affront, and was taken up with proper spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments. Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads. The true philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the use of metals; she teaches us to be independent of all material substances, of all mechanical contrivances. . The wise man lives according to nature. The object of the lessons of philosophy is not to teach men how to use their hands, but how to form the soul."*

* "In my time," says Seneca, "there have been inventions of this sort,—transparent windows, tubes for diffusing warmth equally through

As a verifier of philosophy, or rather is it to be said with greater justice, as a verifier of the natural sciences, directing studies—heretofore subservient only to meditation and to soul-life—towards ends pertaining to the interests of every-day living, Lord Bacon must certainly be admitted to have utilized the positivism of the friar. Here, indeed, to our conception, stands the chancellor.*

a building, short-hand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker. But the invention of such drudgery is for the lowest slaves; philosophy lies deeper."

* "The difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction. It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the advantages of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises it above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study,—not that they may be able to buy and sell, not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or traveling merchants, but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essence of things. Bacon, on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists, and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers the whole exertion of which is required for purposes

In studying the doctrines of Bacon as found expounded in his works, particularly the “*Novum Or-*

of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave their trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions which may be of use in physical researches.

“The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic led him also to recommend the study of mathematics. The vulgar crowd of geometricians, he says, will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead men to the knowledge of the abstract, essential, eternal truth. Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power, on mathematical principle. Plato remonstrated with his friend, and declared that this was to degrade a noble, intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpenters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base uses of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.

“An even more practical expression of a difference between the two eras of philosophy may be presented in the language of the same reviewer concerning the matter of the study of medicine. To Plato, this science appeared one of very disputable advantage. He did not, indeed, object to quick cures for acute disorders or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease, which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine,—which encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy,—had no share in his esteem. A life prolonged by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die; and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of domestic

ganum," a book which contains the essentials of a larger volume, the "Instauratio Magna," we find the principle to lie in the inductive method,—a method so simple and comprehensible that, in spite of the assertion of Lord Macaulay, it is possible for "every man to be more or less of a philosopher." It is the method of a text of our volume. "We must hear the advice of many people, choose what is good in their counsels, and follow it; see much, and reflect maturely on what one has seen." "Logic," affirmed Lord Bacon, "has hitherto served more to the establishment of error than to the investigation of truth, and the penury of the sciences arises from their having broken away from their root in nature and experience." The radical reformation of the sciences depends upon two conditions,— "objectively," referring of science to experience and the philosophy of nature, and "subjectively," upon the purifying of the sense and the intellect from all abstract theories and traditional prejudices.

The Baconian apothegms—so freely quoted—have

affairs. That, however, is of little consequence. But they are incapable of study and speculation. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once.

"Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. In Plato's opinion, man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion, philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end, and that end was to increase the pleasures and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers."—*Review of Bacon's Works* (Basil Montagu's edition), by Lord Macaulay.

come to be associated in the minds of many with a profundity of thought and an acumen which incline readers to make preference for the good in this form. But Bacon, as a philosopher and scientist, is as simple as is all true thought simple. The lord chancellor alone it is who has been found obscure and complex. We may not express this more happily than in the words of the reviewer from whom a page back we quoted. "I have often thought," says the historian, "that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travelers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in smallpox, and that to a wise man diseases, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is mere *αποπροσηγμενον*. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself in devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel, with an inestimable cargo, has just gone down, and he is reduced to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats a whole chapter of Epictetus. The Baconian constructs a diving-bell,

goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck." Illustrations, is it to be suggested, are these of the difference between "a philosophy of thorns and a philosophy of fruit,—a philosophy of words and a philosophy of works."

But Bacon will not impress his reader as being a profound scientist: his sphere and position seem rather of "opulent-mindedness;" the science belongs to the friar; this distinctiveness forces itself always upon the student. The lord, with bird's-eye view, grasped the relation of things; the friar was content with the revelations of his laboratory. Under the first, as has been remarked by Mr. Lewes, men began to see that they were working nobly as well as usefully in limiting their researches to realities, foregoing the delusive hopes of metaphysics, proceeding cautiously and checking the native impatience of mind. And, because it may but thus be seen and felt that the one gave a method and the other an application, it would seem a necessity to recognize that in the two Bacons,—savant and philosopher,—and not in Comte, has modern positivism its true origin.

"Whence," asks Lord Bacon, "can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed clearly mark them as objects of precise and certain knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it therefore arises from no-

thing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods which have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.

“To attain to a knowledge of law is to pursue a course contrary to that which has been pursued. It requires that we should generalize slowly, going from particular things to those that are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal.” By such means we may hope to arrive at principles not vague and obscure, but luminous and well defined, such as nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge.*

* The “eidola” of the “*Novum Organum*” of Francis Bacon are of equal simplicity with the common manner of expression of this world-famous essay. “The idols,” says the chancellor, “which have, already occupied the human understanding and are deeply rooted in it, not only do beset men’s minds, that they become difficult of access but, even when access is obtained, will again meet and trouble us in the instauration of the sciences, unless mankind, when forewarned, guard themselves with all possible care against them.

“Four species of eidola beset the human mind; to which—for disfunction’s sake—we have assigned names; calling the first, idols of the tribe; the second, idols of the den; the third, idols of the market; the fourth, idols of the theatre.

“The formation of notions and axioms on the foundation of true induction is the only fitting remedy by which we can ward off and expel these idols. It is, however, of great service to point them out. For the doctrine of idols bears the same relation to the interpre-

A marked and extraordinary feature in the character of the man we consider may not but have much meaning to him who can analyze the possession. At fifteen, it is affirmed, the collegian had thought out his system. At twenty, when the flush of life and of passion is upon most men, Bacon wrote with the placidity of a sage. At twenty-six, when was produced his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," the most gorgeous sunset, so the neck of the most enchanting beauty, might not betray him into a style unbecoming gravest matters; and yet at fifty and at sixty, and even

tation of nature as that of confutation of sophisms does to common logic."

The eidola of the tribe are described as being inherent in human nature. "For man's sense," he asserts, "is falsely esteemed to be the standard of things; but, on the contrary, all the perceptions, both of the senses and of the mind, bear reference to man, and not to the universe, and the human mind resembles those uneven mirrors which impart their own properties to different objects from which rays are emitted, and distort and disfigure them."

The second eidola are those of the den; these are the prejudices and learnings of the particular individual. "Every man," says Lord Bacon, "has within himself an individual den or cavern, which intercepts and corrupts the light of nature; so that the spirit of a man—according to its several dispositions—is variable, confused, and, as it were, actuated by chance."

The eidola of the market are those "formed by reciprocal intercourse and society of man with man; from the commerce and association of men with each other. They are the influences of words and of manners and of expression. Words manifestly force the understanding, throw everything into confusion, and lead mankind into vain and innumerable controversies and fallacies."

The eidola of the theatre are those which have crept into men's minds from the various dogmas of peculiar systems of philosophy, and also from the perverted rules of demonstration.

in the midst of all the shame and depression which encompassed him in the later years of life, his style grew into fragrance and flowers, "and the tree which had borne and cast its fruit covered itself with blossoms."

Here we may pass with interest to one whose thoughts possess great attraction for all thinkers,—to the French sage Descartes, and to what is familiarly spoken of as the Cartesian system.

The true philosopher, assumes Descartes, having as his single aim the verification of things, may start only in that premise which refuses heed to tradition, to expressions of inspiration, to all and everything but to that one something which is to him an undeniable primal. Having this primal, from it may he understand and comprehend all things.*

"Seeing," he says, "that our sense sometimes deceives us, I am willing to suppose that this is not a solitary thing, such as they lead us to imagine; and, as men err in reasoning and fall into paralogism about

* "If science would have anything fixed and abiding, it must begin with the primal ground of things; every presupposition which we may have cherished from infancy must be abandoned; in a word, we must doubt at every point to which the least uncertainty is attached. We must, therefore, doubt not only the existence of the objects of sense, since the senses so frequently deceive, but also the truths of mathematics and geometry; for however evident the proposition may appear that two and three make five, or that the square has four sides, yet we cannot know but what God may have designedly formed us for erroneous judgments. It is therefore advisable to doubt everything, in fact to deny everything, to posit everything as false."—*Review of Descartes by Schwegler.*

the simplest things in geometry, I judged that I was as open here to mistake as others. I rejected as false all the reasons which I had formerly regarded as demonstrative; and in fine, noting that we may have in our sleep the very same intellectual impressions and convictions which we have when we are awake, and which yet are deceptive, I resolved to put my waking thoughts on the same level of uncertainty as my dreams.”*

What is called “rationalism” in contradistinction to empiricism, which is the designation of the philosophy of Bacon,—being that mode of thought which admits nothing *a priori*, allowing that only to be true which is verified by experience,†—is the philosophy of Descartes. Back of experience, says Descartes, is reason, for without reason experience is not. “There cannot,” says Sir G. C. Lewis, “be a body of rules without a rationale, and this rationale constitutes the science. There were poets before there were rules of poetical composition; but before Aristotle, or Horace, or Boileau, or Pope could write their Arts of Poetry and criticism, they had considered in their own minds

* Discourse of Method.

† “Among the Greek physicians, those who founded their practice on experience called themselves empirics; those who relied on theory, methodists; and those who held a middle course, dogmatists. The term empiricism became naturalized in England when the writings of Galen and other opponents of the empirics were in repute, and hence it was applied generally to any ignorant pretender to knowledge. It is now used to denote that kind of knowledge which is the result of experience. Aristotle applies the terms historical and empirical in the same sense. Historical knowledge is the knowledge that a thing is; philosophical knowledge is the knowledge of its cause, or why it is.”—*Krauth's Fleming*.

a theory of the art. In like manner, there were navigators before there was an art of navigation; but before the art of navigation could teach the methods of finding the ship's place by observation of the heavenly bodies, the science of astronomy must have explained the system of the world."

Thus, although Descartes was among the most devout of the devout sons of the church, would he discard revelation and all the truths of the Bible. A principle, he might be supposed to say, exists anterior to revelation; in this principle is man to find—if anywhere it is to be found—the proof of the truth of revelation and demonstration of his own relations.

René Descartes was born, of Breton parents, in a town of Touraine, in 1596. His mother, sick with disease of the lungs, to an extent which carried her off but a few days after the lying-in, it was but to be anticipated that the son should be of weakly constitution and but of little physique. To such extent was this anticipation realized, that in a sickly boy, who dragged himself along when his playfellows ran in the fullness of life, was it not easy to see the philosopher who so few years later was to astonish the thinking world with his "Meditations."

Educated by the Jesuits, in the college of La Flèche, where he was instructed in mathematics, physics, logic, rhetoric, and the ancient languages, he is affirmed as leaving his school on the completion of his course with the declaration "that he had alone learned how utterly ignorant he was, and that the various systems of philosophy deserved but contempt."

Uncertainty, if not, as pronounced by Mr. Lewes,

the disease of the epoch, was assuredly the dis-ease of Descartes. A criterion was felt to be needed, and the student could find in the systems of his day no such criterion. "Unable to discover firm ground in any of the prevalent systems; distracted by doubts; mistrusting the conclusions of his own understanding; mistrusting the evidences of his senses, he determined to make a *tabula rasa*, and reconstruct his knowledge. He resolved to examine the premises of every conclusion, and to believe nothing but upon the clearest evidence of reason: evidence so convincing that he could not by any effort refuse to assent to it.

In his philosophy, Descartes commences with a universal doubt. Nothing is to be accepted as a premise which stands not of and in itself irrefutable. First, he must doubt the existence of the external world, for this may be a phantasm. He must doubt the existence of God, for the idea of God may be a superstition. So he doubts of all things, until, by exclusion, he arrives at the principle of thinking. "In the very act," he says, "of wishing to think that all other things were false, it was impossible for me to doubt that I, who was thinking, was something; and remarking that this truth, 'I am thinking, therefore I am,' is so firm and sure that the wildest extravagances of the skeptic cannot overthrow it, I judged that I could, without scruple, lay it down as the primary principle (or foundation) of philosophy, for which I was seeking."

From this first principle follows necessarily that second which constitutes the premises of the Cartesian system; that is, "that which is included in the idea of anything is to be affirmed of that thing." This is

happily put by Professor Krauth in his "Class Notes :"
"I am doubting, therefore I am thinking ; I am thinking, therefore I am." "That," says Descartes, "cannot doubt which does not think, and that cannot think which does not exist. I doubt. I think. I exist." He affirmed thinking as contained in doubting, and existence as contained in thinking, and hence made the universal deduction that everything is to be affirmed that is thus embraced in the idea ; hence the soul, whose existence is necessarily involved in its thinking, is an entity, existing *per se* ; it is substance ; it is distinct from external things, and independent, inasmuch as, if these things did not exist, it would be, and would think. "I am a thinking thing (*res cogitans*), *i.e.* I am a mind (*mens*), or soul (*animus*), or intellect (*intellectus*), or reason (*ratio*). The thinking thing is a thing that doubts, understands, affirms, denies, desires, rejects, imagines, and perceives. The mind knows itself as subject to doubt, limited and imperfect. In this is involved that it has an idea of being, or a being not subject to doubt, not limited, not imperfect, hence of an absolutely perfect being. This idea cannot be the product of the soul itself, as it is an imperfect substance ; hence it is innate to it. This conception of innate ideas is one of the great determining ones in philosophy. But this idea in the soul could not be innate to it unless it were given by that Being himself who is absolutely perfect ; therefore a being absolutely perfect necessarily exists." There exists a God.*

* "It is somewhat curious, and, as an illustration of the frivolous verbal disputes of philosophers, not a little instructive, that the cele-

Consciousness, then, in the system of Descartes, is the basis of truth. Whatever,—asserts this system,—consciousness proclaims, must be true. “All clear ideas are true. The clear replies of consciousness will be science. Science, exact and clear, is truth.”

At this point we are prepared to see a Descartes able to demonstrate, in his premises, the existence of his God of the revelations. Having, in consciousness, found a basis, he needed but to seek a method of certitude; his start-point here was mathematics.* Who

brated ‘*Cogito, ergo sum*,’ should have been frequently attacked for its logical imperfection. It has been objected, from Gassendi downward, that to say ‘I think, therefore I am,’ is a begging of the question, since existence has to be proved identical with thought. Certainly, if Descartes had intended to prove his own existence by reasoning, he would have been guilty of the *petitio principii* Gassendi attributes to him, viz., that the major premise, ‘that which thinks exists,’ is assumed, not proved. What was his object? He has told us that it was to find a starting-point from which to reason,—to find an irreversible certainty. And where did he find this? In his own consciousness. Doubt as I may, I cannot doubt of my own existence, because my very doubts reveal to me a something which doubts. You may call this an assumption, if you will; I point out the fact as one above and beyond all logic; which logic can neither prove nor disprove; but which must always remain an irreversible certainty, and as such a fitting basis of philosophy.”—LEWES: *on the “Meditations.”*

* “The criterion of true knowledge is not to be looked for anywhere abroad without our own minds, neither in the heights above, nor in the depth beneath; but only in our knowledge and conceptions themselves. For the entity of all theoretical truth is nothing else but clear intelligibility, and whatever is clearly conceived is an entity and a truth; but that which is false, divine power itself cannot make it to be clearly and distinctly understood; because falsehood is a non-entity, and a clear conception is an entity; and omnipotence itself cannot make a non-entity to be an entity.”—CUDWORTH.

might doubt the certitude of this science? "The long chain of reasoning," he says, "all simple and easy, which geometers use to arrive at their most difficult demonstrations, suggested to me that all things which come within human knowledge must follow each other in a similar chain, and that, provided we abstain from admitting anything as true which is not so, and that we always preserve in them the order to deduce the one from the other, there can be none so remote to which we cannot finally attain, nor so obscure but that we may discover them."

As a fact, containing within itself its own proof, is the assertion that in every triangle exists the equality to two right angles. So exists, with like demonstration, a conception of the existence of *substance* and matter.

Substance, in this system, is the absolute; it is that which needs nothing apart from itself that it may exist. There may be one thing only independent of all other things. This one thing is that in which all other things live and have life. All things, save this one substance, are expressions of extension. This one thing is individual; it is the power which diffuses; it is that in which matter has action. That, then, which is the essence of life is, of necessity, the origin of life. The origin of life may exist only in that which is greater than life; this greater may alone be the God: *ergo*, God is self-proving.

As then in our consciousness, may the Cartesian system be quoted as affirming, we find the existence of substance and matter, so are we compelled to recognize in man a dualism of soul and body. Soul is thought, and is persistent; body pertains to the attributes of exten-

sion, and may, therefore, have but a mechanical relation with soul. The body is an automatic instrument, serving the conveniences and the requirements of the soul; this, and nothing more. A body receives no new attribute in its reception of a soul; a soul has no change effected in its nature through its entrance into a body. Body being matter, and matter having as its chief attribute extension, a body is in the state of continuous change. Soul, being thought, may have no changes produced in it by the changes of the body.

At such a point may Descartes introduce us to him who seems so immediately his successor, Spinoza, and through whom are we led the more fully to understand the French thinker.

Spinoza—he of whom it is so common to speak as of a man “God-intoxicated,” he who has been reviled as the worst of men, and on the contrary lauded as being but little lower than an angel—was a German Jew, born, of rich parentage, at Amsterdam in 1632. Possessed, through the liberality of his father, of extensive educational acquirements, he soon made himself celebrated for his knowledge of theological matters, which, however, did not seem sufficient to hold him attached to Judaism, as at quite an early period of life we find him discussing with the doctors of the synagogue the presumed fallacies of their doctrines, and as well we see him an ardent student of the Cartesian system.

Substance, affirmed Spinoza,—and this is the basis of his system,—is the sum of the all. Substance is “the cause of itself;” its being concludes existence in itself; substance is the positive; substance is nature;

substance is GOD. In Spinoza we find the fullest expression of pantheism. God is everything; everything is but an extension of God.* “By substance,” he says, “I understand that which exists in itself and is conceived *per se*,” in other words, the conception of which does not require the conception of anything else antecedent to it. “By God I understand the Being absolutely infinite, *i.e.*, the substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses an infinite and eternal essence.”

Two other substances besides the primal, created by the primal, are there, says Descartes, these being mind (thought) and body (matter). Soul and body, says the system of Spinoza, are attributes of a common substance,—are expressions of God. “By attribute I understand,” says Spinoza, “that which the mind perceives as constituting the very essence of substance.”

Comprehending the premise of Spinoza, the oneness of the material with the Theos is, in a moment, made evident; the soul of a man is God, yet not less so is the matter of the body; God is everything, everything is God.

* In no expression has any of the philosophers seemed less understood than in this word “substance,” used by Spinoza. A pity it was, and is, as forcibly suggests Mr. Lewes, that he had not used Greek instead of Latin, and called his substance *noumenon*,—ground of existence, “God is existence.” He alone truly exists. Whatever else may be conceived as existing, exists in and through him; it is a manifestation of his being. This is also the language of St. Paul, which is chosen by Spinoza as his epigraph: “In him we live, and move, and have our being.” Is it not curious to note, further suggests Mr. Lewes, how slight a verbal change will dispel the common charge of atheism, and show that, in denying the reality of the transitory world, Spinoza affirmed the reality of God as the one fountain of all life.

In studying Spinoza, the great and chief lesson to learn is, of the condition and nature of the law which governs life. Let him who would comprehend Spinoza, and who would not do him injustice, think of him solely as an expounder in law. Life is in law ; the law has in it no variation. Spinoza preaches to man God as the author of eternal, changeless, and inexorable law. "Let law be obeyed, and it is found man's minister ; let law be disobeyed, and it is found man's executioner." "Nor is God a deity to be bought off from his resolves by a price of any kind, even the sacrifice of that which is nearest and dearest, as the Jews of old conceived him ; nor by lip-service ; or even heart-felt repentance may not induce him to pardon sin, condone misdeed, and take the evil-doer into his favor." "God, verily, is no king or minister of state, who, at his arbitrary will and pleasure, remits the sentence of the righteous judge. God never forgives transgression, but exacts to the uttermost the penalties he has attached to every infraction of his eternal decrees. Abusing our natural power and appetites, or exposing ourselves to influences inimical to health, we fall sick ; taking poison, we die ; putting to sea in leaky and overladen ships, we are drowned."*

Few greater thinkers has the world produced than Spinoza ; few thinkers have been more reviled and more derided by the world. Simple in his nature and habits, to an extent scarcely to be appreciated in these modern days of luxury and expenditure, the lessons of his daily living, not less than of his philosophy, over-

* Introduction to Spinoza : Willis.

flow with suggestions. Abundance was not, to him, necessity; life was too full of enrapturing reflections to be wasted in the provision of corporeal superfluities; enough was enough, and enough was oftentimes found in the expenditure of threepence a day. A philosopher and gentleman, he was never intolerant of the opinions of others. A simple anecdote related by Colerus exhibits this aspect of his character.

His landlady, Madame Van den Spyck, aware that her lodger had great reputation for learning, took occasion one day to consult him upon the form of religion she professed, inquiring anxiously whether he thought it sufficient to secure her eternal happiness. "Your religion," he made answer, "is a good religion: you have no occasion to seek after another; neither need you doubt of your eternal welfare, as, along with your pious observances, you continue to lead a life of peace in charity with all."

A close study of Spinoza, particularly of his Ethics, must impress that in what is called *natural religion* few better guides are to be found. "Force," says he, "will coerce before love may be understood." The religion of Spinoza is a religion of force; of that force which is law. One may believe what he will, say what he pleases, but he is to keep out of the way of the on-rolling wheels of fate. No mercy have these, no discretion; he who lives in law lives in God; he who lives in law lives—in the highest sense—to the fullness of life.

* Spinoza, who is accused by Van Bleyenbergh of reducing man to the level of the elements, of denying the use of prayer, etc., thus answers:

"As intelligent beings we can submit ourselves, mind and body

“Ach, waren all Menschen wijs,
En wilden darby wel;
De Aard waar haar een Paradijs,
Nu is ze meest een Hel.”

without show of superstition, to God; and without denying that prayer may be extremely useful to us; for my understanding is too limited to take in all the means that God has provided whereby men may be brought to the love of him, in other words, to salvation. My opinions, therefore, are as remote as possible from everything pernicious. On the contrary, they indicate most plainly the only means by which they who are not possessed by prejudices and superstition may attain to the highest degree of blessedness.

“What you say about my making man so entirely dependent on God as to reduce him to the level of the elements and plants, shows clearly that you have most perversely misunderstood me, and that you confound things of the understanding with things of the imagination. Had you truly understood the meaning of the words, dependence on God, you would not assuredly have thought that things in their dependence are either dead or material merely, and imperfect. Who has ever dared to speak so unworthily of the most perfect of beings! You would, on the contrary, have seen that it is really and truly as things depend on God that they are perfect; so that we best comprehend this dependence, this necessary course of all in conformity with the eternal decrees of God, by giving our minds to the contemplation of the most comprehensible and perfect of created things, to the highest conceptions of the understanding, and not to the consideration of stocks and stones.

“I cannot refrain from expressing my especial surprise that you should ask, ‘If God punish not the sins of men, what should hinder me from committing all sorts of iniquities?’ Here you speak of God as a judge who inflicts punishment, and not of that which the sin or crime carries with it of itself. But the distinction here is the entire question between us. Certainly, he who abstains from wickedness through fear of punishment only—and I will not think of you in this wise—acts not from any feeling of love or sense of duty, and is anything but truly virtuous. For my own part, I repudiate such morality; I live, or strive to live, free from offense; to do otherwise were repugnant to my nature, and would make me feel estranged from the knowledge and love of God.”

“ Were all men only good and wise,
And willed but to do well,
This earth were then a Paradise,
As now 'tis 'most a hell.”

There is no philosophy, says Lessing, but that of Spinoza. “ He,” says Mr. Lewes, “ who accepts the verdict of the mind as not merely relative truth, but the perfect, the absolute truth, may only—humanly speaking—find refuge in Spinozism.” “ If,” says Dr. Willis, “ philosophy had its birth for modern times from Descartes,—as it had, it exerted its highest influence over European thought through Spinoza. . . . For to us Hegelianism, stripped of all that is extravagant and obscure, embraces little or nothing that is not discoverable in plain and easily comprehended terms in the Ethics of Spinoza.”

The Ethics of this great thinker are comprised in five books. These, starting with God, end with the discussion of human freedom, or the “ power of the intellect.” In the first, that treating of God, Spinoza commences with the following definitions:—

“ By its own cause I understand that the essence of which involves existence; or that which by its nature can only be conceived as existing.” “ The thing is said to be finite in its kind which may be limited by another thing of the same nature.” “ By SUBSTANCE I understand that which is self-comprised and is conceived of by and through itself alone; that is to say, substance is that the conception of which requires the conception of no other thing whence it has to be derived.” “ By ATTRIBUTE I mean that which the

understanding apprehends in substance as constituting its essence." "By *MODE* I understand an affection of substance, or that which is in something else, by which also it is apprehended." "By *GOD* I understand the *ABSOLUTELY INFINITE BEING*; in other words, God is substance constituted by an infinity of attributes, each of which expresses an eternal and infinite essence." "The thing is said to be free which exists by the sole necessity of its nature and is determined to action by itself alone." "By *ETERNITY* I understand existence itself,—very existence." "All that is is either in itself or in something other than itself." "That which cannot be conceived by another thing must be conceived by itself." "From a given determinate cause an effect necessarily follows; and, contrariwise, without a given determinate cause it is impossible that an effect can follow." "Knowledge of an effect depends on knowledge of a cause, and involves the same." "Things that have nothing in common cannot severally be understood by one another, or the conception of one does not involve the conception of the other." "A true idea must agree with its object." "Whatever can be thought of as non-existing does not, in its essence, involve existence." "Substance is prior in Nature to its affections." "To exist belongs to the nature of substance." "All substance is necessarily infinite." "By *body* I understand a mode which in a certain definite way expresses the essence of God, considered as an extended entity. To the *ESSENCE* of a particular thing appertains that which, abstracted, the thing necessarily ceases to be. In other words, the essence of a thing is that without which it cannot be conceived to be;

and, *vice versa*, that, which without, the thing neither is nor can be conceived as being."

To one not trained in thinking, the elaborate argumentation of Spinoza is not apt to be found entertaining; but to him who looks beyond the surface of a reading, every sentence is replete with suggestiveness which enraptures and elevates.

Let us, with what justice we may, try to epitomize this thinker as he lives and expresses himself in his dissertations "on God" and "on the Soul."

Substance, he affirms, is prior in nature to its affections. Two substances having different attributes have nothing in common with one another. Things that have nothing in common cannot be cause one of another. Two or more different things are distinguishable from each other either by diversity of the attributes of substances, or by diversity in the affections of these attributes. All that is, is either in itself or in something else; that is to say, there is nothing out of or beyond the understanding, except substances and their affections. There is, consequently, nothing out of the understanding by which individual things can be distinguished from each other except substances, or—and this comes to the same thing—their attributes and affections. To exist belongs to the nature of substance. All substance is necessarily infinite. Substance of attribute exists not save as one, and to exist belongs to its nature. It will, therefore, be in its nature to exist finitely or infinitely. Not finitely, however, for then would it have to be conceived as limited by another substance of the same nature, which would also have to exist necessarily, in which case there

would be two substances of the same attribute, which is absurd, as, in the nature of things, there cannot be two or more substances of the same nature or attribute.

As finity is, in truth, partial negation, and infinity absolute affirmation of existence of every kind, it follows that, as to exist belongs to the nature of substances, all substances must be infinite.

The absolutely infinite substance is invisible. The only substance that exists, or that can be conceived to exist, is God. Since God is the absolutely infinite being to whom no attribute which is, or which expresses the essence of substance, can be denied, did any substance other than God exist it would have to be interpreted by some attribute of God, and thus would two substances of the same attribute coexist, which is impossible. Wherefore, beside or beyond God no substance can exist or be conceived as existing. Now follows it clearly that God is sole or single; for, one absolutely infinite entity existing, anything different may not be, for one substance cannot be produced by another substance. It follows also that the extended thing and the thinking thing—thought and extension—are either attributes of God, or are modes or affections of the attributes of God, as all that is is either in itself or in something other than itself. Whatever, then, is, is in God, and nothing can be, neither can anything be conceived to be, without God.

Concerning individual things, it is to be affirmed that they are finite, and have a determinate existence. The essence of a man does not involve necessary existence; that is, it might as well happen in the order of

nature that this or that man existed as that he did not exist.

Man thinks.

Thought is an attribute of God, or God is a thinking entity. Individual thoughts, or this and that thought, are modes which express the nature of God in a certain and determinate manner. To God, therefore, belongs an attribute, the concept of which involves all particular thoughts,—the concept whereby these are all conceived. Thought, consequently, is one of the infinite attributes of God which expresses his infinite and eternal essence. The truth of this proposition appears also in that we can conceive an infinite thinking being. For the more a thinking entity can think, the more of reality or perfection do we conceive it to embrace. The entity, therefore, capable of thinking in infinite ways is necessarily infinite in virtue of its thoughts.

Of what is called the vulgar notion of God, our philosopher thus discourses :

Some persons feign to themselves an image of God consisting like man of a body and mind, and susceptible of passions. But how far these persons fail of the true knowledge must appear from our demonstrations. Body contains measurement, having quantity, length, breadth, thickness, and being bounded by definite outline. Now, nothing can be more absurd than a conception of this kind associated with God, the absolutely infinite being.

By the power of God the vulgar understand the free-will of God and his right over all things, which are therefore commonly considered as contingent. For they say that God has the power of destroying all things

and reducing them to nothing. Moreover, they very commonly compare the power of God with the power of an earthly potentate. But God acts by the same as that whereby he understands himself; that is to say, as from the necessity of the divine nature it follows that God understands himself, of the same necessity it follows that God enacts an infinity of things in an infinity of ways; that the power of God is his essence in act, so that it is even impossible for us to conceive of God not acting as it is to conceive of him not existing. The vulgar idea of God is not only human in its kind, which proves that God is always thought of as a man and as possessed of mere human faculties, but even involves imperfection and impotence.

In the definitions and propositions of the essay on Human Slavery, Spinoza thus opens his subject:

By GOOD I understand that which we know for certain to be useful to us.

By EVIL I understand that which we know for certain prevents us from enjoying something good.

The knowledge of good and evil is nothing more than an emotion of joy or sorrow, in so far as we are conscious of the same.

Every one by the law of his nature necessarily desires that which he deems good, and shuns that which he deems evil.

The more an individual seeks what is useful to him, that is, the more he strives and is able to conserve his state of being, the greater is the virtue with which he is endowed; and contrariwise, the more an individual neglects what is useful to him, the more incomplete is he in every way.

Spinoza, in his argumentation, is found to depend quite exclusively on definitions, propositions, and demonstrations; for example,

Proposition.—No virtue can be conceived prior to this, the self-preservative effort.

Demonstration.—The self-preservative effort is the very essence of a thing. Were any virtue, therefore, conceived prior to this, the essence of the thing would be conceived prior to the thing itself, which is absurd. This effort or energy is the first and sole foundation of all virtue; for no principle can be conceived prior to this, and without it no virtue is conceivable.

In a work written by Spinoza, the “*Tractatus Theologico-politicus*,” would seem to have commenced Biblical criticism.* I will write this book, says Spinoza, to show Christian nations that they have not as yet understood the Bible. Of this misunderstanding the philosopher felt he might rest assured in witnessing the strife and contentions of the various sects. Where should be “joy, love, and peace in believing is, on the contrary, hatred, strife, and bitterness.” “I will show these people that, taking the Bible for granted, taking it to be all which it asserts itself to be, taking it to have all the authority which it claims, it is not what they imagine it to be, it does not say what they imagine it to say. I will show them what it really does say, and I will show them that they will do well to accept the real teaching of the Bible, instead

* Spinoza, however, refers frequently to Aben-Ezra, the Spanish Jew, and to Maimonides, Moses Ben-Maimon, the rabbi. See, for description of them, Dr. Thomas's Biographical Dictionary.

of the phantom with which they have been so long cheated. I will show their governments that they will do well to remodel the national churches,—to make them institutions informed with the spirit of the true Bible, instead of institutions informed with the spirit of this false phantom.”*

In the expressions just quoted, we are most firmly impressed,—after gaining what we think is an understanding of the philosopher,—lies the fullness of the meaning of what Spinoza deemed his mission. The sage must impress as a man not only of widest outlook, but of sublime elevation in character. God-intoxicated truly was he, and his God was ever with him. We may but smile in pitying contempt, as did Spinoza himself, when we read of the maledictions of the Jewish church, and imagine the dripping of the black candles into vessels of blood. “We beseech thee, great God,” cried, in lugubrious tones, the chanter, as he uttered the curse against this man now thought so good and great,—“we beseech thee to confound such a man, and to hasten the day of his destruction! O God, the God of spirits, depress him under all flesh! extirpate, destroy, exterminate, annihilate him! The ire of the Lord, the most contagious storms and winds, fall upon the heads of impious men; the exterminating angel will fall upon them. Cursed be he wherever he turn! his soul shall go out from him in terror. His death be in dire sickness; his spirit shall not pass away. God send the sharpest and most violent evils upon him! Let him perish by a burning fever; by a consumption,

* Arnold.

being dried up by fire within, and covered with leprosy and imposthumes without ! Let God never forgive his sins ! Let the wrath and indignation of the Lord surround him and smoke forever on his head ! Let all the curses contained in the Book of the Law fall upon him ! Let God blot him from under the heavens ! Let God separate him to his own destruction from all the tribes of Israel, and give him for his lot all the curses contained in the Book of the Law !” “Un misérable !” repeats Malebranche ; “Wie ein heiliger !” cries the good Schleiermacher.*

Nothing but the most unimpressible ignorance, it would seem, could have misread Spinoza. So careful was he of giving offense, so conscious that truth may baffle even as much as error, that, rather than commit his wider thoughts even to a pupil, he composed, as easier of understanding, his first work, the “*Principia Philosophiæ Cartesianæ*,” a work that only at length found its way to the printing-press through the entreaties of learned doctors and discerning friends. “What do you fear? why do you hesitate?” asks Oldenburg, one of these friends. “Go forward, most

* “Offer up reverently with me,” said Friedrich Ernst Schleiermacher, in the midst of one of his sermons, “a lock of hair to the manes of the holy but rejected Spinoza ! The great spirit of the universe filled his soul ; the Infinite to him was beginning and end, the universal his sole and only love. Dwelling in holy innocence and deep humility among men, he saw himself mirrored in the eternal world, and the eternal world not at all unworthily reflected back in him. Full of religion was he,—full of the Holy Ghost ; and therefore it is that he meets us standing alone in his age, raised above the profane multitude, master in his art, but without disciples and the citizen’s rights.”

excellent sir ; throw aside your dread of giving offense to the pigmies of our day ; the battle with ignorance has lasted long enough. Let true science now advance on her own course, and penetrate more deeply than she has yet done into the innermost sanctuary of nature. Wherefore fear the dislike of the ignorant mobility? I entreat you, by our friendly compact, by all the rights of truth to be proclaimed and spread abroad, that you hesitate no longer to communicate your writings to the world.”

In a correspondence long continued between Spinoza and this same Oldenburg, afterwards Secretary to the Royal Society of London, we find ourselves best able to understand the religion of his philosophy.* One sentence taken from a letter written by Oldenburg to the philosopher introduces us to the Secretary. “Let nothing appear,” he writes, “in the forthcoming work that might be construed into disregard of the religious virtues.” Oldenburg was a Lutheran of the strongest prejudices, and in inviting and encouraging the publication of the thoughts of Spinoza, did so in the full belief, founded on his own educational acquirements, that they might only embellish with brighter halo the teachings of revelation.

“Many think,” writes Oldenburg, referring to the “*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*,” “that you confound God with Nature, that you detract from the authority

* The interested reader will find in the life of Spinoza, by Willis, an extensive and most instructive correspondence between the philosopher and many learned thinkers of his time, with De Vries, Louis Meyer, Balling, Van Bleyenbergh, Leibnitz, Fabricius, Schaller, Albert Burgh, etc.

and value of the miracles, sole assurances of divine revelations; and that you do not speak clearly of Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of the world, and of his Incarnation and Propitiatory Sacrifice."

"As to miracles," replies Spinoza, "I have shown that to me the assurance of a divine revelation is comprised in the excellence of the doctrine; the chief distinction between religion and superstition being this; that whilst the former has wisdom for its foundation, the latter rests on ignorance alone; and I believe that the reason why Christians are not distinguished from other religious persuasions by their faith, charity, and other fruits of the Holy Spirit, is because they mostly appeal to miracles, *i.e.*, to ignorance, source of all evil, and so turn their faith, *true though it be*, into superstition." "To give you my mind clearly and unreservedly on your third topic. I say that to salvation it is by no means necessary to know Christ according to the flesh; and that a very different conception is to be formed of that eternal Son of God, that is, of the eternal wisdom of God which manifests itself in all things, in the human mind especially, and most especially of all in Jesus Christ. Without this conception no one can attain to the state of beatitude: inasmuch as it alone informs us of what is true or false, good or evil. By no means may I subject God to fate or destiny of any kind; for I hold that it is from the nature of God that all things follow of inevitable necessity, even as all conceive that it follows from his nature that God necessarily knows himself. No one denies this, yet does therefore no one conceive that God is constrained by fate to know himself; on the contrary, all admit

that God knows himself freely yet necessarily. And, then, the inevitable necessity of things abrogates neither divine nor human law. For moral truths in themselves, whether they have or have not the form of human law or of commandments from God, are nevertheless divine and salutary; and whether we receive the good which follows of virtue, and the divine love, from God as a lawgiver and judge, or as a sequence from the necessity of his divine nature, it will be neither more nor less desirable: even as the evil that comes of evil deeds and depraved appetites is not the less to be feared because it flows of necessity from these. Moreover, men are inexcusable before God for no other reason than because they are in the power of God, as clay in the hands of the potter, who of the same lump makes one vessel to honor, another to dishonor."

It is affirmed, and, as must be seen, with great show of fact, that the intellectuality of Spinoza may not wisely govern the masses; but this we are compelled to see resides not so much in the system as in the people; the good of Spinoza is the law as seen by him in God. Let the reader fully appreciate this by turning back to the words addressed by Socrates to Euthydemus. A fault in Spinoza—a great fault, as applicable to the present time—lay in his non-comprehension of the selfish foolishness of men. Beatitude, he affirms, is not to be considered as the *reward* of virtue; it is itself virtue. Man does not enjoy true happiness because he restrains his lusts: on the contrary, it is because he enjoys true happiness that he is able to restrain his lusts.

The study of Spinoza so enlarges itself, that one

must find it difficult to come to any end. We conclude, however, with one of his speeches, extracted from the conclusion of the fifth part of his *Ethics* :

“Most men appear to think themselves free only when they can give full play to their lusts, and fancy they are hindered of their rights when held to live in conformity with the prescriptions of the divine law. They therefore esteem piety and religion, and everything absolutely that is referred to magnanimity of mind, to be loads which they hope to lay down after death, when they hope they will receive the rewards of their slavery—the piety and religion, to wit—which they have endured in life. Nor are they even entirely led by such hope as this to live, in so far as the poverty and impotency of their minds permit them, in conformity with the commands of the divine law: it is much rather the fear of frightful punishment after death which influences them. Were not such hopes and fears implanted in mankind, it is said, were they to believe, on the contrary, that the mind or soul perishes with the body, and that there is no immortality in store for the wretched toiling, sinking under a load of pious observations, they would yield to their natural bent, give the rein in all things to their lusts, and make fortune, rather than themselves, the guide and arbiter of their lives. But such notions seem to me not less absurd than it were to suppose that a man, because he did not believe he could nourish his body with wholesome food to all eternity, should put himself upon a regimen of poisons, or because, not believing that his soul was eternal or immortal, he should therefore elect to live like one demented and without reason. Such

absurdities I do not deem worthy of serious discussion. . . . The ignorant man, indeed, besides being agitated in many and various ways by external causes, and never tasting true peace of mind, lives in a state of unconsciousness of himself, of God, and of all things, and only ceases to suffer when he ceases to be. The wise man, on the contrary, in so far as he is to be truly so considered, scarcely knows what mental perturbation means; but, conscious of himself, of God, and of the special eternal necessity of things, never ceases from being, but is always in possession of true peace of mind. But all good things are as difficult of attainment as they are rare."

In Spinozism is recognized the very fullness of pantheism,—the soul of man is, as man finds himself able to understand that which he himself is, the highest expression of God. For man as the individual there is no preservation of an Ego. As a wave of the sea, he rolls onward to the imperceptible loss of individuality in other waves; as the lightning-stroke, he disappears in the heat of a new correlation.

As a reasoner, few may more worthily command admiration than Spinoza; but such admiration implies not necessarily acceptance of the theorems upon which the deductions are founded. Hence one of his critics—Hallam—styles him "the reasoning machine." "With a few leading theories," says this author, "all too hastily taken as axiomatic, he is not only ready to sacrifice every principle of religion and moral right, but the clear intuitive notions of common sense." But Hallam does great injustice to the Jew. It is not to be

seen in the writings of Spinoza that he would sacrifice anything of good, however mistaken he may be shown to be in and of his conclusions. To doubt the honesty and virtue of the intentions would seem impossible. In law—unchanging, unwavering, immutable law—Spinoza saw the highest and truest expression of justice; he might not then but rest convinced that in an understanding and obeying of law lay man's highest and truest good.

“ If you, my Iccius, to whose hands
The fruits of the Sicilian lands
Agrippa trusts, use well your gain,
What more can you from Jove obtain?
Hence with complaints! Can he be poor
Who all things needful may secure?”

Difficult—most difficult—will the logician, with his rules, find it to overthrow Spinozism. As a system it seems rational, philosophical, mathematical; and yet may our own judgment not but accept Descartes as the master,—and accept him on so simple a premise as the following: a son and the father are one,—for whence is the child if not in the parent?—yet is the father individual, and likewise is the offspring individual,—the same one, yet two separate beings. Let that reader who may find himself mystified by Spinoza lay down the *Ethics*, and ponder on this proposition.

He whose curiosity may invite him to the contemplation of what might not inaptly, perhaps, be termed the transcendental aspect of German thought, will find such inclination abundantly gratified in the study of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel,—philosophers whose thinking and manner of expression are to be recognized on almost all German pages.

In the system of Kant, a critique which shall be able to determine the laws and limits of the human reason is the only reliable guide. Until this is gained, "the profoundest philosopher may have no more assurance of the accuracy of his knowledge concerning divine things than is to be enjoyed by the common man." Thus, with Hallam, Kant might be disposed to give but little heed to axioms like those of Spinoza, and, not assured of the premises, the deduction would necessarily amount to nothing. In studying Kant,—and with none of his writings may one better commence than with the *Kritik* ("Kritik der reinen Vernunft"),—the student shall quickly enough find himself upon a very wide and a very deep sea. How much of his author he shall understand would seem to depend on his ability to perceive with the optic lobes of Kant himself. "In the philosophy of Kant, all those principles of knowledge which are original and primary, and which are determined *a priori*, are called *transcendental*. They involve necessary and universal truths, and thus transcend all truths derived from experience, which must always be contingent and particular. The principles of knowledge, which are pure and *transcendental*, form the ground of all knowledge that is empirical or determined *a posteriori*. In this sense *transcendental* is opposed to *empirical*."* Fichte is to Kant what we have seen Spinoza to be to Descartes: he intensifies the Master.†

* Krauth's Fleming.

† The key-note to Fichte is found in the following quotation by Chalybäus:

"So long as ever man yearns to be anything, God does not come to him, for no man can become God. So soon, however, as he purely

Concerning Hegel, we may be deemed to have sufficiently expressed him in referring to the Germany of to-day. In Hegelianism rests German thought; Hegel perfects Spinoza, and is to be understood in the pantheism of the Jew. There is, says Hegel, one sole reality; besides this, or out of this, nothing is, or is to be conceived as being. Evolution is eternal; it had no beginning. That which is, and which was, is what is seen in to-day,—idea perfecting itself. Object and subject are one; the expression of these are the all. Correlation seems the key-note and the “method” of Hegel. That something with which he starts is not absolutely the “Substance” of Spinoza, or the “Idea” of Plato; it is a noumenon between these,—a something which combines these. In the changes of this noumenon are explained the expressions of the world. Hegelianism seems, to our comprehension, strictly a search after a method,—after a pathway in which an inquirer may progress: the conception was in Plato, the solid ground in Spinoza. All things and relations, may Hegel be assumed as maintaining, are explainable, and this explanation is to be found in the recognition of a *oneness*. This something—the analogue of the “*Substance*” of Spinoza—is termed by Hegel “*Idee*.”

and radically annihilates himself, God alone remains, and is all in all. Man cannot engender God, but can annihilate himself as the true negation, and then he sinks or relapses into God. He has no fear for the future, for the absolutely Blessed guides him towards it. He has no repentance over the past, for in so far as he was not in God he was nothing; and the past is now past, and for the first time since his reception into the Deity is he born into life. In so far, however, as he was in God, is that right and good which he has done.”

Development is the effort of this "*Idee*" to express itself. The pure "*Idee*" is God. Trinitarianism is fully accepted by Hegel, God being an unconditional "*Idee*." The Son is the expression of God, just as heat is the expression of the sun, being the sun, yet separated from that which it is. The Holy Ghost is the recognition of a oneness existing between object and subject.

At length, and surely with data and method which introduce us to the confusions and conclusions of the philosophers, we come back to find in Comtism, or in that which is so called, the understanding which positivism affords man of himself and of his relations.

Positivism professes to be common sense. A house is a house; a horse is a horse; a tree is a tree. He who accepts such convictions as truths is prepared to understand and profit in the conclusions of materialism.

Positivism—the positivism of M. Comte—seeks, in the laws of life, the rules of living. It affirms, with Spinoza, that to live in law as man finds law, is to live in the law of creation,—and, necessarily, in the law of the Creator. With the reasonableness and propriety of things as man finds them, man has nothing to do. The sole concern is to understand and to accept things as they are. It is a law of nutrition that pabulum be received by the thing to be nourished: man eats. It is a law of muscular development that the body be exercised: man moves.

"Any vulgar mariner," says a biographer of Comte, "could sail to America after Columbus." Comte is affirmed to possess his virtue in consideration of being

the first to point out the sociology that lay in the teachings of the sciences,—as on the chart of the Genoese was found first the line pointing to the new continent. “There is,” says Comte, “a natural evolution in human affairs, and that evolution is an improvement.” In that *which is*, we find that *which is to be*.

Comtism is the application of science to comprehension: that is to say, M. Comte maintains a *Oneness of Life*. The present is eternity—eternity is the present: all sciences are but parts of a common SCIENCE; this common science is what might be termed the UNIVERSAL. To illustrate the teachings of this UNIVERSAL was the effort of the author of the “Catéchisme positiviste.” And this universal was to be appreciated in an understanding of that knowledge to which man might attain; namely, mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology. It is not at all amiss to refer for an understanding of M. Comte to the Bacons, friar and chancellor,—for the science to the friar, for the sociology to the chancellor; although few who have thinkingly followed with us to this page may fail to recognize that in each and every phase of thought is to be seen more or less of the sociology of positivism: the platform of Comte lies upon that of Spinoza, which in turn rests upon that which Aristotle laid upon the rafters of Ionian thought.

To read Auguste Comte without being impressed that we follow a great mind—if peculiar—would seem impossible. Here is verification that all great things are simple. Biology is compressed into a few pages, and yet is made comprehensible. Mathematics is sim-

plified into a self-proving single rule of three. Chemistry, organic and inorganic, is molecular arrangement about a central common principle.

No need or occasion is there to deny that the intellectuality of Comte has diffused itself throughout modern thinking; the simple who query of phenomena unknowingly ask of him, while a Stuart Mill, a Herbert Spencer, and half the writers of the times applaud or revile him. Wonderful, truly wonderful, is it how broadly he thinks, and yet—how weakly he moralizes:

“Writes like an angel, talks like poor Poll.”

No educated man may afford not to read Comte: poison is he to the sciolist alone.*

“The ocean,” say the Homeric poems, “is the father of the gods, and of all things.” In the *Iliad*,

* “That part of M. Comte’s writings,” says Professor Huxley, “which deals with the philosophy of physical science appeared to me to possess singularly little value, and to show that he had but the most superficial and merely second-hand knowledge of most branches of what is usually understood by science. I do not mean by this merely that Comte was behind our present knowledge, or that he was unacquainted with the details of the science of his own day. No one could justly make such defects cause of complaint in a philosophical writer of the past generation. What struck me most was his want of apprehension of the great features of science, his strange mistakes as to the merits of his scientific cotemporaries,” etc.

Not at all strange is it that the scientist should write thus of the philosopher. Akin is it with what is seen every day in the histologist whose mental vision is apt to become so myopic that his nature not less than his brain becomes limited to the expressions of the single cell his time is half wasted in peering into. Yet these have their uses: lenses are they to the presbyopic.

Agamemnon calls on the gods to witness contracts; after Jupiter of Olympus, he invokes "the all-seeing, all-hearing sun, the rivers, the earth, and lastly the gods who punish perjured men in the regions below."*

* "The Olympian deities are assembled round Jupiter as his family, in which he maintains the mild dignity of a patriarchal king. He assigns their several provinces, and controls their authority. Their combined efforts cannot give the slightest shock to his power, nor retard the execution of his will; and hence their waywardness, even when it incurs his rebuke, cannot ruffle the inward serenity of his soul. The tremendous nod with which he confirms his decrees can neither be revoked nor frustrated. As his might is irresistible, so is his wisdom unsearchable. He holds the golden balance in which are poised the destinies of nations and of men; from the two vessels that stand at his threshold, he draws the good and evil gifts that alternately sweeten and embitter mortal existence. The eternal order of things, the ground of the immutable succession of events, is his, and therefore he himself submits to it. Human laws derive their sanction from his ordinance; earthly kings receive their sceptres from his hand; he is the guardian of social rights; he watches over the fulfillment of contracts, the observance of oaths; he punishes treachery, arrogance, and cruelty. The stranger and the suppliant are under his peculiar protection; the fence that incloses the family dwelling is in his keeping; he avenges the denial and the abuse of hospitality. Yet even this greatest and most glorious of beings, as he is called, is subject, like the other gods, to passion and frailty. For, though secure from dissolution, though surpassingly beautiful and strong, and warmed with a purer blood than fills the veins of men, their heavenly frames are not insensible to pleasure and pain; they need the refreshment of ambrosial food, and inhale a grateful savor from the sacrifices of their worshipers. Their other affections correspond to the grossness of their animal appetites. Capricious love and hatred, anger and jealousy, often disturb the calm of their bosoms. Jupiter himself cannot keep perfectly aloof from their quarrels; he occasionally wavers in his purpose, is overreached by artifice, blinded by desire, and hurried by resentment into unseemly violence.—THIRLWALL: *Religion of Ancient Greece*.

The supernatural has its origin in the traditional ; hence mythology has this as its first phase ; passing from this first to the theological. The first period, with its traditions, has long since passed away. The second, the metaphysical, is defined by Lord Bacon as that "which handleth the formal and final cause." Here is the region of ontology. "In our perceptions alone," maintains Berkeley, "have we any proof of the existence of matter." The Idealism of the English bishop in its outstretching and outlooking shows how grand an instrument is *a priori* reasoning ; but *a priori* reasoning has ceased to satisfy : it could not satisfy Berkeley ; it has not met the wants of the thinking world either in Descartes or in Spinoza.

"A new degree of culture," says Emerson, repeating M. Comte, "would instantly revolutionize the entire system of human pursuits." The human mind, having exhausted speculation, having felt itself so often thrown back, turns now with greedy seeking to the fields of positive research : it will give the "thyrd egge to the Sophyster and take to its own stomach the one and the two which alone its eyes see." The new degree of culture is the culture of the savants of to-day. Is there a sun ? asks the positivist. Is not a sun the source and origin of heat, and is not, in its turn, heat the source of vegetation ? Do I not see and feel and taste, of vegetation ? ergo, the sun is. The forest invites moisture, and condenses the cloud into drops of rain : ergo, let not the forest that waters the garden be cut away. Atoms gravitate : ergo, he who is most lowly becomes best covered. Affinity is the secret of combination : ergo, he who would have most of good must

fit himself to the reception. Thus reasons the positivist; but he reasons backward.

“The progress of the individual mind,” says M. Comte, in that portion of the introductory to his “Positive Philosophy” which treats of the “grounds of the law of progress,” “is not only an illustration, but an indirect evidence, of the general mind. The point of departure of the individual and of the race being the same, the phases of the mind of a man correspond to the epochs of the mind of the race. Now, each of us is aware, if he look back upon his own history, that he was a theologian in his childhood, a metaphysician in his youth, and a natural philosopher in his manhood.”

In this paragraph just quoted is assuredly to be recognized the seed of Comtism. Why this progressive nature of faith and inquiry? asks Comte. It was the germ of the thought which spread itself over his volumes.

“From the study,” asserts M. Comte, “of the development of human intelligence in all direction and through all times, the discovery arises of a great fundamental law, to which it is necessarily subject, and which has a solid foundation of proof both in the facts of our organization and in our historical experience. The law is this,—that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three theoretical conditions,—the theological, or mythological; the metaphysical, or abstract; and the scientific, or positive. In other words, the human mind, by its nature, employs in its progress three methods of philosophizing, the character of

which is essentially different, and even radically opposed, viz., the theological method, the metaphysical, and the positive. Hence arise three philosophies, or general systems of conceptions on the aggregate of phenomena, each of which excludes the others. The first is the necessary point of departure of the human understanding, and the third is its fixed and definitive state. The second is merely a state of transition."

To lay down the peculiar platform of the modern positivist with less waste of words than here employed by M. Comte would seem impossible: the method of the future is defined,—the weakness of the past is exhibited; the text is here, the educated man may follow it for himself.

"The theological system," continues M. Comte, "arrived at the highest perfection of which it is capable when it substituted the providential action of a single Being for the varied operations of the numerous divinities which had been before imagined. In the same way, in the last stage of the metaphysical system, men substitute one great entity (Nature) as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multitude of entities at first supposed. In the same way, again, the ultimate perfection of the positive system would be—if such perfection could be hoped for—to represent all phenomena as particular aspects of a single general fact; such as gravitation, for instance."

That positivism succeeds mythology and metaphysics, and is a last aspect of human understanding, finds explanation,—in the philosophy of the French sage,—in a consideration of mental evolution; yet the intuitive monotheism M. Comte does not trouble his system to

explain. Nothing strange is it that man should have passed from one god to many; and nothing strange is it that the many gods should have in turn disappeared in the ENTITIES of the metaphysicians, in the "SUBSTANCE" of Spinoza, in the "IDEE" of Hegel; but strange it is that Auguste Comte, who will have positivism deny a god, and all gods, overlooks the fact that he and it change, and may only change, the *name* of God. Let the reader re-read, and closely ponder on the meanings of the repetition. *"In the same way, again, the ultimate perfection of the positive system would be—if such perfection could be hoped for—to represent all phenomena as particular aspects of a single general fact; such as GRAVITATION, for instance."**

* "When Alexander overran Babylon, he brought from every country which he had conquered one of its priesthood. Assembling them all together, he asked, 'Do you venerate a highest invisible Being?' All bowed themselves and answered, 'We do.'

"'With what title name you him?' asked the king. Thereupon answered the priest from India, 'We name it Brahma: that means the great.' The priest from Persia, 'We name it Ormus: that means the original light.' The priest from Judea, 'Jehovah Adonai: the Lord who was, is, and will be.'

"And thus every priest had an own word wherewith he named the Most High. Then in his heart angered the king. 'You have only one ruler and one king,' said he; 'so henceforth shall you have only one God: Zeus is his name.'

"When the king had spoken, there was much sorrow, for the priests said to themselves, 'How can we love a new god?'

"At length a Brahmin, a gray-haired sage, begged permission of the king to speak to the assembly. Turning himself to the priests, he thus addressed them: 'The heavenly constellation of the day, the well of the earthly light,—shines it in the country of all of you?' All bowed themselves together, and answered, 'Yes.' Then the Brahmin asked them one after another, 'How name you the same?' Each one

Positivism—that positivism which, however, is to exhibit itself as the rule of life—is not Comtism. “Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.” Comtism is positivism run mad. We accept as highest and purest the proven premises of science; but even a very few years have served to exhibit how foolish, even in his wisdom, was Auguste Comte. Let all men worship woman; but not as a goddess,—the goddess of Reason. Emblem of highest humanity is woman; but her throne is not on Olympus. Verily is it strange how, in some men, combine strength and weakness, judgment and foolishness. In the senses, maintains Comtism, is all truth. In the senses, demonstrates Pyrrho, is no truth; for, as the senses of a man vary, so do his outlook and comprehension differ; for, whereas he who has but the senses of sight and feeling perceives an apple alone as being of color, shape, and consistence, he who has all the senses remarks that it has, besides these, taste, odor, and sound. The error of Comtism lies in its sociology. But the error of positivism is not in sociology,—a sociology which to-day exists in the teachings of Christ, and nowhere else in the world. Let us not turn our discourse into sermonizing: this is not its drift. Yet let us not fail to recognize that the “Son of the carpenter” has made a sociology which scientific discovery after discovery

answered, but each had a different name. Then turned the Brahmin to the king, and asked, ‘Shall they not name henceforth the constellation of the day with the same word?’ At these words the king became full of shame, and said, ‘Let them each use his own word: I see well *that the image and sign are not the essence.*’”—KRUMMACHER. Repeated from the author’s “Odd Hours of a Physician.”

indorses and applauds, which the ignorant begin by accepting, and which the learned end in embracing ; and sociology is the fullness of science, is the end of science.

Sociology—a sociology which keeps pace with wants, and which furnishes no less to-day the rules of living than when, eighteen hundred years ago, it took the place of Grecian philosophy—must be the highest truth of the times ; and, being truth, a solid philosophy must accord with it. Such accord is not in Comtism ; hence is Comtism—the sociology of Comtism—a lie, *suggestio falsi*. In the sciences could not Comte find the sum of the sciences, and his divinity, tumbling to the ground, was found to be—still a woman.

Comtism denies the existence both of God and soul. There is nothing but matter, and all phenomena are expressions out of matter. Mind is no less a function of the brain-cells than is perspiration a work of the sudoriferous glands. No fault would there be to find with Comte had he confined his practice to the crucibles, the chemicals, and the vivisections of his laboratory ; but, unlike Pythagoras, he was not satisfied with the realm of his work ; he aspired to be the founder of a social system ; he would create a new society, “*sans Dieu ni Roi*.” He would have a form of worship ; but this only because men were too weak to rest upon scientific deductions : so, as there was no God, the AGGREGATE of humanity should be the object bowed down to. A public form of worship should there be, and a private. The object of public study and admiration was to be the aggregation of human greatness. The object of private worship might only be “Woman,”

she representing the most perfect humanity. In a word, Comte desired to supersede Christ, and to occupy his throne. How well and how fully he has succeeded is found in inquiry of that common experience which is the *vox legis*.

We leave—in a measure—Comte that we may pass to the higher and truer plane of positivism,—to that positivism from which has dropped the pernicious sociology of a man whose ambition buried and lost the philosopher.

The rule of life, of living,—as existing in positivism, is to be found in an appreciation of the law of relation. Let us express the positive philosophy as maintaining that about and around a common centre revolve all things: to be in harmony with this central principle is necessarily to be in harmony with truth,—in harmony with life.

If just here some simple soul may ask, Why do not the positivists call this central something—this *science* of the *sciences*—God, and be done with it? we may only answer as we began, and say that it takes much knowledge to see what this central something is; and the savant, having once left the point of simple faith, may only get back to the place from whence he started by going around the whole circle. Let that simple man, who will, stand still; in good time shall he meet the savant face to face. But—but how much greater is God to the savant than to the simple! Wonderful is it to dissect and to analyze a man; but to dissect and analyze creation,—to know, *a posteriori*, the Maker of the world,—ah! to have coffers full of life-gold is this.

“There are many,” says Dr. Edward L. Youmans, in his introduction to the work “Correlation and Conservation of Forces,” “who deplore what they regard as the materializing tendencies of modern science. They maintain that this profound and increasing engrossment of the mind with material objects is fatal to all refining and spiritualizing influence. The correctness of this conclusion is open to serious question: indeed, the history of scientific thought not only fails to justify it, but proves the reverse to be true. It shows that the tendency of this kind of inquiry is ever from the material towards the abstract, the ideal, the spiritual.”

How peculiar the interest, and how sad the pleasure, with which we turn to the “Testimony of the Rocks”—poor Hugh Miller!

“Unknown he came. He went a mystery,—
 A mighty vessel foundered in the calm,
 Her freight half given to the world. To die
 He longed, nor feared to meet the great ‘I Am.’
 Fret not. God’s mystery is solved to him.
 He quarried Truth all rough-hewn from the earth,
 And chiseled it into a perfect gem,—
 A rounded absolute. Twain at a birth,—
 Science with a celestial halo crowned,
 And heavenly Truth—God’s works by his word illumined—
 Those twain he viewed in holiest concord bound.”

True positivism, together with its sociology, is well represented in the writings of such workers in the quarries of knowledge as the Cromarty stone-cutter: here is the *a posteriori* reasoning which commences in empirical observation and which ends in simple faith.

As the error of Comtism—of crude modern materialism—lies in a single premise, he who would follow in the track of the investigators needs but a single warning to avoid the common confusion. To accept Descartes is to be clear of it. “There is one entity,—God ; this entity has produced two others,—force and matter : in the first have these other their existence. Force and matter are identical, as the relations of transubstantiation are concerned ; but soul is a something apart from the material. Matter may not fashion soul ; force cannot control it ; it is in God, and of God,—but how ? The soul, then, not being material, positivism has really nothing to do with it, except as a deductive sociology is concerned. Yet positivism leads a searcher through the portals of God’s dwelling ; but when it has led him there the Bible alone it is—so far as we yet know—that at last may draw the curtain and show the Father.”

For him who is qualified, the study of physical phenomena finds admirable point of departure in the recognition of the law of correlation,—co-relation residing not only in force, but in matter. A co-relation of things is there ; there is no height but that there is corresponding depth ; no solidity without its reverse in cellulosity ; no water without equivalent in land ; heat in this body implies cold in that ; speed in that, slowness in this ; electricity positive, electricity negative. The senses of a man are to find education through reflection, and in a comparison of things : thus, in distinguishing between active and passive, he recognizes the meaning of influence ; thus, with advancing step, is he led in inquiry after this influence ;

and thus, at length, is he brought to perceive that in "reciprocal influence" lies the explanation of all change. Whence the original Force? whence the original Molecule? would seem to pertain to the Infinite, not to be embraced or comprehended in or by the outlook of the Finite.

It is well, however, that he who starts on the explorative path of physics keeps not too constantly before the studious eye association with a First Cause; for thus is defeated the object of a work which is to find such cause *a posteriori*, and not *a priori*.

Correlation applies to all things that change: it applies to the dancing leaves which the winter turns into the muck of the barnyard, and it applies no less to change in brain-cells as thoughts are expressed, as prayers are given forth. Heat correlates its form into that of man, and a man metamorphoses his habit into that of flame. Neither is sociology beyond the pale of a natural law of correlation; it is not man so much—as cycles, that produce social changes: why, therefore, are not habits to be calculated as are eclipses?*

* "Matter and Force are at least two ultimate existences. I believe that we know both of these by intuition, and by no process can we get rid of the one or the other. As to force, it will be expedient to look for a moment at the grandest scientific truth established in our day,—a doctrine worthy of being placed alongside that of universal gravitation. I mean that of the conservation of physical force; according to which, the sum-force, actual and potential, in the knowable universe is always one and the same; it cannot be increased, it cannot be diminished. It has long been known that no human, no terrestrial power can add to or destroy the sum of matter in the cosmos. You commit a piece of paper to the flames, and it disappears; but it is not lost: one part goes up in smoke, and another goes

Assuming and acknowledging the individuality of Force, preserving ever the distinction between this entity and soul, the student may go quite as safely with Mill, Bain, Spencer, and Maudsley, as with George Fox or with the theologians proper. The modern British and American philosophers—positivists—are now everywhere to be found busy with microscope and telescope,—in the laboratory, by the forest, and upon the sea: the metaphysical aspects which Comte never came to see that he had not gotten clear of are allowed to have little concern with modern investigations. Matter is studied, and force is searched after, that it may be explained. This description represents the mass of workers, and the name is legion. God is found by such workers, *a posteriori*, in the argument of design: each day, each hour, does the macrocosm and the microcosm—does some insignificant beetle or some on-rolling planet—repeat to a doubting Aristodemus this great and irresistible argument. “It is evidently apparent, Aristodemus, that He who at the beginning made

down in ashes; and it is conceivable that at some future time the two may unite, and once more form paper. ‘Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? . . . As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

‘Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter’s flaw!’”

McCOSH: *Christianity and Positivism.*

man endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes, wherewith to behold whatever was visible, and ears to hear whatever was to be heard; for say, to what purpose should odors be prepared, if the sense of smelling be denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed, to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? Is not that providence, Aristodemus, in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eyelids, like doors, whereby to secure it, which extend themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not those eyelids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but, as a pent-house, is prepared to turn off the sweat, which, falling from the forehead, might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us. Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort and yet are not too much filled by them? that the fore-teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for the cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it to pieces? that the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose and eyes as to prevent the passing unnoticed whatever is unfit for nourishment,—while nature, on the contrary, hath set at a distance and concealed from the senses all that might disgust or in any way offend them? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts

like this should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?"*

May here a positivist of the Mill school interrupt, and, with the words of the master, "venture to think that a religion may exist without belief in a God, and that a religion without a God may be, even to Christians, an instructive and profitable contemplation"? Wise men, when they eat the delicious and health-giving banana, peel off the husk. So, knowing of the husks of Mr. Mill, we let them not interfere with our digestion of his good. How truly laughable is it to read the learned deductions of Dr. Maudsley on the functions of the brain-cells, having in ourselves the wisdom to see that he perceives not his own husks! and yet who shall read "Body and Mind" and not thank the Gulstonian lecturer that he has worked out so many beautiful physiological problems and done so much to give us intellectual pleasure and profit?

Positivism permeates all modern thought, and permeates it because of the utilitarian spirit of the times. Men will be religious, and men will admit no conflict with truth in their religion. Herein is the strength of the Preacher, who fails not to bring godliness and rock-blasting into juxtaposition; here stands an Emerson, "massive, and tall, and grand," too large for sectarianism, too good to be denied godliness; and here also stand, without recognizing their platform, a multitude of good people who inveigh against positivism without, in truth, having other than the most indistinct conception of what they condemn.

* Xenophon.

Positivism,—having as its sociological meaning the bringing of a rule of action from the confusions of the various systems, religious and otherwise, which fret and perplex mankind,—finds in its constructivism interest for a constructive age: that is, a better religion is not felt to be required, because that which *is* meets all needs, all needs except those which apply to demonstrative inquiry. Christ is the accepted key to the problem; but positivism it is which satisfactorily explains and works out the sum in its details. This is at least healthy positivism,—healthy on the showing of those who, departing from such premise, find quickly their error. Organic in its growing force is positivism: it soars with the angels and delves with the antipodes; nothing is too expansive for its presbyopic, nothing too near for its myopic, vision. That the interest in the teaching of this formulary is so general and of such satisfactory and forcible appeal, is decisive of that truth which is the underlying foundation.

To no one class, however, more than to that known as the irreligious, appeal the teachings of positivism:

“No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.”

Here is the repetition of Spinoza. The sociology of positivism,—when it deduces rules of action,—is the teaching and warning of absolute law. Throw yourself under the wheels of the locomotive if you will, but nothing shall save you from the penalty. Cast yourself in the sea, that you may toy with the shark which plays around the ship's prow, but take the misery of the bite. So place your mirror that it shall focus the rays of a mid-

day sun upon combustibles, but take the risk of a burned-down house.

“Most worthy of notice is it,” suggests Mr. Frederick Harrison, in “The Positivist Problem,”* “how entirely new to modern thought is this cardinal idea of positivism,—that of religion, science, and industry working in one common life. . . . Yet so far is it from being an extravagant vision, that it sleeps silently in the depths of every brain which ever looks into the future of the race. None but they who dwell with regret on the past, or are engrossed in the cares of the present, doubt but that the time will come when the riddle of social life will be read, and the powers of man work in unison together; when thought shall be the prelude only to action or to art, and action and art be but the realization of affection and emotion; when brain and heart will have but one end.”

Organic unity of the sciences is the ultimate end of positivism; yet before have many systems had the same aim, and yet have these come to nothing; but the problems had their working in *a priori*, not in *a posteriori*, design.

All that is seen and understood of creation is expressive of order: here takes the positive sociologist his stand-point. Circles are there within circles, wheels within wheels, influences within influences; the search is after an original primary influence, after a foundation and a guide, after a fixed and irrefutable method. Positivism may be expressed as the relative in contradistinction to the absolute. The absolute looks ever wider

* Fortnightly Review.

and wider, and pauses not to consider the atmosphere on which its wings rest ; the relative utilizes its possessions, and stops that it may systematize that already won. To get from life the secret of living is the problem of positivism. How much of this secret has it already ? What it has stored in the text-books of the physician, let the cured invalid testify. What it understands of the mystery of space, let him who telegraphs to a distant continent certify. What it comprehends of the phenomena of a universal nature, let the long-anticipated eclipse calculated by the astronomical mathematician declare.

Yet a Babel of ideas is positivism to the many. "The man of science, who is attracted by the importance given to the physical laws, starts back when it is proposed to extend these laws to the science of society. The student of history, who sees the profound truth of the philosophy of history, is scandalized by the very idea of a creed of scientific proof. The politician for a time is held by the vision it presents of social reform, but he is disgusted at hearing that he must take lessons from the past. The conservative delights to find his ancient institutions so truly honored, to be shocked when he finds that they are honored only that they may be the more thoroughly transformed. The man of religion is touched to find in such a quarter a profound defense of worship and devotion, only to be struck dumb with horror at such a religion as that suggested by a Comte.* The democrat, who hails the

* In a reading and re reading of Comte an impression may not but grow that Comte, in his worship of humanity, is misunderstood.

picture of a regenerated society, turns with scorn from an attempt to lay the basis of temporal and spiritual authority. The reactionist fares no better; for, if he finds some comfort in the new importance given to order, he dreads the results of an unqualified trust in popular education and the constant appeal to public opinion. Those whom the philosophy attracts the religion repels. Those whom the moral theories strike shrink back from the science. Those who believe in the forces of religion are no friends to scientific law. Those who care most for the progress of science are the first to be jealous of moral control. Hence the clamor against positivism. To the pure conservative it offers a fair mark for denunciation; to the jester it offers an opening for easy ridicule, for it offers to him many things on which he has never thought; but by a critic of any self-respect or intelligence it must be treated thoroughly, or not at all. There are persons devoid of any solid knowledge, of the very shreds of intellectual convictions, of any germ of social or religious sympathies,—specialists *ex hypothesi*,—to whom a serious effort to grapple with the great problems of man

Comte was, in a sense, a Spinozist: his "Matter" was the "Substance" of the Jew; and yet to divest himself of the necessity for a God was impossible,—as it was impossible with Spinoza,—as it is impossible with every and any individual who feels his dependence. As the Theos of all men is the highest, so intelligence was the highest outgrowth of a system which denied the separability of soul and force. Intelligence was the fetish of Comte; in this fetish was God: here paid he his devotions, feeling yet ever that it was the emblematic beauty of the marble that was being worshiped, and not the warm loveliness of heart-throbbing life. This may not be the proper conclusion; yet it grows upon one as he studies the sage.

on earth is but the occasion for a cultivated sneer, or a cynical appeal to the prejudices of the bigot.”*

The unity of science, a oneness, but not the sociological deductions of Comte, is the object of the positivism of the present: that this is so, will be found in a common renunciation of the conclusions of Comte by many fellow co-workers. Yet in Comtism may we not fail to see the germ of these co-workers. “Social Statics,”† the identity of which with Comtism is so energetically denied by its author, might yet very well be mistaken as a branch of the common tree,—the growth of a graft, let us say; and no shame is it to the writer to be on such a stem: the root is greater than the offshoot. Alexander Bain, too, he who has written so grand a book,‡—how allied is his work with the manner and matter of the positive philosophy of the French sage! but Professor Bain avoids the confusions of Comtism in his very outstart. “Human knowledge, experience, or consciousness,” he commences, “falls under two great departments, Object and Subject: popularly they are called Mind and Matter.”

The application of a positive philosophy in the system of the Aberdeen logician is appreciated in his definition of happiness. “Happiness being defined the surplus of pleasure over pain, its pursuit must lie in accumulating things agreeable, and in warding off the opposites. The susceptibilities of the mind to enjoy-

* The Positivist Problem.

† Social Statics, by Herbert Spencer.

‡ Mental and Moral Science, by Alexander Bain, M.A.

ment should be gratified to the utmost, and the susceptibilities to suffering should be spared to the utmost." Here would differ Mr. Bain and Comte only in the reservations of the former.

"If," says Mr. Bain, "the enumeration of muscular feelings, sensations, and emotions be complete, it contains all our pleasures and pains. On the side of pleasure, we have, as leading elements, muscular exercise; rest after exercise; healthy organic sensibility in general, and alimentary sensation in particular; sweet tastes and odors; soft and warm touches; melody and harmony in sound; cheerful light and colored spectacle; the sexual feelings; liberty after constraint; sexual, maternal, and paternal love; friendship, admiration, esteem, and sociability in general; self-complacency and praise; power, influence, command, revenge; the interest of plot and pursuit; the charms of knowledge and intellectual exertion; the cycle of the fine arts, culminating in music, painting, and poetry, with which we couple the enjoyment of natural beauty; the satisfaction attainable through sympathy and the moral sentiment. In such an array we seem to have all, or nearly all, the ultimate gratifications of human nature. They may spread themselves by association on allied objects, and especially on the means or instrumentality for procuring them, as health, wealth, knowledge, power, dignified position, virtue, society, country, life.

"The pains are mostly implied in the negation of the pleasures,—muscular fatigue, organic derangements and diseases, cold, hunger, ill tastes and odors, skin lacerations, discords in sound, darkness, gloom and

excessive glare of light, ungratified sexual appetite, restraint after freedom, monotony, fear in all its manifestations, privation in the affections, sorrow, self-humiliation and shame, impotence and servitude, disappointed revenge, balked pursuit or plot, intellectual contradictions and obscurity, the æsthetically ugly, harrowed sympathies, an evil conscience."

As in Harriet Martineau Comte is understood better than in Comte's self, so in Alexander Bain is positivism—healthy positivism—to be understood better than in the positivists themselves,—shall we say, rather, the sociology of positivism? How much the Scotchman calls himself a positivist we do not know; most likely would he be found to repudiate, at least, the Comtian connection. Yet wonderful is the similarity between the ethics of Comte and the ethics of Bain; and the latter, unlike Comte, may be studied with profit by the simple man whose thoughts have strayed never beyond the boundaries of his farm fences or the latitude of his wayside shop.

While not written with nearly the clearness or cleverness of the "Mental and Moral Science," the "Social Statics" appeals from the sociological stand-point to the student of positivism. No one may deny to Mr. Spencer the attributes of a wide thinker,—not so wide as Comte, yet more practical, more political is he than Bain. Yet *a priori* is the reasoning of this writer. The true positivist would *a posteriori* show that "human happiness is the Divine will." Mr. Spencer starts in such a premise; hence he stands on anticipated ground,—ground, however, which the positivist is prepared to allow, even has he not yet, in his

demonstrations, come to the full and perfect knowledge of it.

Happiness, says Mr. Spencer, is a certain state of consciousness, consciousness is in sensation, sensation is in the exercise of the faculties: hence, if God wills that man should be happy, the faculties are to be exercised. Here our author falls into the lap of Comtism. The faculties of a man—the faculties alluded to by Mr. Spencer—must be, in part at least, of the body; for without exercise of bodily functions all others which express the man in his fullness fall into negation, and hence results not pleasure, but pain. Here are the conclusions of Mr. Spencer: “God wills man’s happiness. Man’s happiness can only be produced by the exercise of his faculties. But to exercise his faculties he must have liberty to do all that his faculties naturally impel him to do. Then God intends he should have liberty. Therefore he has a right to that liberty.”

Here is opened to the speculative mind a wide field for thought. And here is Mr. Spencer behind Comte, inasmuch as he endeavors to find his sociology, not in absolute truth, but in reasonings *a priori*. Pure positive thought explains the liberty of man in the common liberty of nature, and thus attains to that law which is above circumstances,—a common law, by which the social rule is to find its modifications.

From “Social Statics” the reader will follow Mr. Spencer through his “Principles of Biology.” Better, however, will he find it if he study the latter before the former work; for thus *a posteriori* will he come to the *a priori* premise of the sociology, or as near it as the

present state of knowledge admits. Mr. Spencer talks of (and founds arguments upon) a God whom he feels *a priori*, but yet whom *a posteriori* he cannot find.

“Social Statics” treats of “social concerns in a scientific manner.” Beginning with questions of expediency, it passes quickly to the political organization of society, that in turn may be deduced the equity of the social relations. And here, after many pages of reasoning, is the author made orthodox to his readers by the compelled admission—conclusions arising naturally from his own arguments—that an abstract philosophy becomes one with all true religion. “Fidelity to conscience,” he says, “this is the essential precept inculcated both by philosophy and religion. No hesitation, no paltering about probable results; but an implicit submission to what is believed to be law laid down for us. . . . We are not to be guilty of that practical atheism which, seeing no guidance for human affairs but its own limited foresight, endeavors itself to play the God, and decide what will be good for mankind, and what bad. But, on the contrary, we are to search out, with a genuine humility, the rules ordained for us,—are to do unfalteringly, without speculating as to consequences, whatsoever these require; and we are to do this in the belief that then, when there is perfect sincerity,—when each man is true to himself,—when every one strives to realize what he thinks the highest rectitude,—then must all things prosper.”

In reading these concluding lines of the great English thinker,—this epitome of a great book,—let the simple man,—laying down the volume,—find that he

had all the wisdom before—not, however, the details—in the homely work that has been familiar to him since the hour when his mother distinguished for him from other books the family Bible.

“Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground.”

“I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.”

“Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?”

So in one and the same paragraph do we commend and criticise “Moral Statics.” So in one and the same act is it the common habit for one to refresh himself with the pulp of the banana and to throw aside the husk. An olla podrida of sweet and bitter is the fruit to him who swallows it in its entirety.

From the stand-point of the *summum bonum* of Socrates are modern British and American thought and deductions to be measured; and he who holds close by such anchorage shall by no tide be drifted away. “The best man, and the most beloved by the gods, is he that, as a husbandman, performs well the duties of husbandry; as a surgeon, the duties of the medical art; in political life, his duties towards the commonwealth. The man that does nothing well is neither useful nor agreeable to the gods.” This is the text, *a priori*; but let him who would demonstrate it *a posteriori* see the proof in the teachings of nature.

Here are we introduced to writers like Mr. Bain, and like Mr. Carpenter,—to the positive side of such authors. “Human knowledge, experience, or consciousness,” says Mr. Bain, “falls under two great

departments: popularly they are called mind and matter; philosophers further employ the terms External World and Internal World, Not-Self, or Non-Ego, and Self, or Ego."

"The experience or consciousness of a tree, a river, a constellation, illustrates what is meant by Object. The experience of a pleasure, a pain, a volition, a thought, comes under the head of Subject."

"There is nothing that we can know, or conceive of, but is included under one or the other of these two great departments. They comprehend the entire universe as ascertainable by us."

In parenthesis, let here be recalled the criticism of the Alexandrian dialectics on the accuracy of the so-called positive knowledge. Here is an apple, might some Plotinus or Philo say to a positivist: it is an object; let it be truly described. A semi-solid body is it, answers the positivist: it possesses color, taste, smell, and sound. Now is the apple passed to the blind man: with this it has feeling, taste, smell, and sound, but no color. Now to the man blind and without gustation or olfaction: with this an apple is a body semi-solid, and capable of giving forth audible sound, but no color, no taste, no smell. Again, it is given to a man deficient in all the senses: to this the apple differs in no respect from a stone, or from the tree which produced the fruit. Still, again, is the apple passed to a being possessed of senses in excess of the common man: with this the qualities grow as the senses are in over-count. Then would a Plotinus suggest that, as it is demonstrated that "knowledge is not the same as the thing known," through positive knowledge alone can the finite never come to

know the infinite ; but through the portals, has it been affirmed, will positive knowledge lead. Ecstasy is it, says Plotinus, which is that higher sense that perfects knowledge, that sense which to the created shows the Creator. This criticism of dialectics would seem entirely irrefutable. Knowledge and the thing known may only be alike as these accord with the requirements of him who thinks he knows. The "Ecstasy" of Plotinus is the Revelation of the Christian.

With the Alexandrian in mind, may one follow the positivist, learning from him many beautiful things ; learning from him the mysteries of creation ; passing on step by step, growing towards a new attribute,—the attribute which allies the finite with the infinite ; growing into mysticism, into religion, but never to be deceived by the superficial and premature conclusions of positivism.

Positivism, to be rightly studied, would seem to be pursuable properly after the order laid down for medical study. First we understand anatomy, that physiology may be comprehended ; physiology underlies necessarily pathological details ; pathology directs to therapeutics ; and in therapeutics lie the reasonings on cure. Thus it is that in the "Mental and Moral Science" of Mr. Bain we find its own commendation. Our author discusses first, and unravels the physical mysteries of, the cerebro-spinal system, that he may get at the mental mysteries of the organization. The anatomy of the senses is laid bare, that one may see how it is that the soul, and not the retinal ganglion, looks out ; how it is that the Ego, and not merely a hundred little threads, takes cognizance of the sweet

odors of nature ; how it is that the inner ear, and not the portio mollis, listens to the dreamy and to the stern sounds of the world. From such an anatomy, only, however, too superficially considered, does this writer lead the student to his ethics ; but here, gathered into compact mass, is compensation ; here into a common sea are found emptying multitudinous rivers of thought.

Persistence of force, shows Mr. Herbert Spencer, must be the text of philosophy, the fundamental truth, inasmuch as it is the principle underlying all life.* But from this postulate starts Mr. Spencer. Persistence of force, he maintains, must be the basis of any scientific organization of experiences ; for this transcends experience by being before it. And truly does he speak strong words in teaching that to this "ultimate" analysis brings us, and that upon this, synthesis is alone able to rear her structure. Yes, most true—irrefutable—is it, that in such analysis and synthesis does science terminate. But whence the thought that correlates itself into human expression through molecular change in vitalized cells?—whence the momentum in the soul's motions,—the speech, the changes, the somnambulistic wanderings? Ah ! how here like the school-boy with the lessons of an uncrossable *pons asinorum* is seen a Maudsley ! and how here stumble all strong mortals and stop the baffled ones ! But, yet, what do we not learn ! Here we measure equivalents ; here, physically speaking, we may estimate the value, in grains of corn or in phosphorus, of a thought,—of the

* Mr. Spencer's term for correlation.

expression of a thought ; here a book weighs so many ounces or pounds of butcher's meat ; and here the Infernos of a Dante are seen to be clothed from macaroni. . . . Yet above all this, garbed in that infinitude which matter touches not, is the soul,—the infinite that uses the finite. Ah ! gracious soul, how wonderful and everlasting must thou be, that thus creation ministers to thee !

A sturdy, isolated tree, on his Scotch hill, lives a Carlyle. "You come to see me," said the giant to an American who made a passing call at the heather-carpeted farm. "Well, here I am : look at me." And yet in another hour the glum grimalkin had pulled on his stout boots, and with our friend was trudging in boylike mood towards the city of Glasgow, telling strange stories and laughing at his own wit. Thus also is the Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, so insulting, witty, vigorous, philosophic, learned ; thus,—had it been better understood,—is that honesty which a "Blackwood" denounces as "scoffing, ironical, rending to pieces everything,—politics, philosophy, religion." "Happy men," writes Carlyle, "are full of the present, for its bounty suffices them ; and wise men also, for its duties engage them. Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand :

"Know'st thou yesterday, its aim and reason ?

Work'st thou well to-day for worthy things ?

Then calmly wait the morrow's hidden season,

And fear not thou, what hap soe'er it brings."

"The age," exclaims the Scot, "has become me-

chanical; metaphysical and the moral sciences are falling into decay. We must now have the aid of machinery to assist us in the commonest offices of our every-day work. The land of Malebranche, Pascal, Descartes, and Fenélon has now only its Cousins and Villemains; while in the department of physics it reckons far other names. The science of the age, in short, is physical, chemical, physiological, and, in all shapes, mechanical. We have more mathematics certainly than ever, but less mathesis. Archimedes and Plato could not have read the *Mécanique Céleste*; but neither could the whole French Institute see aught in that saying, 'God geometrizes,' but a sentimental rhodomontade." Disgusted with the misleadings of professors ignorant as the led, Carlyle celebrates "to-day," and finds consolation in the ending of all premises in a common nothingness. "No longer is the implement of logic meditation, but logic; 'cause and effect' is almost the only category under which we look at, and work with, all nature. Our first question with regard to any object is not, What is it? but, How is it? . . . Our favorite philosophers have no love, and no hatred; they stand among us not to do nor to create a thing, but as a sort of logic-mills to grind out the true causes and effects of all that is done and created. . . . All is well that works quietly. An order of Ignatius Loyola, a presbyterianism of John Knox, a Wickliffe, or a Henry the Eighth, are simply so many mechanical phenomena, caused or causing. . . . When we can drain the ocean into our mill-ponds, and bottle up the force of gravity, to be sold by retail, in our gas-jars, then may we hope

to comprehend the infinitudes of man's soul under formulas of profit and loss, and rule over this too, as over a patent engine, by checks and valves and balances."

Let the study of positivism find what antidote it needs in the reading of the sturdy, obstinate, common-sense Scotchman: read his "Signs of the Times," his "Voltaire," his "Characteristics," his "Burns," his "Sartor Resartus," his "French Revolution;" in short, read him everywhere, and read him all over. He is the rein that hold in check the pseudo-Comtist. "It will be with thee, Theages, as God wills." Like unto some brave eagle soars Carlyle over the earth-works of the positivists, looking down scornfully and contemptuously, yet not unmindful of the mechanical rifle whose ball threatens. There may be a rule, but he will none of it. There may be a manufactured ethic, but the soul despises it for its earth-birth. "Ubi bene nemo melius, ubi male nemo pejus," quotes Dr. Thomas in speaking of Carlyle. Yet so much more is there of the better than of the worse that man may but exclaim, "How grand and how massive is he!"

The proper study of man, maintains Carlyle, is man; and to know man is not to know him in his individuality, but as he is related to society. What are the flesh and the bones and the vessels? let the positivist have these, and let him tell all he knows about these; of the earth are they, earthy. Society calls forth the spiritual activities, quickens and strengthens them. Let the history of the past, might Carlyle say, teach doubt of the theorems of a too sanguine present. "The disease of metaphysics is a perennial one. In all ages—

in some form, . . . have the questions of to-day arisen ; ever, from time to time, must the attempt to shape for ourselves some theorem of the universe be repeated. And ever unsuccessfully : for what theorem of the infinite can the finite render complete ? We, the whole species of mankind, and our whole existence and history, are but a floating speck in the illimitable Ocean of the All ; yet in that ocean, indissoluble portion thereof, partaking of its infinite tendencies, borne this way and that by its deep-swelling tides and grand ocean-currents,—of which what faintest chance is there we should ever exhaust the significance, ascertain the coming and the going ?”

Ever with us in our gatherings, ever talking to us, ever telling something new and manly and grand, are Emerson and Holmes. A stern old man is the former,—stern, except to the friends whose good fortune puts them close to his heart. We watch his protruding, intellectual eyes, and understand the restless soul that squeezes itself into the orbits, chiding the organs which will not, because they may not, look far enough and wide enough for its impatience. Then turn we to the other face, knowing never whether it laughs with or mocks us,—understanding scarcely the positivism of Elsie Venner,—receiving in doubt the strictures of the Poet. About the neck of the old man would we throw arms of love and think how grand must it be to dwell with such in heaven. At the other we distantly look, and wonder if the crust conceals a cynic. Upon the surface floats Emerson ; midway between the face of his river and its bottom look we ever for Holmes.

Yet, grand Americans, before you we bow, and pay humble homage; and we bow to the simplicity of a Whittier; we repeat the "Psalm of Life," and thank God for the example of a Longfellow; "In the woods" we find with Bryant the living temple of the living God, and are happy that in such company it is permitted us to offer up worship. Oh, ye grand thinkers of our age and of our own time, thanks be to the earth and to the SOUL which produced you as high things for emulation,—as leaven, that saves the mass from putrescence!

ADDENDUM.

“MEN say that they know many things;
But, lo! they have taken wings,—
The arts and sciences,
And a thousand appliances:
The wind that blows
Is all that anybody knows.”

NOT this exactly is it, but the little that “anybody” knows is little indeed. “To know,” said Confucius, “that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge.” Meagre in detail is our little book, and more has it confined its pages to the showing of what is unknown than in exhibiting the known: so ever sit we and our friends meditating upon the stupendous pretensions of the microcosm, smiling with quiet smile as theory after theory is brought to naught, as man after man is stripped and disappears.

So, as our outlook grows, does our *inlook* widen; and as we behold the wearied sons of the world ever stopping to listen to a quiet pleading voice away down somewhere in the heart, we come to decide that this voice is man’s good angel; and yet, philosophical, we

satisfy ourselves that we decide aright by comparing this with other angels of light,—by comparing it with that mighty Angel of Law with which positivism has made us so intimately acquainted. And of all miracles of which we ever think, that which most confounds, is the proximity of the simple and the learned. None but God, we say, could have devised that men should be so far separated and yet stand so near together.

To bring philosophy down from the clouds and to apply it to every-day living,—this is, as suggests Socrates, the good of philosophy. And have we failed to show that a practical philosophy is, after all, but a very simple matter? What have been for the researches of the world at which we have so superficially hinted, but to find a rule of living? What is metaphysics, with all the deep delvings of a Plato and the cloud-explorations of a Berkeley, but a search after a rule, after an *a priori* rule of faith? What is all science—the microscope, the telescope, and the hundred new scopes of to-day, the pickings into hill-sides, the dredgings into the mud of a Noachian deluge, the peerings into a palæozoic age, palæontological researches, stone ages, bronze ages, and iron ages, and the multitudinous things of positivism,—but a search after rule? And what, after all this, is an old family Bible, which any school-boy may read, and any miss in her teens understand, but a rule of life, to which, in the end, come back for guidance the palæontologist, the microscopist, and the astronomer? Yes, it is the greatest of all miracles that Literate and Illiterate are found thus close together.

Wonderful and incomprehensible is it, say oftentimes the friends that gather in our office, that men, with the

law of living and of comfort so persistently before them, continue in foolish courses. "I see," does a Thoreau say, "young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming-tools, for these are more easily acquired than gotten rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture, and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what fields they were called to labor in." "Who," does he love to ask, "who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met, well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty,—its Augean stables never cleaned,—and one hundred acres of land,—tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited incumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic inches of flesh. The better part of the man becomes soon ploughed into the soil for compost. By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed, as it says in an old book, laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt, and which thieves will break through and steal. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before."

The friends of our grate-side all respect the thinker of Walden. Wonderful is it, however, with what short

steps he carries us from an Acropolis to a *soubassement*. Some, who ride in their carriages and are waited on at table by liveried servants, shrug their shoulders: these are they who have traveled into France and who have learned the use of the speechless speech; but seldom is word spoken. A millionaire, who is addicted to philosophy yet wedded to his many cares, is not unapt to smile, and his face, for a single moment, will show gleams of boyhood carelessness. A shipping merchant, read of many books and languages, yet kept to his tasks by a frivolous family who each year consume a fortune, draws himself ever, when Thoreau talks, as far away from the circle as possible; for the freshness and quiet of water so calm as the pond bring before him, by contrast, visions of wrecked ventures and stranded hopes. But on and on will Thoreau talk, and his "skewer" he whittles with the unconcern of a sage; and never do we tire of his quaint speech, or of his Socratic Concordian hints, for they affect and impress us as did the sayings of his predecessor affect and impress Alcibiades.

"All very interesting is this talk of 'Thoreau,' will sometimes whisper to his next neighbor the author of "Currents and Counter-Currents," "but 'plan' is the thing." Acres, and barns, and farming-utensils go as fast as a man, for around its centre does the earth carry them all. Nothing may go on well, however, without a plan; "neither a game of chess, nor a campaign, nor a manufacturing or commercial enterprise. And is a man to think that he can play this game of life, that he can fight this desperate battle, that he can organize this mighty enterprise, without sitting down to count the

cost and fix the principle of action by which he is to be governed?"

And sometimes, in contemptuous tone, will a stranger, who happens to sit with us, pronounce the talk of Thoreau nonsense and balderdash. "A pretty kind of a hut," will he say, "is the Walden mansion for the rearing of a family."

But the Concord sage finds always a defender. "It is a principle," will the defense say, "for which Thoreau contends: his own illustration was an extreme, not at all designed for general guidance, but lived to show how simple a thing is simplicity."

"Pish!" perhaps will the stranger exclaim; and, if he does, we leave him to that to which he seems born.

On an occasion when the author was reading to the company what in this book is put down on Conscience, most abrupt interruption was made by one who, with "Elsie Venner" open upon his lap, had fallen at the moment on the following passage: "Conscience itself requires a conscience, or nothing can be more unscrupulous. It told Saul that he did well in persecuting the Christians. It has goaded countless multitudes of various creeds to endless forms of self-torture. The cities of India are full of cripples it has made. The hill-sides of Syria are riddled with holes, where miserable hermits, whose lives it had palsied, lived and died like the vermin they harbored. Our libraries are crammed with books written by spiritual hypochondriacs, who inspected all their moral secretions a dozen times a day. They are full of interest, but they should be transferred from the shelf of the theologian to that of the medical man who makes a study of insanity."

A Catholic priest who sits much with us, and who has grave doubts of the orthodoxy of the "Professor," remarked that Dr. Holmes understood not yet the law of compensation. "The holes in riddled hill-sides," he suggested, "and the crippled limbs of India," have in them voices which the ears of none but the devout are open to; just as celibates in faith know ecstasy of which the sensual have never dreamed.

The "double-entendre" is the instrument of the Professor. Stings, as well as fragrance, has he the knack of putting into his flowers. The priest says this. The doctor, on this occasion, asked the clergyman if he had ever heard of Deacon Rumrill, "who wore the great iron-bound spectacles, he who had the hanging nether lip, and tremulous voice, and who so often got his brain into a muddle about the beast with the two horns, or the woman that fled into the wilderness."

One of our friends, a student of medicine,—one, however, who has written very few prescriptions, yet who has in his note-book a multitude of recipes,—thought that the priest need heed little a doctor who advises the throwing of physic to the fishes; a suggestion at which an old practitioner smiled, but said nothing.

Plotinus, however, it is, against whom the Autocrat may least defend himself. All listen when these contend: it is the mysticism of Alexandrian dialectics against Boston practicalities.

With ever responsive natures listen we to that philosopher of heart things, Ik Marvel. Never absent from our gatherings is this most delightful thinker. Over and again we ask him to repeat to us that sweet dedication to "Mary:" over and again we compel

him to speak that freshness which went with him through Illyria, and which was all ablaze with careless happiness when the logs blazed upon the hearth of the country house. Tell us, we often ask him, after weary discussions of the secretary Oldenburg,—tell us about the baron and his drinking-horn; for in the temptation and resistance of a thirst-dying man we are not unapt to find the lesson denied in the Spinozan contemplation.

“Many centuries ago,”—thus does he always commence this story,—“when things were different from what they are now, and men were tempted by Satan in the shape of goblins and elves, as they are tempted now by him in the shape of men and women,—there lived a pious and brave baron of Oldenburg, Hildrick by name, who was kind to his vassals, and said his prayers in spite of all the devil could do. Hildrick had gone out one day to hunt, and, excited by the chase, had ridden away from his companions and lost himself in the forest. For hours he rode on, not knowing which way he was going. At length, when he was nearly exhausted by fatigue and thirst, he espied, through an opening in the trees, a tall hill. He spurred his jaded horse towards the eminence, thinking that possibly he might see from the top either the turrets of his castle or some signs of his comrades. But he was doomed to be disappointed: he could see from the top neither turret nor horsemen, and heard only the wind rushing through the openings of the forest, or the howl of a bear from some dark thicket. The baron was near falling from his horse, exhausted by hard riding and a raging thirst, when suddenly there appeared be-

hind him, as if she had come up the other side of the mountain, a beautiful damsel in white, bearing a drinking-horn full of sparkling liquor. Softly she approached the baron and put the horn into his hand. Hildrick murmured a word of thanks,—his fatigue would allow him no more,—and put the rim of the horn to his lips, when suddenly he remembered that he had been warned against a strange lady who should come to him with a goblet of wine. His thirst was raging, but he implored the aid of his patron saint and dashed the liquor behind him. His horse reared and plunged, for where so much as a drop had touched his flank the skin was raw and bloody.”

Ever is it that at this point of the story there comes from a corner the suggestion that young men may read *Ik Marvel* for the love that floats upon his surface, old men should read him for the lessons which flow beneath.

Staid and solemn, ever with the thoughtful head resting against the mantel-piece, is our American Plato. “All things,” he is wont to say, “will be found to have root in an invisible, spiritual reality.” “The times are the masquerade of the eternities; trivial to the dull, tokens of noble and majestic agents to the wise; the receptacle in which the past leaves its history, the quarry out of which the genius of to-day is building up the future.”

Thus from one to another do our thoughts go. With Tuckerman we are optimists and will see naught but the bright and promising. We close our eyes to winter frosts, and glean with Todd in summer fields.

Yet is the optimist most apt to be quieted by the statistician, and the poet by the politician. Amer-

icans, still these lookers-ahead say,—and so loud do they speak that not to listen is impossible,—Americans may not afford, in their excursions with optimists and flower-gleaners, to overlook what shall affect, if not themselves, their children. The cry of a false democracy rampant through the length and breadth of the land is not less pernicious in its meaning than that which disquieted a Pericles, and made Socrates weep for the future of Athens! It is not the voice of expediency, neither of experience, that one man is as good as another: the voice is it rather of the demagogue who howls so loudly in the market-place that, as groans are drowned in battle by the sounds of the empty drum, so in the forum is sense denied voice through blatant confusions. Let this be understood, by him who has judgment enough to reason, by reference to the “American Notes” of the keen-seeing Dickens. How almost universal the denunciation that went up at the portrait of our follies! Nothing was there too bad to say or think of an artist who made for the sitter a true picture. We grew wiser, however; and when a second visit brought the author to our shores, we treated him with becoming respect, because we had in the mean time become convinced of the follies and vices which offended, and had learned to use spittoons and confine slang and brag to the horse-stable and the cock-pit.

“Cities,” was Diogenes of Sinope wont to say, “are ruined when they are unable to distinguish worthless citizens from virtuous ones.” In the famous defense by Blackstone of a House of Lords do we find the same sentiment. What sheer nonsense is this talk of equality! No greater curse comes to a people

than such ill doctrine. Rule a city by the mob, and where goes that incentive to honest toil which produces property and is the only assurance of peace and comfort? Make all men equal, and the grade must correspond with the meanest. What is it which grows and develops the latent germs of the arts and the sciences, of poesy and literature? What is it which elicits great thoughts and great actions? Equality? Yes, equality; but equality with the noble and with the good. There is but one true democracy,—maintains our politician,—“the right to life, to liberty, and to pursuit.” Let the mean man grovel in his mire, and live in his meanness; but force him not on the companionship of the virtuous, take not the ignorant to judge of law, nor the spendthrift to legislate on property.

Out with your trashy cry of equality, cries our statistician; make first the low churl as good as the master who has fought his manful way from nothingness to honored place, and then bring them together for fraternization.

“I was surprised,” interrupts Mr. Emerson, “in my visit to England, to observe the very small attendance usually in the House of Lords. Out of five hundred and seventy-three peers, on ordinary days, only twenty or thirty. Where are they? I asked. At home on their estates, . . . or in the Alps, or up the Rhine, in the Hartz Mountains, or in Egypt, or in India, on the Ghauts. But, with such interests at stake, how can these men afford to neglect them? ‘Oh,’ replied my friend, ‘why should they work for themselves, when every man in England works for them, and will suffer before they come to harm? The hardest radical instantly uncovers and changes his tone to a lord.’”

And so are they wise in suffering for the lords, and in uncovering and in changing tone to them. For "a peerage or Westminster Abbey" fights the greatest battles of England, and makes Englishmen to-day the freest people of the earth. Each man does a homage which, in turn, he hopes to have done to himself, or to the son of his love.

Let not, continues our statistician, a Thackeray mock at the snobbishness of his countrymen. A pity it is that there is so little of the English style of this commodity in our own market: the word *respect* shall lose soon its place in the American vocabulary, and shop-boys come to discuss as to who is to rule the counter, journeymen will dictate to their employers, and maid-servants decide the dinner of the mistress.

We believe in ambition, and in the incentives to ambitious effort. Happy is the individual and favored the people whose mark is above that already attained to. English aristocracy has for a thousand years influenced, through varying fortune, English traits. As the wealth of Rome and a devotion to her religion brought forth and nourished the highest art of the world, so national honor and hope of distinction have, in England, tempted upward many a discouraged Whittington, many a Bacon, many a Nelson; turned many an ill-favored lad into a Clive; watered, tended, and nourished great deeds that now in turn constitute England's greatness.

But politics disturb the quiet of our gatherings; and so we, like our neighbors, the respectable members of respectable communities, are much inclined to leave such matters to our other neighbors of the precinct-

house around the corner, and we go on with our contemplations, until—until the tax-gatherer comes with the burden which we call iniquitous,—until some inspector Malseigne, “bull-hearted and bull-headed,” shall open sessions, meeting those elected corporals “that can read and write.”

. . . “Heroic love,” says a quiet, observant gentleman, who always has his seat at the window, and who is ever looking upon the passers while others are talking,—“heroic love is the exhilaration of champagne: rapture gives it in the hour of its draught, but in the morning is headache, and—heartache; but marital privileges, like unto water from a spring, bubble forth in a continuous freshness, being not less grateful at the last than in the beginning.”

People who speak seldom gain always heed for what they may utter. Our quiet friend of the window, worthily, we feel, commands our thoughts: always is there a period of quiet after one of his suggestions.

Oftentimes do we discuss—among the multitudinous things about which we talk—the locations of our respective dwelling-places. By the side of the grand sea is it, says one, that humanity receives its highest and holiest inspirations: here all is magnitude; here catches man that sense of immensity of which he is a part; here, in the persistent murmur of the waves, is the type of the eternal; the gloom of night upon a moonless water is the emblem of nothingness.

Rather is it, suggests another, that in the exhilaration which comes of breathing the rarefied atmosphere

of high mountains, does man find his greatest freedom from depressing influences. Here, upon peaks overlooking the lowlands, where a great field is seen as the square on a checker-board, and where churches with their steeples,—so high when looked at from below,—are beheld as the toy houses with which children play,—here men become as gods, measuring with discriminating eyes the littleness of earthly things.

In the fine-furnished library, says the sage, busts upon every pedestal, and the faces of great men looking their power into your heart from every frame which ornaments the wall,—here is the dwelling-place, be it by the sea-side or upon the mountain.

In a quiet valley is it, says the gleaner, where the swing of the scythe keeps time with the song of content, and where the lullaby of the matron is taught by the kine that browse in the meadow.

In the great city is it, says the sitter at the window, where, by watching lives, we may catch the secret of living.

“To know huckleberries and blueberries,” interrupts Thoreau, “ask the cow-boys and the partridges. Never let the citizen think himself able to form judgment of a hill-berry. It is a vulgar error for a man who has never plucked the fruit to suppose he knows anything about it.” What Thoreau means, we, who know him well, understand.

But our discussions concerning location never amount to anything; for, as each makes search to example his own preference, we are of necessity led to perceive that Hearts, rather than Heads, it is, which make Homes.

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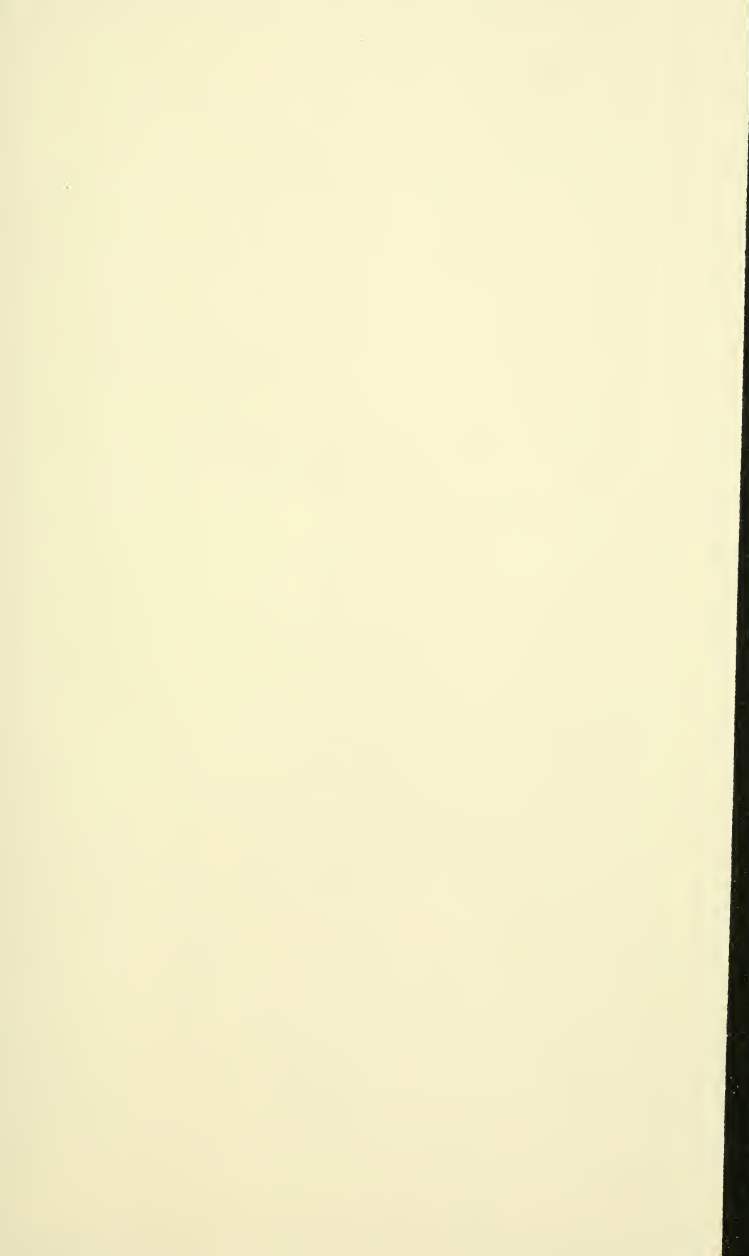
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